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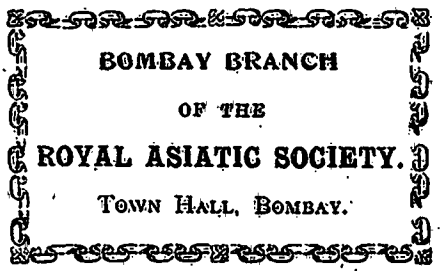

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A SELECTION

FROM THE

WRITINGS,

PROSE AND POETICAL,

OF THE LATE

HENRY W. TORRENS, ESQ., B.A.,

BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE,

AND OF THE INNER TEMPLE;

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

44801

BY

JAMES HUME, ESQ.,
OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

VOL. II.

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Passages

FROM

"REMARKS ON THE SCOPE AND USES OF MILITARY LITERATURE AND HISTORY."

THE SCIENCE of War, as we understand it, is perhaps with that of Astronomy, the first that possessed a Literature. It was of course an oral one in the first instance; but in this shape it must have existed long before the use of letters permitted any written record to be made of it, at least which has come down to our day. In the oldest book extant, however, that of Job, we have evidence of military divisions, of military arrangements, of the use of instruments of music in war to encourage or command, of the authority of appointed chiefs, and of the use of defensive armour, nay—even of cavalry, a point of much interest as will be shown hereafter. The Chaldeans, we find "made out three bands (Job i. 17.) and fell* upon the camels," showing that their predatory attack was not unaccompanied by a show of rude discipline. Job again himself in his nobly figurative language complains of the Almighty that, "His troops (Job xix. 12.) come together, and raise up their way against me,† and encamp round about my tabernacle." In the description of the ostrich, (Job xxxix. 18.) it is said, "she scorneth the horse and his rider," showing that horses had already been trained to the chase (as with the modern Arabs)

* Or "*rushed*," a more military term.

† The writer does not pretend to understand this: it is most likely a military term mistranslated.

of this swift-footed bird, and leaving us in no doubt but that the war-horse so gloriously described immediately afterwards was not attached to a chariot, as has been suggested, chariots being found in use ordinarily before cavalry,—but actually a battle-steed mounted by a warrior. "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back for the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believed he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets 'Ha ha': and he smelleth the battle afar off; the the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." This sublime description shows us not only that the horse was mounted, but that his rider carried a bow, lance, and shield, for these latter arms and the quiver "rattled against him,"—the horse: he is about we find to engage at "the sound of the trumpet," an order to battle which excites the noble brute's scorn and defiance; while on the side of his own party, as well as of the enemy, the imperative commands of appointed leaders, so admirably given as "the thunder of the captains," control, and encourage the engaging troops. In another part of the same magnificent poem, we find the "habergeon" (Job xli. 26.) or defensive coat of proof mentioned, and "the dart" which continued with the Arabs* a favourite weapon down to the time

* Mr. Terrick Hamilton's translation of Antar, an Arabic heroic poem; also Lamartine's fragments of the same in "Impressions de Voyage en Orient."

The exact parallel afforded between the military manners of the ancient and modern Arabs may be further studied by reference to Bruckhardt's "Notes on the Bedouins," comparing them with the ancient poem above noted. The proof afforded of a

war without some military rule of practice, oral doubtless, and traditional, but still bearing testimony of the early application of definite principles to military operations.

In the history of the earliest nations by which civilization was carried to a high pitch, the Egyptians, we have the amplest proofs of a very careful and elaborate study of the principles of military science. These are afforded in their monuments and tombs, the sculptures and paintings of which give evidence of the state of discipline to which their troops had been brought; while the hieroglyphic inscriptions which accompany them, show in so far as their characters have been decyphered, that the natural consequence of good discipline, military efficiency, met with its usual result—success. As to the nature, the scenes, and the extent of these successes, the sculptured, and pictorial remains give some clue, but still no very direct one.* The names in Egyptian, of which the modern Coptic is a dialect, of certain of the nations subdued by the ancient inhabitants of the Nile-valley have been decyphered without throwing much light on the subject, except in a case of the of the Crusades, and later. It is wholly out of the question to suppose that bodies of men, equipped and commanded as above described, could have gone to

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deeply-rooted peculiarity of discipline existing time out of mind among a particular people, in a mode comformable to their national character, their armament, and the nature of the country they inhabit, is highly interesting, as showing the judgment and sagacity which of old have been exercised in the device of a scheme of warfare, so durable because so well adapted to its locality.

* My authority for nearly the whole of the Ancient History of the Egyptian is Sir J. Wilkinson's excellent work to which I refer my readers: it is a compendium of research. Should the book however not be easily attainable by the student, he is referred to any of the Modern Encyclopedias, under the head "Ægypt." In that elaborate and useful publication, the "Illustrated Commentary on the Holy Bible," constant and most interesting reference is made to Wilkinson as also to his authorities.

Sheta, a nation whose nominal affinity as well as certain other peculiarities, seems to identify them with a tribe of Scythians. The figured representations of the nations, who were sometimes the enemies, and sometimes the allies of the Egyptians, are however more conclusive; as the sculptors and artists have been careful to preserve, not only the characteristics of dress, but of feature with respect to every one of the many people against, or in concert with whom, the Egyptian military power was exerted from about 1600 to 1200 years before the Christian Æra. Some, red-bearded and blue-eyed, prove themselves at once a Northern people; others show the most marked peculiarities of the Negro; one or two nations whose names are read *Shairetana* and *Tokkari*, appear to have in feature and equipment a resemblance to the Medes of Persepolis, while the eye of any resident in India can detect in the head-dresses of two other of the conquered races, the undoubted characteristic costume of the Parsee and the Armenian. There is independent of all this, ample and excellent authority to prove that the conquests of the Egyptian were extensive, and their military power great and formidable. "They over-ran," says Tacitus, "all Libya and Ethiopia; and subdued the Medes and Persians, the Bactrians, Scythians, with the extensive regions inhabited by the Syrians, the Armenians, and the Cappadocians; and by this conquest a tract extending from Bithynia on the Pontic Sea to the Coast of Lycia on the Mediterranean was reduced to subjection." (Ann. II. 60.) The much more ancient authority of Herodotus, and of many other writers, corroborates this account, taken from histories that have perished, but witnessed by monuments extant to this hour.*

* One of the tablets set up, as Herodotus states, was the practice by the Egyptian conquerors, seems to exist in Syria near the river Lycus (Nuhur oo'l Kulb) bearing the name of Rameses, II. B. C. 1355. (Wilkinson M. & C. of Eg. Vol. I. 98.)

ONE REMARKABLE point of resemblance between the hosts of Israel and Egypt is their want of cavalry: the first of these nations appears indeed, (as will be more specially noticed hereafter) never to have used the horse in war, not even for chariots. It is easy to explain to ourselves the reason of this peculiarity, by referring to the destiny they were doomed to fulfil, and which making of them a stationary people in Palestine, was best accomplished by dissuading or preventing them from the adoption of an arm whereby they might be tempted to extend their military operations beyond their own immediate frontier. Their arms were the bow, the spear, sword, sling, and shield; their tactics seemingly an impetuous charge for the purpose of engaging at close quarters. Their subsequent history as a military people it is rather a delicate task to touch upon. The religious fervour by which they were animated was no doubt sufficient in itself, at first, as we have it fully proved in the case of other people, to render their hosts victorious. Whether this may have led them to despise discipline, and whether their subsequent misfortunes may have arisen in part from the apathy of over-confidence, and a total neglect of military order, I leave to others to reflect upon; the point, as a question of example in the history of arms, is not without interest. In the latter days of their independent national existence, we see their old soldier-like spirit fully roused by those resolute and capable leaders, the Maccabees and, should we require yet a further proof that national energy once developed may slumber, but is ever to be awakened on fitting occasion, and at the call of a bold and active spirit, let us only look to the achievements of the Hebrews at the siege of their holy city by Titus, a heroic defence carried on simultaneously with the conflicts between the three hostile factions which separated the defenders! The Jew of our day is often to be found in the ranks of European

continental armies, particularly among Polish troops. He is said to be a slovenly soldier, but by no means a bad one. Whatever limited experience we have of him in our own army, whether among English troops, or as he occasionally appears in the army of the Bombay Presidency, is said to verify the observation.

Continuing to trace the origin of military science to the ancient source of civilization in the West, we now come to a much more easy and agreeable branch of our task, a consideration of its condition among the tribes and states of Greece. It would be idle to linger over the threshold of our subject by stopping to prove the source of the civilization of that land to have been Egypt. Herodotus, whose testimony the progress of research is daily proving to be more and more trustworthy, roundly states that Danaus, the fable of whose fifty daughters refers to the colonies he founded, was an Egyptian, who brought the knowledge of arts and arms among the barbarous Pelasgi, whom he calls Thessalians, nine centuries before the Trojan war, and two before the advent of the Phœnician Cadmus (Herod. Euterpe). He is constantly connecting Grecian with Egyptian history, and even gives the story of Helen an Egyptian turn, speaking of her being carried first from Argos to the Nile. It matters not to us here what was the historical details of the early intercourse between the two countries; we know that it existed in the earliest historical ages, and as the one country was barbarous, and the other in the zenith of its grandeur, knowledge of all kinds must have been conveyed from the one to the other by whatever settlers, over-population, discontent or a love of adventure, induced to try their fortune in a new and strange territory..

Ælian, whose treatise on the tactics of the Greeks, written in the reign of the Emperor Adrian and for his special amusement,* is the only Greek work purely

* See Ælian's prefatory letter to the Emperor; I have said the *only* work as Arrian's treatise is a mere abbreviation.

devoted to the art of forming troops that has reached us, declares in his first chapter that, "Homer seems to have been the first of those we know, who acknowledged the tactical theory, and held great account of those who practised it, as with Mnœstheus—

"To whom no man that treads the earth lives equal,
To martial horse and buckler-bearing men."

The quotation is from the second book of the Iliad. The author goes on to enumerate various authors who have written works "concerning the Homeric tactics." He does not here put forth his own work as superior to theirs, but we find that he has already implied it in his prefatory letter to the Emperor: "Many," says he, "have written of this science *who knew not mathematics,* in which I am supposed to excel." The passage is of value to us, showing how at all time scientific and literary attainments have been considered as qualifying men peculiarly for a just understanding of the science of war. His reference to Homer, however, as a military writer, and to the Homeric tactics as conveying a principle of formation, is a little far-fetched. The great poet, it is true, gives us fully to understand that discipline prevailed among the Greeks, and that their opponents were destitute of it. In the following lines (II. B. 3,) he repeats a favourite simile to express the crowded, noisy confusion of the Trojans, and contrast it with the quiet serried phalanx of their opponents:—

"Thus by their leaders' care, each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war.
So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas, the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise and order, thro' the midway sky;

To pigmy nations, wounds and death they bring
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolved and skilled
By mutual aids, to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
Dark'ning arises from the labor'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings, when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain heads,
Swift gliding mist the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey
Lost and confused amidst the thicken'd day:
So rapt in gath'ring dust the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command."

Here is given the image of two great essentials to the discipline of a large body, close order and silence. The following passage (B. 13), for which as the most agreeable mode of quotation, I still employ Pope's paraphrastic, but most poetic, rendering, is however in a military point of view still more graphic:—

"So close their order, so disposed their fight
As Pallas' self might view with fixed delight;
Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a just surprise;
A chosen phalanx, firm resolv'd as Fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait:
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets, targets throng,
Helms struck to helms, and man drove man along:
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array
The close compacted legions urge their way."

This is a noble description of a mass of armed men drawn up exactly as we find the Egyptians were: in this order they stand; in this they advance; in this, however, they cannot fight, that is, actually use their weapons, save the front ranks who of course could lower their spears, and fringing the advance with a hedge of steel, bear down upon the enemy pressed by the weight and impetus of the mass behind. This was the main body of the army with the best men, and the best armed in front, the rabble, useful only for their physical impetus, ranged deep behind. The better class of combatants, the chiefs and their immediate friends, occupied the chariots, at least those did whom youth, and skill, and courage, rendered fit for such service, and skirmished with the enemy; while on the flanks of the mass, or scattered over the field were the bowmen and the slingers. It is the exact repetition of the Egyptian system with perhaps a less refined formation as to battalia of separate arms: it is the origin of the famous Macedonian phalanx, with which half the world was vanquished; it is the rude prototype of that "attack in column covered by clouds of skirmishers," by which another Alexander bid fair to have subdued the world of modern times.

IT MAY NOT be inexpedient for us to consider here, once for all, the use of the elephant in war, constituting as that animal did for many years, the substitute in an ancient army for the heavy full armed, or barded horse of the middle ages, or for the weightier kinds of field artillery of our own. We are many of us in this country able to form some idea by practical experience of the value of

the elephant when opposed to an object animate or inanimate, whereby he may be injured, or of which he is afraid. He is the most sagacious and intelligent, but at the same time the most sensitive and impressionable, of all unreasoning animals: he is timid because he knows or thinks he knows, his danger, and can rarely be forced, or encouraged into a hazardous position, except by a man perfectly master of him, and of himself. He is sometimes reckless from fury, or from that insane raving, which may be called the courage of cowardice, as dangerous to friend as foe: but at all times when exposed to excitement, he is uncertain, for which there is more reason than lies in himself alone. The driver of the elephant, like the rider of the horse, rules the animal he is mounted on by the superiority of his volition, but all *he* has to do is to guide, direct, and encourage that animal; if he has to face danger he cannot protect himself: he is dependent upon others, or another, for safe guard while he does his duty: he cannot, like the equestrian, fight for himself, his business being solely to drive for another. Now put the case of an advance into action with an embattled elephant, and we shall find that the success of that advance, depends upon a perfect moral sympathy, and confidence between the animal, his driver, and the fighting man, or men, upon his back. If these men be not such in courage, or in skill, as the driver can depend upon for his own preservation, the doubt he has of them will instantly, from the consequent irresolution of the driving, communicate itself to the beast he directs. To use the most familiar Indian instance, if your mahout has to take you up to a tiger, and has no opinion of your nerve, or your aim, it is ten to one you will find your elephant turn; the same mahout, and the same elephant are notoriously different in their conduct

with different sportsmen; and the behaviour of both depends upon the mutual confidence, each have upon the persons by whom they for the time are ordered. Now what is related of the elephant's training for combat* by the ancients as well as his consciousness of the impenetrability of the armour he carried,† may have rendered him a good deal more formidable than we may, with our opportunities of observation, conceive possible to have been the case; but at the best the animal must have been dangerous to a degree, to friend as to foe, at close quarters. Like the heavy column, the elephant, if the enemy awed by his approach, retired, was of value for the moral effect he produced; but we find even in the wars with Pyrrhus, the first in which the Romans saw this animal, instances of the easy method in which the mighty beast was frightened into turning on his own party in order to escape the terror of that before him. It has been said that cavalry are less certain than infantry, as their success depends upon two minds, man's and horse's; but what must success have been with the elephant, when in his case it depended upon three minds, or more,—the beast's, the driver's, and that of the man, or men whose business it was to protect both, or with their aid assail the enemy? It might, however, be supposed‡ that with time and

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* See Polyœnus. B. V.

† See for an interesting detail. Maccabees.

‡ The most graphic, and apparently accurate descriptions of the use of elephants in battle with reference to their value as trained or untrained,—and on the other hand the most detailed account of the process of accustoming soldiers to meet, and combat these animals, occur in cap. xxviii. and lxxii. of Hirtius Commentaries on the African war, while cap. lxxxii. and lxxxiii. report the result of Cæsar's method of inspiring his legionaries with confidence against them, "Scipio (c. 27.) directed a system of training elephants in this way: he drew up two bodies, one of slingers occupying the place of the enemy, and casting small stones at the forehead

knowledge of the animal, skill in his management would increase; but such does not seem to have been the case. A writer on Military Stratagems* in the time of Antoninus and Verus, to which Emperors, his book is dedicated, heaps together authorities proving the dangers of trusting at all to these uncertain animals, which "at one time fly at the sight of a horse, at another at the grunt of a pig:" while the Byzantine historian, Zosimus, (A. D. 425) in describing one of the Emperor Jovius's actions with the Persians, states that, after an impetuous onrush, the many elephants of the enemy, "when they felt the smart of their wounds fled *in their usual manner.*"†

It is a matter of some surprise that they should ever have been used on service with the disciplined

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of the animals, then the elephants in line, and his own troops behind them; so that when stones began to be slung by the adverse body and the elephants terrified would turn upon their own party, these drove them back again upon the enemy with stones from their own front; this was slowly and barely done; for elephants are hard to manage, scarce to be called well-trained after the teaching of many years, and long continued practice, still are they taken into battle at a general risk." "The magnitude (c. 72,) and number of the elephants kept the minds of the soldiers in dread; for which matter, however, Cæsar found a remedy: for he had elephants brought over from Italy, that our soldiers might learn to know both the kind, and merits of the beast and what part of the body a weapon would easily affect; and what part too of the elephant, was left exposed, when the animal was trapped and caparisoned, so that weapons should be aimed there: besides, that, the horses might not be startled by the appearance, the odour, and the noise of the beast: hence happened there great results: for the soldier learned to handle the animal, and estimate his unwieldy nature: while the horsemen cast blunt darts at them, and used their horses to endure the animals."

In the combats that ensued the fifth Legion gained, like our own regiments that served in Egypt, the honorary badge of an elephant for their gallant conduct in driving back the trained beasts of the foe after a fight at close quarters.

* Polyœnus. Lib. 4 and 8.

† Book iii., near the end. Corpus Historicum.

troops, especially in the intervals of the infantry according to the Carthaginian method. They have been of very late years brought on the field, by native leaders and princes in this country, but not positively into action; their use in war having in all probability ceased for ever except for dragging heavy guns on the line of march.* It would be difficult to trace the era of the first use of the elephant in war, but it must have been coeval with his being trained for the use of man. Frequent mention is made of him in the Mahabharata, and it is obvious that the origin of his domestication was during the ancient highly civilized state of the land, India, in which that great poem was written. The African elephant† which is supposed to be less tractable, and more ferocious than the Asiatic animal, and which is not now tamed, must have supplied the Carthaginians,—such is at least the received opinion, I believe, of naturalists, and historians,—with those which Hannibal used in Spain, and Italy. As however travellers, who have partially explored Central Africa to the Southward and Westward of the ancient Carthaginian territory, do not appear to have met with traces of the elephant, we must conclude

* A Field Battery drawn by elephants was brought to act with a brigade of Infantry before Sir Henry Hardinge, at a review at Barrackpore in 1844. The animals were so impatient when file firing commenced, that the Governor-General condemned them as dangerous and useless in action.

NOTE.—One of these animals is said to have excited the wrath of Lord Ellenborough in the fight of Maharajpore, in 1843, by being brought so near him as to "draw the shot."

† "The African elephant is distinguished by a round or cylindrical head, with the face more protruded than in the Asiatic species a convex forehead, and enormous ears which descend as far as the legs." Cuvier iii., 349.

NOTE.—Le Chevalier Armandi, a retired Colonel of Artillery in the French service, has written a curious treatise on the Military History of the Elephant: it is reviewed and abstracted in the Foreign Quarterly No. III. 1843: the information is very extensive, and may be usefully referred to: the author however is unfortunate in having no practical knowledge of the animal he writes of.

either that he has been extirpated from those regions, or that the Carthaginians drew their supplies of the animal from the lands of the Galla, or the distant banks of the White Nile. It can be hardly imagined that they had access to the sites in which the elephant is now found in Southern Africa.

THE HORSE is well ascertained to be an animal of Eastern origin. His proper habitation in a wild state is the central Asiatic plateau, in parts of which he is still found in herds, a free tenant of the wilderness. He can be traced in the migrations of the Celtic and Gothic tribes of the great Indo-Germanic family of nations into Europe from the North East, and into India with the Brahminical conquerors from the North: —his introduction into Assyria, Chaldea, Arabia, and Egypt, there is no authority to trace, nor to account for. Colonel Smith, it is true, with regard to this last named country boldly supposes, that the horse was introduced to the civilized Egyptians by the Hyksos or Shepherds, among whom he reckons the Jews, who neither brought horses into, nor took them out of, Egypt.* He concludes that the Egyptians having got rid of the Jews amicably, availed themselves of their newly acquired knowledge of the horse to retaliate severely upon the Assyrians, who were the other "Hyk-

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* The passage in Deuteronomy (xvii. 16) respecting the restrictions to be placed upon the king, should Israel elect, or accept such a ruler, points specially to the unequestrian character of the Hebrews.—"He (the king) shall not multiply horses to himself, nor cause the people to return to Egypt to the end that he should multiply horses." Is this the language of a nation, or of one of a family of nations (the Hyksos) whence according to Colonel Smith the Egyptians derived the horse?

In a later day Solomon transgressed the law by having "horses and many chariots," but these are again specially stated to have been "brought out of Egypt," (1 Kings x. 21.) their price even being noted,—"the price of the chariot 600 shekels and of the horse 150 shekels"—as in the case of costly articles of foreign luxury.

sos," and that the splendid victories of the Rameses the Great (about 1350 B. C.) were achieved principally with the aid of the horse. He states positively, however, that the Egyptians used no cavalry in their campaigns. He then enlarges upon the well-known evidence of the care taken by the ancient Egyptians in breeding the horse, nothing that they were the first people who seem to have done so with any reference to perfecting the purity of the race. The "multiplying of horses" being particularly noted as an Egyptian characteristic, in the book of Deuteronomy, he supposes the Arabs to have received the pure and perfect blood of their noble breeds from Egypt; but we may well ask, whence then did the Arabs learn to ride them?

The fact is, that whereas the dominion of the Hyksos came in with the "Pharaoh that knew not Joseph," an Assyrian usurper of Lower Egypt, it could not well have been before, at the utmost, 1600 B. C.; and as the compendious authority (Wilkinson) upon which Colonel Smith goes, does not countenance so late an introduction of the horse into the valley of the Nile as that, we must look to some far different source for the origin of the Arab-blood, in all ages so famous, and in our own day acknowledged as being the basis whereon the breed of our English thorough-bred, the finest horse on earth, has been established. The proof of this is facile. Our earliest written knowledge of the horse is in the Book of Job. This ancient work has been calculated on the astronomical data afforded by the mention therein of certain of the heavenly bodies, as having been composed 2337 B. C., or by another reckoning, independent of the former, B. C. 2136.* I leave aside the other and the many argu-

† Illustrated Commentary on the Holy Bible. The calculations are by Doctors Hales and Brinkley, and the French Astronomers Goquet and Ducontant; for further authority and argument, see the book cited.

ments, for the fixation of the area of the Book of Job at a very early date, and I again take my stand with the above simple facts upon the description of the animal as therein given, to prove, that it was written by one that knew,—ay, and loved a horse, hundreds of years before the bare knowledge that such a beast existed, could according to Colonel Smith have reached the Egyptians,—and yet this people, says he, gave the horse in his purity of blood to their Arabian neighbours!

If such communication existed between the two nations, how comes it that the camel, the national type-animal of Arabia, should never have found his way into the painted records of the Egyptians, that careful and observant people? It is a most singular fact, that the camel never has yet been found pourtrayed upon any of the paintings or sculptures extant in the Nile valley. The native habitat of the horse was in high latitudes, thousands of miles distant from the spot in which he most appears to have been cultured: the indigenous site of the camel was in the sandy wastes of the children of Ishmael immediately adjoining the land of Egypt:* yet are its inhabitants supposed to have transmitted the equine animal to the masters of the camel, and with all their curosity, science, and observation to have asked for, or admitted of, no return in kind? We can only conclude that the horse was brought by the original colonists of the Nile valley, a race so singularly coincident in customs and practices with the Hindoos from Central Asia, at a period beyond our power to calculate upon any data now in our possession; that another tribe or race must about the same time have carried the same animal into Arabia where the nature of the country suggested, as in the

* Gibbon (Misc. Works) quotes Diodorus Siculus, iii. c. 44, to prove that the camel was extant in his day as a wild animal in Arabia.

case of Egypt, the manner of his use, and the purposes to which he should be applied. The one people amid wide open plains, and scanty pastures, rode, as became a nomad race; the other, in a low, narrow, deep, and plenteous land, pampered their steeds in stables, and yoked them to a car, a vehicle so light that two powerful horses could easily drag themselves and it through the fat loam of the muddy country in which a mounted man would sink to his horse's hocks at every stride.

Granting then to Egypt pre-eminence in the production of good horses indigenously* so to say with Arabia, we account for the excellence of that Numidian horse of which such honorable mention is made in the Roman annals, whether for Carthage or herself; and connecting our acquaintance with the dependence of Greece on Egypt for civilization with this fact; we find in the mythical story of the "horse being given by Neptune," nothing more than a proof that horses were first imported into Greece by sea, and doubtless from Egypt. The insular position of Greece shut out from the mainland of Europe by the almost impassible barrier offered in all ages, by the population of the Albanian hills,† prevented the introduction of the horse by the early nomad invaders from the North-East, although indeed the fable of the Centaurs is by many admitted as the vestige of an attempt at any rate to do so.

RESUMING the general view of our subject, we should not omit to take a glance at the moral character of war as waged by early nations, and its effects upon the people of the land in which the scene of

* It has even been maintained owing to this fact that Africa is the native land of the horse.

† See an excellent note on Greek topography, Classical Museum, No. 1.

mortal strife occurred. The spectacle is painful: it is that of a rude struggle, in which mercy was rarely shown; extermination or enslavement was the assailant's object, while the party attacked fought with the energy of despair; *væ victis!* was the cry with both. Battle in ancient times was the simple wager of life against success, of death or victory; while in some instances, victory seems to have been considered as nothing unless attested by the bloody trophies of actual slaughter. The further we go eastward, the less appears the value men set on life, the less the care with which they regard human suffering; and in the most ancient times, the same rule in this respect, seems to have obtained, as we observe to exist in our own day. Even the highly cultivated and civilized Egyptians, rejoiced in celebrating their triumphs by heaping before the victor-monarch, evidences of the extent of the slaughter which his troops had effected, hewn from the bodies of the slain. Among the Hebrews war was equivalent, when accompanied by success, to extermination, or the exaction of a surrender without condition. With the Greeks, the character of war varied somewhat according to the spirit of the particular people by whom it was waged, and although all were to a certain degree hard and unfeeling, yet there does not appear among them a systematic, and still less a wanton, cruelty towards a vanquished foe. The Tyrians and Phœnicians again, and in succession to them the Carthaginians, were as malignant in revenging the injury of attack as desparate in opposing to it all the energy of resistance. The Etruscans we know less of, but judging of their customs by the horrible rite of human sacrifice which in early days they practised, we cannot suppose them to have been other than fit predecessors, as respect harshness in the conduct of hostilities, to the Romans, a cold, stern, and cruel race at all periods of their history; their

gladiator fights, most fondly followed in the most polished of their æras, offer sufficient proof of the sanguinary nature of the people to whom such things were sport and enjoyment. It would however be unjust to cast, as has so constantly been done, a stain of obloquy upon the nations of antiquity, for their cruelty in war on a large scale, as if such were peculiar to them among the race of mankind, and unheard-of in days when the spirit of mercy was not abroad upon earth. The spirit of mercy and kindliness were preached, and went forth, doubtless with profit to millions; but hardly so on the battle field. We may have occasion in our review of the military system of afterdays, to point out the existence of a stern and ruthless lust for bloodshed, as strongly developed in the thirteenth century as in the third, tempered by no element but that of interest. Men became merciful in early times, only because they found it more profitable to enslave than to slay—a living bondsman being of more value than a dead foe; whereas afterwards when the system of ransom was fairly introduced, the combatants sought much less to kill than to disarm and disable, in order that their opponents subdued and captive but scarcely harmed, might be in a position when the fight was done, to purchase their freedom in lieu of rendering up their life. We must not be too hard upon human nature, in judging of these deeds of times past. So long as war, whatever the extent of science exhibited on either side, admitted of no other ultimate settlement than the positive collision of man to man, prefaced occasionally by some slight interchange of rude projectiles from a field artillery,* and the

* The *balista*, or machine—bow is mentioned in the field, in, I think, the African campaign of Cæsar; the invariable use of similar machines at sieges and in naval warfare by the ancients, leads to the ready inference that such valuable implements of aggression were taken advantage of in field warfare whenever cir-

casting of hand missiles at short distances,—men met with their blood up for mortal conflict, and it was a mere question of kill or be killed. So long as the use of cold steel remained the great and only resource for the obtainance of victory, slaughter among the combatants was inevitable to an extreme degree, much in fight, but more in flight,—great during the moment of the struggle for superiority, greater when the weaker side, broken and dispersed, became a prey to the victorious party, maddened by the sight of blood and by the flush of success.

Doubtless we are in these days superior infinitely in the civilization of warfare to our forefathers, and those who were their prototypes in strife, of centuries further back. The moral character of war, with us is no longer either sanguinary nor (as to person) mercenary; we neither subdue to slay, nor vanquish to plunder, as far as individuals are concerned; but we should be very wrong in attributing this amendment as many do, to ourselves rather than to circumstances; we should be unjust in condemning as is commonly done, the barbarity of past ages on comparing it with the military polish of our own. Events unfortunately occur every now and then to prove to us that human nature, in war as in all else, remains ever the same; its accessories only are different in different ages.

We are fortunate in warring with a description of weapon which throws the balance of success rather to the side of the skilful tactician than to that of the daring combatant, and hence our pitched battles are more decisive when conducted by a great general, and less bloody than the standing fights of former times. We are also happy in finding infused amongst

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cumstance permitted of their movement in a state fit for immediate service. I do not deem it necessary to cite authorities to this self-evident fact, leaving the subject generally for future treatment.

us, men of that real christian philanthropy, which by its influence, can soften much that is harsh and bad in the inevitable duty of every soldier. Yet let us not deceive ourselves,—this will not alone avail with with rude men in a moment of excitement. You cannot then call upon them to reason, for it would be vain; nor attempt at such a moment to touch their sympathies, destroyed for the time in a gush of violent passions. All that can be done is to exert the power of discipline, to compel obedience, to enforce the restoration of order, and make compulsory the maintenance of the principle of mercy. The moral character of war in the days of what are called the classic nations, seems (to recapitulate our views,) to have admitted of the soldier being hounded on to slaughter and to pillage, which his very armament encouraged, and, so to say, induced. The mere inculcation of the spirit of mercy produced little effect in after-days, and indiscriminate massacre was chiefly checked, by a feeling of self-interest.* But in later times knowledge, and

* On this point, however, it is right to observe, that the making prisoners for ransom's sake, as introduced by the practice of chivalry, was sometimes under particular circumstances the cause, instead of the preventive, of bloodshed, as at Agincourt, and elsewhere: "At the same time the third division of the French seemed to rally, and raise their banners afresh. Henry—believing himself about to be enveloped, gave orders that every man should kill the prisoner or prisoners he had taken. As the ransom of captives of rank was one of the soldier's best gains, many were unwilling to obey this mandate: but Henry sent two hundred archers who knocked the French knights on the head without compunction." (Pict. Hist. of England, b. v., c. i.) Shakespeare (Henry the Fifth) leaves in his graphic way a curious intimation of the spirit in which such an order would be received by a disciplinarian of the day, such as he makes his Welsh Captain Fluellen, and Gower the Englishman, who holds a similar rank. The dramatist adopts the chronicler's account which makes the sanguinary order of the king arise from an attack on the English camp. Act iv. scene vii.

Alarum: enter Fluellen, and Gower.

Flu.—Kill the boys, and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery mark you, as can be offered in the 'orld: In your conscience now, is it not?

mental cultivation, having had their due influence on the educated classes, who held command in armies, they used discipline to prevent excess in the lower ranks, and restrain the soldier in his ignorance from disgracing the profession he belonged to and the colours he served under. The moral character of war, therefore, bettered in the first instance by self-interest, next by circumstance, and lastly by a spirit of mercy, the effects of which are to be enforced by discipline, is dependent for its improvement upon the mutual progress of both the agent and the instrument in this the last of its positions. The higher the intellectual cultivation of the Officer, the greater his power and influence over the Soldier who serves under him;—the more intelligent the soldier, the better does he understand the benefit of the wholesome discipline, which coerces him, and which by the very repression of the passions to which he would otherwise give way, raises him in his own opinion, and sensibly increases the sum of his effectiveness and utility.

THE SPIRIT of chivalry is the spirit of soldiership. To be brave, active, manly; skilful in the field, courteous and educated, is no whit more difficult, but less so now than in ages more remote. "The hood makes not the monk," as the old saying has it, no more than the knight is made by the lance and steel visor. It is moral force which constitutes the base of all human action, and it is the cultivation of a chivalrous

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Gow.—'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter; besides they have burned and carried away, all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, has caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. Oh! 'tis a gallant king!

Monstrelet, the French Chronicler, writing of this action speaks of the massacre as induced by "*the disgraceful conduct*" of the French leaders, who made so treacherous an attack, whom he names.—c. 146.

soldier which in this age as in every other, must ensure honor and success in war.

The principles of old were vaunted and were praised by all, and by many were professed, but the question is, how were they practised? History tells us that from the end of the eleventh to the commencement of the fifteenth century, which is termed the age of chivalry in connection with feudalism, crime of all sorts was never so rife, honour was never so disregarded, nor war conducted so brutally. The principles of chivalry are no doubt admirable, and they were in those days highly valued; but it is exceedingly often the extreme scarcity of an article that is the reason of its excessive estimation, and on this ground I explain the anomaly before us. It is very plain that when the higher orders make skill in the use, not the science, of arms, the only business of their life, and take every occasion of rushing from the dull and stately seclusion of their castles to the brutal enjoyment of sanguinary personal conflict, they can in very few instances attain a moral standard above that of ignorant rough-handed sworders.*

* A very cursory glance at cotemporary history gives us convincing evidence of this fact. Supposing that the principal of chivalry had taken firm hold of the better orders, a practical result must have appeared in the better ordering of society at a date certainly previous to 1400; but what do we find really the case?—that the worst crimes which disgraced Europe during the middle age, were as nothing compared to the treachery, ferocity, and general lawlessness displayed in the 15th century in England and France. The murder of the Duke of Orleans, and the excesses of the Armagnacs, of whom it was said—"never in the memory of man, had a Christian army commanded by such great princes, and composed of so many noble knights committed such horrors" (Sack of Bourdeaux, 1414, Pict. Hist. of England): the retributory massacre of John of Burgundy under breach of the most holy pledges, were fit events in the one country to usher in the miserable reign of our Sixth Henry in the other, and the disastrous wars of the Roses, disgraced by every species of unknightly, and unmanly excess, in defiance of all laws, divine or human, moral or social. Yet these were the acts of "*great princes and noble knights.*"

The tilt yard and the pageant again were no very edifying places of resort for the fair sex, and although female virtue was never at a higher premium than in those days, it certainly never had stronger reasons for being so.

It is not our province here to go into an analysis of the causes whence, notwithstanding what we have observed, it so occurred that female influence had so great a share in eliciting whatever practical good there existed in the chivalric system; still less are we called upon to trace the institution to its Germanic origin, or consider the value of the religious element it included. Its effect in war was to call forth many individual acts of fantastic daring which could have little value as to the results of a campaign and to induce (from the misapplication of its tenets) acts of aggression as wanton as they were unjust and profitless. Doubtless many a man fought the more bravely under his obligations as a knight, than he would have done otherwise while the courtesy and kindliness it inculcated, confirmed the suggestion of his interest as to the treatment of prisoners capable of buying their liberty. But it hardly ever softened the barbarity of war, and the garrison of a place of strength were rarely spared from any chivalric sympathy for the gallantry with which they had defended it. Froissart, a priest, and the warmest admirer of noble and gallant knights, make sometimes a passing moan over the death of a noble or a valiant gentleman, but records with the most stoical composure the murder in cold-blood of the commonalty by scores and centuries, if not thousands; whether it be as ransomless prisoners after battle, as a flying foe, or the garrison of a place taken by assault, or often forced to capitulate.

Monstrelet, another churchman, who continued Froissart's History, but in a style much less graphic, shows if possible still more unconcern, when recording

the violent death of any one under the grade of a noble, while murder in cold-blood is narrated in such terms as the following: "The constable," (Court D'Armagnac, who was then, A. D. 1418, besieging Senlis,) "sent a summons to surrender the town according to promise, but on the town's-people answering that the time was not yet expired, he caused the heads of four of the hostages to be cut off, their bodies quartered and hung on a gibbet. Of these four two were gentlemen, namely, Guillaume Manchelier and Boudart de Vingles; the two others were citizens, named Guillaume Escallot and Master John Beaufort, King's Advocate in the town. The remaining two, for there were six in all, were carried to Paris. In revenge, the besieged beheaded sixteen of the constable's men: two were hanged, *and two women were drowned.*" (Chron. book 1, c. 184.) In a passage taken almost at random from the second book of this same Chronicle, giving an account (c. III,) of the taking of Guetron, a castle in Champagne, from the French by Sir John Luxemburg, the garrison, about sixty to sixty-four in number, are noted as having surrendered on terms made for them by their Governor, "being given by him to understand that they were to march away in safety," the truth being, that he had compounded for his own life and that of four or five companions, giving over the rest of the men under his command as prisoners at discretion. "But when the castle was surrendered, all were made prisoners. On the morrow, by orders from Sir John Luxemburg, they were all strangled and hung on trees hard by except the four or six above mentioned,—*one of their companions serving as executioner.*" Such acts of treachery and cold-blooded murder recorded without a comment, are among those which, "I, Enguerrand de Monstrelet, have taken a laborious pleasure in putting into writing in the manner of a chronicle, (being) the marvellous adventures and valorous deeds

of arms worthy of praise and record, which have happened in the most Christian kingdom of France, the neighbouring countries and distant parts — * * * This history comprises accounts of battles, the desolation of many churches, cities, towns, and fortresses; the depopulation of a great extent of country and other marvels, piteous to behold: of valiant and prudent men as well nobles as others, who in consequence of their valour, or by some unhappy misadventure, ended their days: such should be esteemed happy in having their courage, renowned actions, and noble deeds recorded,—and should be held by the living in perpetual momory." (Preface to Book II.)!

That the profession of chivalry did in individual cases, produce much benefit during the chivalric age is indisputable, and that its consequences in after-times were valuable is certain, but that it improved during that period the moral character of warfare, or advanced the practice of war as a science, cannot be maintained for an instant.*

THE INTERNAL economy and military array of an army of this period depended wholly upon one very important usage, especially important among semi-disciplined troops, the display, namely, of an ensign, flag, or banner under which the soldier should be taught to assemble, and, in action, to rally. I have deferred up to this moment enlarging upon it as a general practice in war. The idea of such a signal is universal, and the external cause of its adoption obvious. However little-accustomed men may be to act in concert, it is always possible to unite them in one mass by the conspicuous display of a striking object in a central posi-

* Should the student not have ready means of consulting Guizot's Analysis (vol. iii.), the Article *Chivalry* in the Penny Cyclopædia will give him an (unacknowledged) translation of its substance.

tion. If the uplifting of this ensign be accompanied by the shout of a strong-voiced man, or the commanding tone of a loud instrument, the appeal to two organs of sensation, both the ear and the eye, must be followed by an increased degree of alertness on the part of the troops so summoned. It would be hard, or impossible, to determine (and certainly profitless to enquire), which of the two, standard, or trumpet, held the earliest place as a signal of command in the records of ancient warfare. We have mention of the latter, to recur to the Book of Job, in the earliest of written histories; while the former suggests itself as a practical method of uniting a dispersed and disorderly body, as probably in use before art had gone so far as to invent a means for the production of sound in the shape of any thing like a musical instrument.

The tradition of almost every nation gives, if well examined, some homely origin for the standard which it subsequently adopted. In the poem of the Shah Nameh, the great Persian epic, affecting to recount the history of the heroic ages of that ancient people, many of the old military traditions of the land have doubtless been preserved, mixed of course with an unlimited amount of fable and exaggerated poetic imagery. The raising of the banner, however, under which the hero Feridoon delivered the country from the oppressions of the tyrant Zohâk, deserves attention, as pointing to a very early use of ensigns in war, and indicating the great value attached to them. The immediate agent, my readers will perhaps remember, in the revolution above alluded to, was one 'Gaveh, a blacksmith, who assembled the indignant and outraged populace by raising his leathern apron on a spear point. With this gathering staff in his hand, the daring artisan made his way to the presence of Feridoon, whom he prudently invited to take the command of the popular outbreak. Feridoon accepted the offered authority, and adopted, for a good omen, the black-

smith's apron as his standard, richly adorning it. The eight lines in the Shah Nameh describing this might be given as follows:—

He came to the hold of the new chief in war,—
As they saw him the tumult arose from afar:
When the chief had that skin on the spear-head espied,
A star of good omen then fell him beside:
He bedecked the rude apron with silk of Byzant,
Of gold, sea-gems, and jewel-work made he no scant;
Red, yellow and purple hung mingled and crossed,
And the name they then called it was *Gleam-of-the-host.*

It is curious enough to find in this appellation, a sense so analogous to that of the great national banner of France *The Oriflamme.* The similarity affords a practical proof of the identity of habits and feelings among men of all races when placed in like circumstances. By assembling armed bands about a conspicuous, and it may be even, an intrinsically precious object, some degree of unity of action is secured, when the men are easily stimulated to the impression that their honour lies in the honourable defence of this, the banding sign of their array. It matters not what be chosen as the ensign; the more familiar perhaps the object in early days, the better. The Persian artisan, heading a tumult in a populous burgh, bethought himself very happily, of his own apron by way of standard; the Roman agriculturist, surprised in his fields by the approach of a predatory enemy, raised a bundle of hay on a pole, this being the earliest standard of the rude manipular bands (Ovid. Fast. iii. 117): the Turk again took the readiest emblem, which offered itself to him as one of an equestrian nation and made his standard of a horse-tail. There have been many other similar ensigns made use of from

habit or association as rallying points for troops. These have varied at different times, and according to the feelings of different nations. The Janissaries, strange to say, attached their idea of military credit to the defence of their camp-kettle, while their European opponents held for a long time that their honour was comprised in the safety, not only of their colours, but their drum.

Of this last military conception, Shakespeare has left an instructive and amusing record in the play if "All's well that ends well," wherein, before his discomfiture, Parolles vauntingly declares of a drum, lost by the force to which he is attached,—"It is to be recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum, or another, or *hic jacet.*" It is curious to see the interchange ("*or another*") admited as an honourable satisfaction. The importance once given to this instrument is still perpetuated in our own practice of figuring on the drum the national arms, thus making it, as it were, a supplement to the standard itself.

This last, as either a national emblem, or the gathering point, almost sacred in its character, of a band assembled for a particular service, was universally employed throughout Europe from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. Sir S. Meyrick assigns to it (Ancient Armour, vol. I. p. 49,) an Asiatic origin, an opinion in which I do not think he is borne out. We know, it is true, that standards and banners were in use of very ancient time in the East, and the familiar instance of the assignment of such ensigns to the different tribes of Israel by Moses, will occur to every reader, but it is too much to say that we owe the use of the standard to the Saracens. Villani (Istorie Florentine, B. v. ch. XIII.) tells us that the men of Florence took part in the Crusade of 1188, "and were among the first at the taking of the city of Damietta; they took the country, and for token of it, got posses-

sion of a scarlet standard, which is yet extant in the church of St. John. He evidently speaks casually of a warlike trophy, with the nature of which his countrymen were already acquainted before their capture of this one: and again (B. v. c. XXXIX.) when speaking of the military divisions of the Florentines 1250, he merely notes that the people were distributed under twenty *gonfalons* or banners, and that Herbert of Lucca, "the first Captain of Florence," had "as captain of the people, a gonfalon of a red cross on a white ground."

The Italians are the first nation among which we have recorded instances of the use of a very conspicuous standard mounted upon a car, as was their fashion, drawn by bullocks, and appointed as the rallying centre of their military array. It was termed the *carrocio*. but, as is observed by Spelman (Glossary in Voc. *carrocium*,) this was no more than an adaptation of the *Labarus*, or great central standard, customary with the later Romans, both of the Western, and of the Byzantine empire. The Milanese were according to the authorities he quotes (Sigonius, Life of Frederic the First, and Burchard,) the earliest of the Italian nations, who made use of this method of preserving order and unity in their armies in the times known to us in the middle ages. Sir S. Meyrick who has taken great pains in collecting authorities on this point, cites the author of the Manipuli Florum, to shew that Heribert, Archbishop of Milan, invented the standard-car, or *carrocio* drawn by bullocks, about the year 1124, and states, on what grounds I am unable to discover, that he plagiarised the invention from the East. Few readers of English history will forget the celebrated Battle of the Standard, fought by Sir Walter Espec with some English troops against King David of Scotland, and his army in 1138, and they must bear in mind the value on this memorable occasion of the conspicuous ensign hung round with holy relics, which in reality, by

keeping the disorderly force united round one central point, procured victory for the English combatants. Now at a time when communication between one nation and another, separated more particularly by the sea, was so tardy and imperfect as we well know it to have been, the idea of the infusion of a plagiary taken from the East, established in Italy, and copied in the north of England, within a quarter of a century, is too idle to be admitted.

The *carrocio*, or moveable standard on a car drawn by bullocks, supplied as it was with the means of accommodating, not only heralds and trumpeters, but warriors, who mounted on it as a place of vantage, could never have owned an origin in the East among an equestrian people. We see at once that the conception of a standard on a car, was due to the old Gaulic habit of using the heavy wains of the army as at once a sort of field work, and a rallying point, in the manner so often described by Cæsar in his Commentaries on the war with the Gauls. The standard was a sort of mast raised on a substantial waggon, held in its position by stays, and lashings of rope, and capable of being commodiously advanced on the line of march in accordance with the progress of the troops. Of this we find the most convincing proof, and at the same time the most certain refutation of the eastern origin of such an ensign, in the Life of Saladin, already quoted, by his secretary Ibn Abbas Ghazee. This writer in his 116th chapter describing the movement of Godfrey of Boulogne with the army of the Crusades on Ascalon, says, speaking of the Christian Host—"In the midst of them appeared a sort of bulwark upon a carriage *even as I have described before*, like to a lofty minaret with a flag upon it. * * * * * * *

This-wise they slowly pursued their journey, sedulously holding together, and supporting one another." Now this passage I look upon as conclusive against

the eastern origin exclusively, of the great central and moveable standard in war, round which the troops of an undisciplined army might assemble as to a rallying point. Had such a standard been usually with the Saracenic tribes, the intelligent and observant writer above quoted could not on reiterating his mention of the practice, have failed to notice the plagiary committed upon them by their European adversaries.

Other and more portable ensigns were doubtless employed as the rallying points for troops, cotemporaneously with this cumbrous central standard, the use of which appears with the English to have been merely occasional, and which as a general practice in war, must have been laid aside before the end of the fifteenth century. It is I believe hardly possible to establish with exactitude, the period at which devices, or armorial bearings, were depicted upon the banner of chiefs who selected them as their national or personal badges. The use for instance of the raven as their device by the Danes, or the white horse in the same manner by the Saxons, may reasonably be referred to periods of their early savage existence, in which these emblems of the tribe were casually adopted; like as in our own day we see the indigenous races of North America distinguish themselves by the typical representation of some animal. The systematic application of these bearings and devices which resulted in Heraldry, an art which however frivolous and fantastic had once its uses, was serviceable in war after the adoption of complete panoply as enabling the soldiery to recognize by his banners the enemy, as well as know those of their own immediate leaders. These flags or ensigns were very numerous in armies of cavalry, the lowest sub-division of which under one of them was a constabulary, or constable's command, for the formation of which Grose (vol. i. p. 205,) quotes a writ of Edward III. 1324; this does not appear to have exceeded a squad of thirty men at the utmost.

The leader of a constabulary held what we might term military rank as such by appointment,—his *army* rank was with that of the esquires, and his pay, when he was paid, (see authority of Edward's time in Grose *ibid,*) was the same as theirs, with the right to display, like them, a pennon, if he had sufficient means to maintain it, or in other words, could furnish a sufficient quota of serviceable men at arms. The title of constable, degraded now with us to very common uses, was applied to the commanders of small bodies of men as early as the reign of King John, while the high Constable, an office the shadow of which still exists, represented the highest army rank which a subject could hold.

BEFORE FINALLY taking leave of the subject, it may perhaps be interesting to the reader though not quite germane to the general scope of our enquiries, to illustrate the history of the tilt, by an instance or two of the manner in which challenges were given and accepted, and by a brief examination of the occurrences at an actual tournament. Scott and other writers of fiction have familiarised the public to the general idea of the practice of jousting, and the well known tournament in Ivanhoe, which I have heard criticised as containing incidents which must have been fanciful, is an exact and real picture of that description of combat, plagiarised, but very allowably, from the tournament in the 17th canto of the Orlando Furioso,* and therefore as accurate as may be. I will do no more than observe

* Sir Walter Scott has elsewhere in his works borrowed from the Italian poets in describing combats. The engagement between the knight of the Leopard and Saladin in the Talisman is taken from a passage of arms in the Orlando Innamorato, the remarkable stratagem on the part of the christian knight, of falling as if slain, from his horse, to induce the light armed Arab to approach within arm's length, being detailed to the letter in the poem. Sir Walter's intimacy with Mr. Stewart Rose, who gave an abstract with specimens of Berni's continuation of Boiardo's Orlando Inn.to and who translated the Orl. Furioso, suggests the source whence these useful hints reached him.

that the practice of the joust has been severally claimed as a French and a German invention. Strutt (Sp. and Past. p. 132,) quotes an authority, from the Encyclopédie Françoise, which speaks of the existence of a military game resembling it as early as 862. "Most of the German writers however," says he, "make the Empereur Henry I., surnamed the Fowler, who died in 936, the institutor of these pastimes: but others attribute their origin to another Henry at least a century later. The French on their side quote an ancient history, which asserts that Geofry, Lord of Previlli in Anjou, who was slain at Ghent in 1066, was the inventor of the tournament."

It has been already observed in the course of this enquiry, that the solidity of the defensive armour, which came into use about the ninth century, naturally suggested the practise of tilting at its wearer, as being the only method by which it might be penetrated; hence in that case arose the tournament. Whatever the era of its introduction, the habit took firm possession of the public mind, and for nearly five centuries occupied it with remarkable tenacity. Jousts were not only the sport of the great and wealthy, but all classes indulged after their fashion in the prevailing mania. The young men ran at the quintain, a block on a pivot carved like a *Soldan* or Saracen; or sometimes a bar similarly balanced, having at one extremity a board or shield, and at the other a sand bag: striking this with their staff (if they could), they had to avoid by their nimbleness and dexterity, the thump that awaited them from either the outstretched arm of the figure, or the loaded bag swinging from the bar. One of these stood on every village green, and a specimen still exists, (Pict. Hist. of England, b. III. c. VI.) at the village of Offham in Kent, being maintained for right of tenure.* Persons whose business took them on

* "The youths of this city and other young men, time out of mind, have left off to practise the disarmed lance and shield on horse back, in the fields, man against man; but in their city they have

the water tilted standing in their boats ; which their friends rowed swiftly against each other to imitate the knightly career: there were varieties, however, in this water-tilting.* Boys sitting in swings tilted at each other with one foot extended, and representations are found in illuminated manuscripts of children bestriding switches, and tilting in most knightly fashion with their toy lances: nay, the wealthier classes supplied play-things for their children, representing mounted knights, made of brass, with lance in rest, and so fashioned, the knight and horse being separate, that if two of these figures set on little wheels were run against each other, the one whose shield was

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used on horseback, to run at a dead mark, called a Quinten. For note whereof I read that in the year of Christ, 1253, the 38th of Hen. G. 3d, the youthful citizens, for an exercise of their activity set forth a game, to run at the Quinten, and whosoever did best, should have a peacock, which they had prepared as a prize."

" I have seen a Quinten set upon Cornhill, by the Leadenhall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports, have run and made great pastime ; for he that hit not the broad end of the Quinten, was of all men laughed to scorn; and he that hit it full, if he rode not the faster, had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of sand, hanged on the other end."—(Stowe's Survey, b. 1. c. 29.)

So also in "As you like it," Orlando says—

——" My better parts
Are all thrown down : and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block."

* In Easter holidays, they fight battles on the water. A shield is hanged on a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream, a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by the violence of the water, and in the fore part thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be, he break his lance against the shield and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide ; but on each side of the shield, side two boats, furnished with young men, which recover him that falleth, as soon as may. Upon the bridge, wharfs and houses by the river side, stand great numbers to see, and laugh thereat. " (Stowes's Survey of London, b. 1. c. 29.)

truly and centrically struck by the lance of his opponent, would be dismounted: some of these curious toys still exist in antiquarian cabinets.*. It was about the middle of the sixteenth century that the practice of the tourney began to wear out, and the death of Henry II. of France, in 1559, by a wound received from a lance splinter in the tilt yard, is said to have hastened the desuetude of this mode of engaging, which in England according to Stowe (Survey of London, b. 1, c. 29) was practised to the end of Elizabeth's reign. A more rational cause may be assigned in the growing use of fire arms, and disuse of defensive armour, added to the supercession of the lance by the petronel, or long wheel-lock pistol.

While the fashion of the tournament prevailed, not the knights themselves could have shown greater interest in it, than did the ladies of the period. I cannot better instance this than by citing the account given by a gallant knight, of the mode in which he, Sir Anthony Woodvile, Lord Scales, was honoured by the ladies attached to the Queen Elizabeth, wife of our Edward IV., with what he terms "*a Floure of Souvenaince*," a sort of keepsake in the shape of a jewel which he understood to be intended as the prize of some chivalrous action, to the performance of which the gift was intended to stimulate him. This occurred at the palace of Shene near Richmond, on the 17th April, 1465, Sir Anthony being then twenty-four years of age, and of great reputation as a skilful and gallant knight. What has been preserved as his own narrative of "The fortune of themprise of the saide full noble, and valeriouse knyght Sir Antony Wodevile," bears, I think, internal evidence of having been written by another person. It must, however, have been corrected and approved by himself, and is so curious a memento of the manners of the times,

* Strutt and Meyrick.

that I make no apology for extracting largely from it in describing this remarkable combat.

" The Wennesday nexte," says Sir Anthony, or his chronicler, " aftir the solempne and devoute feste of the Resurrexion of oure blessid Savyoure and Redemptour Jh'u Criste, for soome of my besynesse, at the dep'tying from the highmasse, I drewe me to the Queene of Inglond and of Fraunce and Lady of Irlond, my sov'aigne lady, to which I am right humble subject. And as I spoke to hir lad'ship on knee, the bonet from myne hede, as me aught, I wote not by what adventure nor hou it happennyd till the ladies of hir compaigne aryvid aboute me, and they of theire benyvolence, tied aboute my right thigh a coler of goolde garnysshid with perre, and was made with oon letter. And whan I had it, it was nerr' my heart than my knee. And to that coler was tied a noble Floure of Souvenaunce, enamelid, and in manner of an emprise. And then oon of them saide to me full demurely that I shulde not take a woorth,' as at that tyme. And than they withdrewe them all'ychone in their places. And I abbasshid of this aventure rose me up, and went to thank them all' of theire right grete honoure that they did that tyme; and as I tooke up my bonet, that I had lette fall nygh to mee, I founde in hit a bille writyn in smale pchemyn, rollid and closid with a litell thred' of goolde and seallid. Than thought I well that therein was the countenaunce that by them was yoven me."*

Having been honoured with this " emprise," as the enamelled jewell was termed, Sir Antony proceeded at once to the presence of the king, and delivering to him the small parchment roll which he had received with it requested his Majesty to permit him to

* Narrative from the Lansdowne MS. 285, of the tournament between Sir Antony Woodville, Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy —Excerpta Historica, p. 177.

undertake whatever feat of arms might be found described therein for his accomplishment. The King opening the scroll caused it to be read in his hearing and graciously gave permission to the undertaking. Lord Scales, however, before giving us the contents of the scroll indulges in what he terms a "prolog," in which he acknowledges having received the collar and jewell, and declare himself in a somewhat prolix manner, ready to perform what was required of him, "in the wurship, reference and helpe" of divine aid, "and of the gloriouse Virgyne, and Seint George, very tutor, and patron and cry of Englishmen, in augmentacion of knyghthode and recomendacion of nobley," further for the study of arms and display of valour, "to avoide slewthfulness of tyme loste," and, of course, to obey and please his lady. After this preamble we arrive at "The chapitres conteyned in the seide bill for the Armes of horsbakke."

"First—I shall be bounden by expresse comaundement to appere at the noble citee of London, at the day and houre that me shalbe lymetid, and ordeyned in the moneth of Octobre next comyng, before the Kyng, my seide soveraigne lorde, or his commissarie deputtee, my jugie in that ptie; ayenst a noble man of foure lynages, and withoute any reproche at my choice, yif he will presente hym ayenste me.

"*The Seconde Chapitre.*

"The seconde chapitre is, that we shall assemble on hors: armed ych at his pleasure, in sadil of werre without arrest avantaugeny or malingyne. And we shall ren withoute any toille with groundyn' spere hedis oon course, ych with spere oonly. And then we shall sett the handes to the sharp swerdis, and shall fight, be it with the foyne or with othir strokes, to the vauntage of every pties to the complisemet of XXXVII.; strokes be smyttyn betwene us two.

"*The Third Chapitre.*

"The thrid chapitre. I shall doo delyver speres and swerdis, of the which my felowe shall have the chois.

"*The Fourth Chapitre.*

"The fourth chapitre. And yif it happenyd (that Godd defend) that oon of us two be borne to the erthe oute of the sadill withoute fall of the hors, and with stroke of the spere or of the swerde; the Armes than shalbe holden to be accomplissid.

"*The Fifte Chapitre.*

"The fifte chapitre; that yif any of us two be hurte (that God defende) as weele of the spere and the swerde to the noon power of hym that may not fournysshe, the Armes shalbe than holden to be accomplisshid as above is saide. This is touchying the first Armes."

The stipulations as regards the second Arms, as they were termed, I do not give, as it suffices to say, that they were used on foot, and consisted of the spear, axe, and dagger; the conditions as respects the supply of them and the terms of the engagement being the same. It may be here observed, that the sword and lance were held to be noble weapons, of which, however, the sword stood highest, as the sword the weapon of the tournament, was held to free (*affranchir*) the lance, the weapon of the joust. A knight, who paid the herald's fee for privilege to joust, had to make a further payment for leave to tourney, whereas having paid for the latter, the joust was opened to him of right.

These conditions, together with a letter to the address of the Count de Roche, Bastard of Burgundy, who was held to be one of the most accomplished knights of the day, were duly prepared, and suppli-

cation made to king Edward that he would suffer Chester Herald to bear the same together with "the emprise" to the Court of Burgundy. The object of the letter may be easily conceived. The cordial and affectionate manner in which the good Sir Anthony requests his chosen opponent to do him the honour of cutting his throat "for love" is a curious comment upon the strange and high-flown manners of the time, covering, as we know they did, a reality of coarseness, which belied the frivolous and fantastic semblance of civilized behaviour as completely as did the bloody purpose for which, in this instance, its holiday terms were employed. I give the principal portion of the letter in a note,* for those curious in studying the literary style of these amiable cut-throats, and highly-polished ruffians. However let us in this case judge them leniently, the fair sex being the real authors of the mischief; blows "to the complisement of XXXVII,"

* "I have sent unto you in all affeccion and concordiall requeste, Chestre, herauld and s'vant unto theKing of Englond and of Fraunce, my Soverayn lorde, to p'sent you in my behalfe theis lett's theis chapitres, with the right noble Floure of Souvenaunce that hath been takyn me and chargid for an emprise; you besechying and requiryng that it please you to shewe me so muche honoure and frendeship for to touche the seide floure, myne emprise, and to accomplishe the Armes conteyned in theis p'sentz chapitres. The which floure I sent ovir the sea unto you, as unto the moost renowed knyght, and unto the most rediest and determyned in such noble workes to accomplisshe; without eblasyng of any other; and that by counsell' nor by enquerry made, I knowe no choice, nor knowe noone such in any region. And for evir I binde me, and myne, in as much as God hath geve me of gode fortune to be youre as long as the honoure, the lyfe, the goodis may bere. And when the seide herold officier of armes, berer of this emprise above seide, shall retorne unto me, and have made his reporte, and yolden the seide floure worshippid and touchid with so dygne and knyghtly hand as yours is; than shall the siede floure (be) ieyousely by me takyn agen, and shall make me redy, and bere it as my moost derrest thing, and the cause wherefor I truste to drawe moost frute of worship in this world, and unto the tyme that I have fornysshid and accomplissid theis p'sent armes ayenst you."—*Narrative, &c. &c. &c., Excerpta Historica, p.* 185.

and all the current of a heady fight having been planned, and predevised by the gentle dames for their own special pleasure and glorification.

A solemn and curious ceremony ensued in the King's presence, and before a large assembly of the chief persons about the court, whereby Chester Herald was empowered to proceed on his mission, arrayed in a tabard of Lord Scales' arms; whereon, "the seide Chestre receyved the same emprise named the Floure of Souvenaunce, and it set upon a kerchewe of pleasaunce, (and) took the charge of the delyvering thereof, and so departed." Not less formal, nor less brilliant, was the mode in which "the seide Chestre" was received at the court of Burgundy. Heralds and pursuivants went to meet and lead him to his lodging in Brussel, and on the first of May 1465, "ther was comaundid that all the harauldes, and p'sevauntes in the comte of Bourgon, shuld come to. Chestre logyng," and thus bring him to the Duke. The ceremony of touching the emprise by the party challenged, which was a necessary sign that the challenge had been accepted, was then performed after Chester had formally announced the reason of his presence in the court. The emprise was displayed by letting fall the lower edge of the kerchief in which it was wrapped, after it had been raised by the bearer on high between both hands. The Bastard of Burgundy having duly and reverently touched it, the heralds covered it again by raising the lower edge of of the kerchief, wrapping it up in the manner it was when brought into presence.* It was then placed "in a chambre

* "Than the seide haraldes of the courte and percevauntes went unto anothir chambre, besides the Dukes chambre, and take the Lord Scales' cote of armes upon his body, and the emprise borne on high betwene his hondes in a kerchip of (pleasaunce) honorably, the emprise beyng fastid unto the upp'moost border of the seide

aparte, *as appteyneth,*" the last words showing how regular and ordinary these fantastic observances were, while Chester awaited nine days the answer to the letter of which he had been the bearer. On the tenth day the reply was delivered, of which the narrator (whom I rather suspect to have been no other than Chester himself) gives the following enigmatical abstract:—"and as broth'(er)ly he desireth say Lord Scales to take hym in any thing that is possible and honourable for him to doo, as well afore his complisshyng of his acte as after his seide acte." Chester Herald having received from the Bastard "a rich gowne furrid with sables" which he had worn at the touching of the emprise, together with a doublet of "blak velewet, and the slytes of the doublet sleves claspid with claspes of golde, and XL reynes gilderus" (Rhenish guilders), took his leave, and departed.

The upshot of all this solemn foppery did not come off until two years afterwards, the Burgundian knight having occupation on his hands in the shape of a siege of Dinant and other military transactions, which detained him in the field. On the 29th day of May however 1467, did he reach Gravesend, accompanied

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kercheif, and covered with the lowist border of the kercheif, and thus bringying hit honorably makyng iii. obsaunce in the approchyng of the presaunce, and after the the third obesaunce lattying fall the lowir bourder of the kerchief which covird th' emprise, and stode up upon the right honde of the prynce theire beyng in estate." (*Excerpta Historica, p.* 192.)

"And than the seide Lord Bastarde came unto the emprise, seying unto the heraulde Chestre, I pray you recomaunde right humbly unto my Lord Scales my brothir as hartly as I can; I thank hym right highly of the honoure that he dooth to me by his wrytying, to the edyfyng and encresying of honoure; and to the fulfillyng of his honorable request, I take upon me by license of my prince to touch this emprise, and oblisshe me to accomplisshe thes his articles: and with that touchyng; making a reverend obesaunce. And than Bourgon toke the nethirmust egge of the kerchief of pleasaunce in the which th'emprise was borne, and Charols the oothir partie: and so covird the seide emprise worthly as it came unto the presaunce aforehersid."—*Narrative*, &c.

by about four hundred lords, knights, squires, and others, embarked on four handsome vessels, "richly apparail'de, and enforcid with all maner abilmentes of werre, pennons, banners, gytons, stremers: his gabon also hangid with arrasse," or, in other words, his very cabin hung with tapestry, so splendid was his equipment. Garter King at arms, had been waiting at Gravesend three weeks to receive him, and having "apparailde a barge clenly beseen," was desirous that the illustrious combatant should make his way to London in it. This however he declined, and sailing on the 30th towards Greenwich, was met "at the Black Wall," by the Earl of Worcester, Constable of England, with a large concourse of noblemen and knights, as also, "many aldermen, and riche comeners of the citee of London." This gallant company, when he and his "caste ankre a litill beneathe Seint Katyns,* resceyvid hym and his feliship into theire barges, and londid at Byllynges Gate." Passing onwards thence on horseback, he found himself handsomely lodged at the Bishop of Salisbury's palace in Fleet-street.

Shortly after his arrival, King Edward rode in solemn procession from Kingston to, and through London, being met by a vast concourse of dignitaries and wealthy persons, lay and clerical, offered at St. Paul's, and then passed through Fleet-Street to the intent it was supposed, that the Bastard should see his adversary, for Lord Scales bore the King's sword before him, riding between the Earl Marshall, and the High Constable of England. The King proceeding to Westminster, the Bastard was that day presented to him, and asked that a date might be appointed for the combat.

* The present site of St. Catherine's docks, where until within the last few years was a hospital of that name, now removed to the Regent's Park.

"The Kyng callyng his counsell to him, comaundid his sherefs of London to make the barrers to be made in Smythefeld; the which by thavice of the Constable, callyng to hym the kynges of armes, the seide barriers were made: in length the conteyned of iiijxx. and x. yerdes, and in breade iiijxx. yerdes of assise; the feld made ferme, and stable assigned: the day to kepte between them the Monday nexte ensuyng, on Thursday Seint Barnabee day, the xjth of the moneth of Juny."

Mention is then made of the solemn entry of Lord Scales in his character of champion into London, and of his sojourn "unto the bisshopes palace of Ely in Holborne." It is curious that each of the combatants should have had his quarters in an episcopal palace, and affords a singular illustration of the foolish and frivolous manners of the time in which the heads of the church gave up their residences to persons about to engage in a combat, perhaps mortal, upon no more serious cause than the woman's whims of a parcel of idle court ladies. Not less curious is it that the Lord High Constable of England, an officer who held the place of our Commander-in-chief, should have held a military chapter at St. Paul's for the purpose of hearing counsellors on the part of either of the two combatants as to the exact terms of the conditions of fight between them. A very grave discussion occurred as to each possible point that could be mooted involving an uncertainty as to the issue of the encounter, on each of which counsellors were heard, and a decision given. As a specimen of the matters discussed, I take at random the following:—

"Also moved by the counsell of the Bastarde, yif any of them (either of the combatants) wolde charge with an hors the which were terrible to smyte or byte, thorugh which the toon ptye myght prevaile ayens the toothir, and take avauntage by the hors; which the seide Bast'd counsell seide that he never entendid."

It may readily be supposed that Lord Scales disavowed any intention of taking the field on a charger trained to such unfair practices, and so this deep question among others like it, was duly disposed of. To argue and maintain the respective rights of their several principals, Earl Douglas, and two other gentlemen appeared for the Englishman, while the Burgundian had no fewer than eight knights to defend his interests, all of them his own countrymen. These matters being disposed of, a final order was issued for the preparation of the lists which were enclosed according to the dimensions already noted, by barriers, seven and a half feet high, sunk three feet in the ground," the field sufficiently sandid as apptyneth, and the Kynges place judiciall vj. spaces neerer the weste ende than the este ende." When all was ready the Lord Scales took horse the 10th of June, and rode with a large company, " with mynstrelx" playing before them to St. Bartholomew's in East Smithfield, where he lodged, to be ready for his undertaking on the morrow. On that eventful day, the lists were kept by Serjeants at arms, the barriers by their men; the High Constable and Marshal looked to the clearing of the ground, which when completed, was maintained by a man at arms at every second post of the lists, while in each corner was set a King at arms crowned, with a herald to take note of what was done.

The king having taken his judicial seat, and all being ready, Lord Scales came to the barrier, two helmets borne before him by the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Arundel, with two swords and two lances by four other magnates of the Engilsh chivalry, and with nine followers richly equipped. Having been stopped and questioned at the barriers as to the reason of his coming, he was admitted to the lists, on which, after coming before the king and saluting him, he retired to his pavilion in the south-east corner of

the enclosure. This pavilion, "of double blew satin embrowdir'd with his letters," was decorated with banners, as was every alternate post in the barriers, all being arms of the lordships of his house. The nine horses he brought with him were splendidly trapped, and equipped; and as a very exact description is given of their housing, I am tempted, at the risk of being thought a little prolix, to modernise the report of the chronicler in order to give a sufficient idea of the extravagance and ostentation of these times.

The first horse ("his own hors") was trapped with a demi-trapping of white cloth of gold with a St. George's cross of crimson velvet, with a fringe of gold half a foot long.

The second had a close-fitting trapping of tawny velvet hung with many large bells.

The third was trapped to the hoof in russet damask, studded with two letters of his device in jewel work, and studded richly.

The fourth had a demi-trapping of purple damask, "*sumyd with gentilwoomen gyrdill enforcid with goldesmythwerke*" (?), bordered with blue cloth of gold half a foot broad and more.

The fifth was trapped to the hoof in blue velvet, subtlely made with plaits of crimson satin down the trapping, decked throughout with jewel work with a border of velvet on green velvet "*prillid golde*" (?) half a foot broad.

The sixth bore a demi-trapping of crimson cloth of gold furred with fine sables, and trimmed a foot and a half deep with the same.

The seventh was housed to the hoof in green damask, "*sumyd with thatire of gentilwoomen of Fraunce*" (?) ornamented with jewellery, bordered with russet cloth of gold of half a foot broad.

The eighth was in a demi-housing of tawny damask.

The ninth was trapped in a long trapping of ermines, trimmed with crimson velvet, and dotted with

gold tassels. On each horse was a page, dressed in a mantle of green velvet with jewel work, richly made.

One cannot peruse the list of these costly equipments without being forcibly impressed at once with the magnificence and the frivolity of the time. The great outlay necessary for providing rich cloths, furs, and ornaments of bullion, such as above described, was lavished by Lord Scales, as by other wealthy nobles of the day, for the purposes of ostentation and parade, because there was literally hardly any other mode in which money could be applied so as to produce effect, combined with personal gratification. It was a barbarous splendour indulged by a race that knew not the meaning of comfort, domestic convenience, nor cleanliness, save as regarded the person only. The furniture of the stateliest castle, consisted, even so late as the time of which we treat, of—"but a few oaken benches and tables, raised on strong trestles sometimes mortised into the floor, and sometimes with folding legs, a pair of andirons, or dogs, with their accompaniment of tongs, or a chafer (chafing dish) as generally the whole inventory of the best furnished apartments." (Ellis—English Poets, 1, p. 334). Even upwards of a half century after this period, the well known letters of Erasmus acquaint us with the filthy domestic habits of the highest classes of our countrymen, their floors strewed with rushes, under which lay unmolested a putrid mixture of beer, stinking fragments of food, and all sorts of nastiness. It is therefore necessary that we should look upon the exceeding costliness of display, characteristic of the times, as any thing but characteristic of their state of civilization, and that we should learn to find in this "barbaric pearl and gold," the corroboration of the conclusions at which our previous enquiries have enabled us to arrive, as to the comparative barbarism of those who were so fond of making use of it. There is one very singular indication of the

rude fashions of the day, in the list above quoted, of which I do not remember to have met with any other instance, showing, if I read the words which I have given as in the original, aright, that the knights of those days decorated their housings with ladies' favours: what else can be understood from the trappings *sumyd* (seamed? with gentlewomen's girdles, or with the attire of gentlewomen of France? The tokens of esteem which ladies in those days gave their favoured knight to wear, were by no means confined to scarfs, gloves, or the like, but consisted literally of parts of their attire, which they also were in the habit of taking as mementos from their lovers. Thus in Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida, the sleeve given by the lover to his mistress is faithlessly transferred by her Diomed, who is represented as being, to use the words of Thersites in the play, "that doting foolish young knave *with a sleeve on his helm.*" The railing cynic goes on to express his hope that "the Greekish villain with the sleeve may be sent back on a sleeveless errand," a conventional phrase which doubtless took its origin from the practice of giving rewards, or tokens in this manner. It may be as well to observe that the false, or hanging sleeve was for many years a favourite appendage to dress, and was often made the object of lavish expenditure.

The display made by the Bastard of Burgundy, to resume the subject of our chapter, was no less splendid than that of his adversary. He entered the lists with eight horses, ridden in like manner by his pages, save one which bare housings of his arms: all were decorated with the same lavish outlay. With this gallant array he came to the barriers, and having been admitted, presented himself before the King, and received leave to accomplish his enterprise. He then put on his helmet and made choice of a sword and lance, after which a proclamation was made at the four corners of the lists forbidding all men from approach-

ing the lists or making "any noise, murmur, or shoute or any other maner signe, or tokyn" whereby the combatants should be, "either troublid or comfortid." When this was done, the cry *Lessez aler* was given by a herald, and the knights ran a course, "*and failed bothe unhit*," a somewhat sorry, but not unfrequent issue after so much costly preparation.* Lord Scales then threw away his lance and cast off his bever from his helmet as also his† gardebrace, and wambrace, as did also the Bastard, but not so speedily as his opponent "who sought hym ferthir on the grounde," or passed from his own near the other extremity of the lists. The English knight thrust at the Burgundian, in the neck, which was answered by "an egge stroke uppon the helmet," but at the same moment, unfortunately, the Bastard's horse struck the *chamfron*, or steel spike, with which his frontal was armed into Lord Scale's saddle, and fell upon his rider, dead, as Lamarche, who was present, declares, although our chronicler makes no mention of more than the fall, and inability of the Burgundian to rise again.‡ Hav-

* It may illustrate this remark to give the result of the tilting of four days by three knights against all comers, at St. Inglevere near Calais. 1st day 9 knights challenged. 2nd day 11. 3rd day 11. 4th day 10: they performed as follows

	Courses.	Hit.	Unhorsed.	Unhit.
1st day	33	22	2	9
2nd day	34	26	1	7
3rd day	38	32	1	5
4th day	29	22	4	3

Thus, of 134 courses, 110 were effective as regards the *attaynte* or hitting, the knights sometimes losing their helmet, or stirrup, breaking their lances, or getting wounded, or thrown: 24 courses missed by the swerving of the horses. Thus on these results, it was about 4½ to one against a miss, and 17 to one against a fall. In all these tilts only one knight, a Bohemian, behaved against the rules, and perilled the forfeiture of his horse and arms.

† Tilting armour for the shoulder and fore-arm.

‡ The way in which the result of this famous encounter is generally reported in our histories taken from the English chronicles, Fabyan and others, gives the chamfron to Lord Scales, which the account before me expressly denies.

ing been taken up and brought before the King, he was asked if he would have another horse, according to the conditions allowed at the chapter of arms: "his answere was, that it was no seasyn. Then the Kyng comaundid hym to go to theire loggyng. It will be charitable to suppose that the Bastard was stunned or hurt by his fall, otherwise his reply does not satisfy one as to his resolution, and under any circumstances, the preparations of two years, and the muster of half the chivalry of two great nations, resulting in nothing but two blows and a tumble, is somewhat contemptible.

The next day Lord Scales appeared in the lists with horse trapped to the hoof in crimson velvet, "sumyd with gartirs richly made, and bourd'rid with frenge of golde," and hung round with seven targets, having his arms painted on them, and one with the whole arms, blazoned, on his back. He was followed by eight coursers harnessed in harness of one suit, so that the display of equipment was entirely different from that of the day before. The arms to be used, two casting spears, two axes, and two daggers, were brought in with him. The Bastard dismounted at the barriers, and came before the King, "sytting in his majestee justifieng the feeld," in a long gown of blue velvet, having his body armour in his pavlilion, which was of white and purple damaske, and the valance of green velvet. The same solemn fopperies of asking the combatants wherefore they came were repeated, when,—"The kyng beholdyng the castyng speres right jep'dous (jeapardous) and right plions (perilous), saide, inasmuche as it was but an act of pleasaunce, he wolde not have noon suche myschevous wepens used before him; and comaundid the seide speres to be leide aparte, and ordeyned the toothir wepens, that is to say, axes and daggirs; the Bastarde to have the chois, accordyng to the Articles contyned in the chapitre."

It might have been supposed that after thinking about the matter for two years, his Majesty, might have come to the conclusion that casting spears were specially mischievous, in time to prevent their being produced: as this, however, would have interfered with the show and formal ceremony, which appears to have been the life and soul of these ostentatious pageantries, the weapons were permitted to be brought in; but their exclusion from the actual service of the day under the terms said to have been used by King Edward, gives significant evidence of the dread which even the mail-clad men of those days entertained of missile weapons. The combatants accordingly, after many formalities in the shape of visitings of them in their several pavilions by the high Constable, and punctilious reports made by him to the king, were confronted in the lists armed with their axes. "And then" says the Chronicler "they avaunsed; and so right afore the Kyng, either assaillid other in suche wise, as the Lord Scales at the rencountre with the poynte of his axe stroke through oon of the ribbes of Bastardes plates; as the seide Bastarde shewid hym aftir the fielde. And so they fought togidire; the Lord Scales with the hede of his axe afore, the othir with the small end; and smote many grete combres and thik strokes; till' at the laste that they fell' towardes a closse, at which tyme the Lorde Scales stroke hym in the side of the visern of his basenet. Then the Kyng perceyvyng the cruell' assaille, cast his staff and with high voice, cried "Whoo"! Notwithstandyng' in the departing, there was yoven, ii. or iii. grete stroke; and oon of the ascotes* stafes brake betwene them."

Thus ended this tournament, which led, as was always the case, to other challenges among the knights assembled, and further battles. We must be content

* Scouts—men at arms placed within the lists to keep them.

with this single instance of them. The subject is popular, and the authorities which might be quoted, curious and plentiful, but they must not tempt to too long a digression from the general object of our research. I will merely mention that the thirteenth chapter of the fourth book of Froissart's Chronicles contains the completest and most spirited description of a joust that is perhaps extant. It is very much too long for even a partial extract, and an analysis, which I had intended making, would destroy the spirit of the graphic original, and do injustice to its writer. From the days of early boyhood to the present time, the writer has again and again recurred to this passage of the worthy chronicler with constant interest and unvarying pleasure, and to it he would wish the reader to refer. Whether as a record of past habits, an illustration of the laws of the joust, or, with all its quaintness, as a model of descriptive writing, the chapter of the tournament of Saint Inglevere is equally interesting, instructive, and worthy of attention.

THERE IS no doubt, but that the reputation which our English infantry originally established, was intimately connected with their skill in the management of a missile weapon of great power, the effect of which was particularly formidable against cavalry. "Arrows," says Joshua Barnes, (Meyrick vol. II.) "enrage the horse and break the array, and terrify all that behold them in their neighbour's bodies. But it is in all cases not the nature of the weapon which is permanently effective, but the nature of the man that wields it. It is not the true eye nor the firm hand, but the stout heart which gives power in the field to any peculiar armament. The long bow was a weapon singularly well adapted for the English yeoman. It required great physical strength, and still greater acquired knack in its use to render the person who wielded it worthy of the name of an archer. The English yeoman,

hardly and roughly nurtured,* but plentifully fed,† and overcome by no excessive toil, was able from his earliest days, to devote no inconsiderable portion of his

* "Our fathers (yea, and ourselves also) have lien full oft upon straw pallets, covered only with a sheet under coverlets made of *dagswain* or *hopharlots* (I use their own terms), and a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster or pillow. If it were so that our father, or the good man of the house, had within seven years after his marriage, puchased a mattras or flock bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town; that, peradventure, seldom lay in a bed of down or whole feathers. As for servants, if they had any sheet about them it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them from the prickling straws that ran it through the canvas of the pallet, and raised their hardened hides." Mr. Ellis (English Poets, vol. i. p. 326), quotes this passage from Harrison's Desoription of England prefixed to Holinshed. *Dagswain* is interpreted to mean any *patched material*; the inconvenience of 'the pricking straws' may be better understood when it is recollected that up to the end of the sixteenth century persons of *all* ranks slept entirely naked.

† The serfs or labouring poor fared poorly as Mr. Ellis observes, (Eng. Poets. vol. i, On social condition of the English); but, quoting from Sir John Fortescue on the laws of England, he points out that at scarce any small village do you fail to find a knight and esquire, or substantial house holder termed a frankleyne, "*all* men of considerable estates; there are others called *freeholders*, and many *yeomen* of estates sufficient to make a substantial Jury" (ch. 29.) Here we have fresh evidence of the substantial character of this class, of their number, and of their importance. As a sort of collateral proof that their value as material for troops, arose from their social position and physical as well as moral advantages, we may trace in the cotemporary condition of the French people of a similar rank, the cause of their inability to afford the element of a sturdy and determined infantry. Fortescue on Monarchy. (c. iii) as quoted by Mr. Ellis, says, "The same commons be so impoverished that they may anneth (*scarcely*) live. They drink water: they eat apples with bread right brown made of rye. They eat no flesh, but if it be seldom a little lard, or the entrails or heads of the beasts slain for the nobles, or merchants of the land. They wear no woollen, but if it be a poor coat under their outermost garment, made of great (*coarse*) canvas, and they call it a frock. Their hosen be of like canvas, and passen not their knee, wherefore they be gartered and their thighs bare. Their wives and children gone barefoot; for some of them that was wont to pay to his lord for his tenement, which he liveth by the year a scute (*crown*) payeth now to the king over that scute five scutes. Wherethrough they be artyd (*compelled*) by necessity, so to watch, labour, and

time to the acquisition of skill in the use of this difficult arm. If resident in, or near a forest district, he either had, or took, the privilege of exercising his skill upon the wild deer of the neighbouring woods; if not, the village butts, the county prizes, gave him ample stimulus for the exercise of an art, which he well knew would constitute him, in the event of hostilities in his native land or beyond sea, one of the most valuable portion of the force that any of the contending parties could assemble. Excellence in the use of the long bow, upon the history and nature of which weapon I shall take occasion to observe more at length in the Part II. of these remarks, was an heirloom with the English yeoman, handed down from father to son with jealous care, maintained and fostered by the legislature up to a comparatively late date, as many extant statutes prove.* The decline of archery, and the light in which it was viewed cannot be better illustrated, than by the citation of a passage from the sixth published sermon of Bishop Latimer; it has been often quoted, but I make no apology for giving it again, as cited by Sir S. Meyrick (Ancient Armour, vol. III.)

"The arte of shutynge hath bene in tymes past much esteemed in this realme; it is a gyft of God, that he hath given us to excell all other nacions wythall. It hath bene Goddes instrumente, whereby he hath

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grub in the ground for their sustenance, that their nature is much wasted, and the kind of them brought to nought. They gone crooked, and are feeble, not able to fight." The English "so advantageously distinguished from other nations by a superiority in food and clothing," as Mr. Ellis observes were singularly careless as to the comfort of their dwellings even up to the reign of Elizabeth. They were a hardy race, and the old author, already quoted (Harrison) writing in that reign, inveighs with bitterness against the "*tenderlings*," who seek to introduce chimnies and glazed windows. This carelessness of comforts made the English of those days naturally hardy soldiers.

* Daines Barrington's Practice of Archery in England, Archaiologia, v. vii. 4.

gyven us manie victories agaynste oure enemyes. But nowe we have taken up horynge in townes instedde of shutynge in the fyeldes. A wonderous chynge, that so excelente a gyft of God should be so lyttle esteemed. I desire you, my Lordes, even as you love honoure and glorye of God, and intende to remove his indignacion, let there be sent forth some proclamacion, some sharp proclamacion, for they not do thyr dutye. Justices now, be no justices; ther be many good actes made for thys matter already. Charge them upon their allegiance, that thys singular benefit of God may be practised; and that it be not turned into bolling, and glossyng and horing wythin the townes; for they be negligente in executyng these lawes of shutynge. In my tyme, my poore father was as deligent to teach me to shute, as to learn any other thynge; and so I thinke other menne dyd, their children. He taught me howe to drawe, how to lay my bodye in my bowe, and not to draw with strength of armes, as othyr nacions do, but wyth strength of bodye. I had my bowes bought me according to my age and strength, as I encreased in them; so my bowes were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shute well, excepte they be brought up in it. It is a goodly arte, a holesome kynde of exercize, and much commended in phisike. Marcilius Sicinus, in hys boke De Triplici Vita (it is a great whyle, sins I red hym nowe); but I remember he commendeth thys kynde of exercise and sayth, that it wrestteth agaynste manye kyndes of diseases. In the reverence of God, let it be continued. Let a proclamacion go forth, charging the justices of peace, that they see such actes and statutes kept, as were made for thys purpose."

It will be seen from the language of this energetic appeal, that the belief that Englishmen owed their superiority, not to themselves, but to their weapon, had favourers even in the island itself, a fond idea dwelt

upon by the lovers of our ancient national arm, who took not the trouble to study the actions of the men that bore it. The use of the bow went out with us, less on account of the introduction of fire-arms, than as has been soundly remarked by an observant writer* by reason of "the long interval of peace after the accession of the Tudors, during which time it fell into disuse." But, (to take instances of our military prowess when this weapon was in war almost extinct) the men that fought at Zutphen in 1586, or retreated through the Duke of Parma's army, but a thousand strong under the gallant Sir John Norris, did no whit worse when they made head against the best soldiers of the day in Europe, than had their predecessors in the British ranks when they defeated on foot the first chivalry, as it boasted, of the world. The material out of which troops are made continuing the same, we have in all time the making of troops as good as any that have preceded them. The English foot soldier, in whatever manner armed has, when well commanded, ever shown the same spirit; and, despite of change of armament, and tactics in the same way, centuries ago as now; whether drawn up array to resist attack as at Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, or dashing at a battery as at Dixmude.† "The archers attacked the French camp though defended by a strong battery, poured a volley of arrows into the trenches, fell on the ground till the

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* Southey's History of Brazil. Vol. I. note 51.

† In 1849 under Lords Daubeny and Morley.

The use of the bow was acknowledged in our armies at late as 1643, when the Earl of Essex issued a precept, "for stirring up all well affected people by benevolence towards the raising of a company of Archers for the service of the King and Parliament. In a pamphlet printed 1664, noting Montrose's successes against the Scotch, bowmen are frequently mentioned." (Grose. Vol. I., p. 149). I should think however that the Archers in this case were only to be found among the highland clans, as instanced in Scott's novel, the Legend of Montrose.

guns had been discharged, rose on their feet, poured in a second volley, and rushed precipitately in into the camp. Such was the resolution of these troops, that John Person of Coventry, having lost his leg by a cannon shot, continued to discharge his arrows, sitting or kneeling, "and when the Frenchmen fledde, he cryed to one of his followers and saide have thou six arrows that I have left, and folowe thou the chase for I may not."*

It is such troops as these that have ever been the hope, and pride of our army. They have stamped the memory of their value in our very language, by the proverbial term, *Yeoman's service,*† as applied to the best and stoutest aid in time of need. The first of our poets has immortalised them as the military stand-by of his native land, while our national ballads speak in more homely language, to the hearts of the people, of their constancy, their valour, and their devotion. See how Shakespeare ranks the infantry of England in his exhortation to battle—

"Fight, gentlemen of England!—*fight, bold Yeomen!*
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head—
Spur your proud horses hard and ride in blood,—
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!"—

The address to the chivalry of the army being preceded by that to the commonalty;—and again—

——"And you *good Yeomen,*
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,

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* Walsingham in Meyrick, vol. ii.

† Thus in Hamlet—

"I once did hold it as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair; but, Sir, now
It did me *Yeoman's service.*"

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not *noble* lustre in your eyes."

Hear again how, in the words of one of those plain old lays, the war stirring spirit of which peoms, as Sir Philip Sidney said of Chevy Chase "do move the heart more than a trumpet," the nameless poet of the people has recorded the gallant deeds of Willoughby, and his nobly confident dependance on the handfull of infantry he commanded—

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about,
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out:
You musket and caliver men
Do you be true to me,—
I'll be the foremost man in fight,
Says brave Lord Willoughby!"*

The detail of the action, as the ballad goes on to give it, has so singular a coincidence (like the attack at Dixmude) with the feats of arms of our modern infantry, that I cannot forego the pleasure of quoting further from a homely poem, which I have always read with singular interest:—

"For seven hours to all men's view,
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew,
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses,
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water
They could no better get.

* Ballad of Brave Lord Willoughby. Percy Reliques V. ii. xx.

When they had fed so freely
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly,
For the favour they had found:
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning on the Spaniard
A thousand more they slew.'

* * * * *

Then, courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismaid;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid.—"

a sentiment, which the English soldier feels as strongly now as in the days of Willoughby, or of Erpingham.

IT IS A remarkable fact in proof of our position as to the popular character of national prowess, that the series of successes whereby the English were driven from France, commenced only with the organization of a plebeian army in the shape of the *francs archers* by Charles VII. It is not less striking, that until the popular spirit became embodied by the appearance of the Maid of Orleans, those successes were not of a character to assure the ultimate expulsion of the invaders. The inspiration of the martyr to her patriotic constancy was a real inspiration, in so far as the dominant idea went, that of impatience of foreign domination. Like Charlotte Corday, the Pucelle of modern history, who was "a republican before the revolution," she in the worst days of her native land was filled with the impression that France ought to be free, and that she, poor peasant girl, was predestined to revive military daring in those who arrogated to themselves the exclusive rights of maintaining the

integrity of their native land, and who at Agincourt and Verneuil proved unequal to the task.

It is idle to expatiate upon the military character of the most military nation in the world. Though composed, as it is, of a variety of races, Norman, Breton, Burgundian, Picard, Gascon, and others, which were long looked upon as separate, and which each possesses some peculiarity of character, the nation has not in any of the elements that compose it, one that is unmilitary. The people love a soldier's life; military distinction is the passion of their existence, and military prowess the pride of their heart. The great mass of the nation, kept down by the nobles during the chivalric period as plebeians unworthy to share in the pastime and glories of war, remained long in the position of what may be called, servile soldiers. That they did not for that fight the less bravely, is due to the innate soldierlike spirit, with which when marshalled, as their country's main hope, and dependance,—its infantry, they worthily upheld the honour of France and their own. Still they were beneath an aristocratic influence, and it was not till the people broke loose, that their military capabilities were fully shown. The sons of those who had in old time boasted that they were the only safeguard of France, the emigrant nobles, returned in 1792 to the land they had deserted, as enemies, backed by the troops of those Prussians who had with them the prestige of having but recently read a lesson in arms, to all Europe. The descendants of the defenders of the land entered their national soil aggressively, and its children, born of the *adscripti glebæ* of ancient days, plebeian patriots led by a *sans culotte* general, hurled back the foreign and domestic foe together, and gave another exposition of the great and universal truth;—it is not pride of blood that makes the soldier, nor the puppet-like exactitude of art, but, in the holiest of causes, defence of our rights and the land that we were born in, a stout

indignant heart, and a true sense of duty. As to the aggressive attitude which this nation has under peculiar circumstances so often assumed in the gratification of its military propensities, without ultimate success, it affords another comment upon the same text. A just cause and national combination are victory, let who will be the aggressor.

It was left to Napoleon to afford us the practical disabuse of this mistaken impression as regards the power of a people,* and to Murat to exhibit the strongest refutation of the calumny in his person as an individual. Napoleon himself according to all rule of national affinities was more of an Italian, than aught else, while Murat, '*le beau sabreur*,' the ideal in our days of the dashing daring soldier, was so, wholly, and indisputably. The first head, and the first hand in an army which overran, and all but subdued, all Europe were both Italian. Under them there rank, of the same nation, a host of names from the general-in-chief to the simple soldier, who in a succession of wars, the early semblance of which favoured the assertion of a spirit of freedom, nobly re-established the ancient reputation of their people. They were fighting at first, as they thought, for free institutions: subsequently another stimulus arose, enthusiasm for their great leader; this, with the intoxication of success, awakened and maintained the martial spirit of those who took up arms, Italians from the body of the people, in

* In the account (Thiers. Hist. du Consulat et de l'Empire, vol. iii.) of the armament formed at Boulogne, for the invasion of England, special mention is made of a division of Italians forming the major part of the reserve, admirably disciplined, and vying in efficiency with the French, of whom Napoleon said that he was simply teaching them to know and respect themselves, in order to show the English what they had not seen since Cæsar's day, a Roman foe upon their shore.

which, as I have so often said, exists the real military energy of every nation. No race of mankind that has once been characteristically distinguished for the good qualities of soldierhood can let the germ of them die out. No nation can *become* effete, that has in its institutions any thing approaching to freedom: a nation may be *made* so, but the act is compulsory, and on occasion, as we have seen in our own time, the true spirit must burst forth. It is a false estimate of human nature, which reckons with these facts before it, any nation as one of fiddlers and buffoons, because superficially buffoons predominate. It is the scum which rises to the surface: the substance is not seen, till, to carry out a homely metaphor, the waters have reached boiling point.

THE DECADENCE of the military efficiency of Spain dates from the period when her ancient institutions were invaded, her privileges encroached upon, her free people reduced to suffer under "the flux and reflux of foreign successions."* It is to the denationalization of the higher classes, that the ills of Spain are to be in no small part attributed, and to this must we look for the explanation of the strange military anomaly which the Spaniard has in our own day exhibited; now mustering in vast unmanageable multitudes, to flee without a shot fired, at the glitter of a French bayonet; now displaying the most undaunted heroism in the face of difficulties incredible; defying the attacks of disciplined armies, and laughing to scorn all alternative but success, or a grave. This brings us back to the position we have already so often arrived at, the popular character of all national military virtue. The Spaniard under the guidance of unworthy aristocrats, under the sway of an effete and imbecile monarchy,

*A. Thierry.

was incapable of any thing. It was not till the people rose against foreign invasion, and made the war, *theirs*, that the nation could assert its right to be descended, through the soldiers of Gonsalvo, and of the Albas, from those stern Iberians who wrung back the country bit by bit from a strange race so many centuries before. The work then commenced has gone on since, fitfully, and with much wrong and violence it is true—but still in a mode to elicit the energies of the popular military character of the Spaniard, and to rouse the nation to an attempt at resuming her dignity among the people of Europe. "Spain," says, Thierry "has joined with a daring hand the broken thread of its ancient days of liberty and of glory: may no reverse crush its noble and perilous effort! *Esto perpetua!*"

THE DIGNITY and importance of the profession of arms rises, instead of diminishing, with the advance of knowledge and civilization. Arms and their exercise, so long as equivalent to no more than the amusement of kings, and the occupation of nobles, are but suggestive of cruelty and devastation in the prosecuting some aggressive ambitious policy, or of the brutal wanton blood-shed of a gladiatorial combat; but it is far other when we see them in their true character, as the safeguard of nations, as the corrective of anarchy, and the preservative of social order. I take my ground then in utter opposition to those false philosophers, and pseudo-politicians, who cry out on soldiers and on armies, as things useless, unnatural, and unchristian. That wars in good time will cease, we earnestly hope, but it is a utopian dream to speak of their cessation in our day. While there are on earth despots looking to the aggrandisement of their dominion;—or nations, restless and pugnacious, greedy of military glory,—or within the social body of the state, demagogues and malcontents ready to subvert the established order of

things with the strong hand,—we must for our defence and protection cultivate military science, and endeavour to perfectionize our military system. An army raised for the protection of the people is a constitutional force, the members of which deserve to be cherished and honoured; for their profession, sneered at as *the trade of fighting*, is in fact the very reverse. It is their duty to fight when called on, but their trade, to use the silly phrase, is to overawe, by their state of efficient preparation, internal and external foes, and obviate the occurrence of tumults or of hostilities. It is the trade of *not* fighting, and I know no more noble a profession.

It is a question whether many do not enter this profession, with but a vague appreciation of its character and of the position they occupy. If there be indeed any room for the sneer, which the anti-military party, so very numerous in England, are very anxious attach to the army, let individuals, and not the body at large, bear the gibe. Such carping must be silenced when all the members of the profession understand* and act up to the dignity of the body in which they have enrolled; such carping cannot apply to the working portion of a body of men called upon in the ordinary routine of duty to perform military service in every climate of the globe, from the regions of Canadian snows to the rocks and sands of Aden, and the deadly heats of Sinde. The discussion, however, of such a point is out of place in a treatise like this, and the matter is but incidentally alluded to for the better application of our object.

Study and enquiry expand and elevate the mind, quicken the apprehension, make men fertile in expedients, rapid in decision, liberal in ideas, and, by their

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* See two excellent articles which have recently appeared in the Quarterly and Westminster Reviews on the social condition of the soldier.

fruits, win honour and respect. Now as the profession of arms is essentially an honourable one, as opposed to the nature of ordinary callings which are followed for profit, so does it ensue that every means whereby the greater honour, credit, and personal distinction can be procured for the members of that profession, should be by them carefully and perseveringly cultivated. The soldier in adopting arms, makes, as a member of the community, many sacrifices. He bids farewell to the liberty of free action; he segregates himself in a manner from society to become one of a select and separate body governed by a rigid system peculiar to itself; he renounces in most instances all chance of accumulating wealth, and accepts as an equivalent the modest livelihood of a gentleman, supported by the proud sense of duty, and cheered by the hope of distinction. As has been said by* one who knew the soldier well, historian of his acts, and poet-celebrator of his prowess—

The sword is no plough, the sword is no spade,—
Who would delve with it tries but a sorry trade.
It grows us no crops, and it gives us no seed ;
For homeless the soldier must lightly speed,
And stray o'er the surface of broad-bosomed earth,
Nor hope ever to warm him upon his own hearth ;
He must pass unmarked the city's sheen,
The hamlet's meadows, so joysome, and green :
The vintage-clusters, the harvest-wreath,
From afar on his march the soldier but see'th.
Say what mark or what substance hath he in the land,—
What earthly good hath he at command—
On what as his own can he lay his hand—
Unless for his own Honour the soldier stand ?

It is consonant with the genius and spirit of his profession therefore, that he should be at pains in order to procure, and even command, the respect and esteem of the community at large, as well as that of his

* Schiller—Wallenstein's Lager—scene xi.

comrades, and there are no means surely more effective to that end than the establishment of a reputation for acquirements, which make him the ornament of society, as well as the pride of his profession. The world at large will ever speak of arts before arms, and more readily sympathize with the soldier who studies the one while making them subservient to the practice of the other. Even the Arabs, that race of would-be-dominant warriors agree in this. "Two things," say their proverb, "rule the world,—the sword and the pen; but the pen rules the sword."

It is superfluous to speak of the gratification of study, of the weary hours it beguiles, of the tedium of life it relieves, the sorrows it assuages, and the wrongs it deadens, or caste to oblivion. Study is a friend that fails not, and, next to religion, is man's best consolation. Now as no profession is more subject to occasional periods of inaction whether as to the details of duty, or the excitement of active service, than that of the soldier, to no one ought such occupation as books give to be more welcome, than to him. History and the acquisition of languages offer as has been attempted to be shown, an ever-varying source of interest and instruction, in connection with military studies; nor are the more scientific branches of the profession itself, less productive of profit and of pleasure to every one who follows in any shape the calling of arms. It is I know often objected that the modern division of armies, which assigns different and distinct duties to separate descriptions of troops, has obviated the necessity of the general acquaintance with all the practices of war which were of old requisite for the formation of a good Captain. The argument is only good, however, as a palliative for idleness, and, as such, it is one a soldier should never use. If, to come to a familiar instance, the line regiment be more efficient which is also competent for the duties of light infantry—or the individual private of it more useful, who has been also in-

structed in the rudimental duties of the sap, or the battery, surely the services of the officer who professes in a higher degree an analogous share of general military knowledge, are of double and of treble value. The man, who knows not only how to hold an outpost, but how to make it tenable, will be seconded with additional confidence and alacrity by those under his command, feeling as they must do, that they can place dependance on his individual skill, and rely fully on his mental resources.*

The preponderance of tactical rules in modern days, and the rigid exactitude of prescribed manœuvres have had their share perhaps in producing an overestimate of acquired proficiency in them, and in causing it to be mistaken for something better. Many therefore may have been misled into looking upon military knowledge as being solely comprised in the accuracy of formations and combinations of troops, and, under

* In the excellent commentary by a modern military writer upon the memoir of Montecuculi, there are observations which bear so much upon this question that I am tempted to quote them. They occur in connection with the 2nd article ch. i. b. ii. of the work of that great captain in which he takes a masterly view of the constitution of artillery in his day, an arm which it was not known he professed the knowledge of. The observations I extract are as follows. "I am always surprised that those persons who are destined to the profession of arms, do not endeavour to make themselves acquainted with every part of the Art of war. One selects the Infantry, as his sphere of service—another, who may possess greater wealth, endeavours to obtain a troop of cavalry, others serve in the Artillery, and in the Engineers; but neither the one nor the other make it their business to ascertain more, than the use and peculiarity of the arm to which they are attached: yet among the number of these, there are some who attain to superior grades and become general officers; it is therefore very essential both for themselves, and for the state that they should be instructed, in all that relates to war on a large scale, and of all the several parts which must be put in motion in the grand movements of an army: in fact it is to be desired, that all officers, whether infantry, cavalry, artillery or others, should not limit themselves to the mere knowledge of the use and properties of the arm to which they more immediately belong, but should further study the uses of those which they may consider as foreign to their calling." (Turpin de Crissé.)

this erroneous impression, into caring to know no more. As to the study of general literature as applicable to military purposes, there may have been again in some cases, a corresponding error produced by a not dissimilar cause. To be familiar with tactical works, and deep in Dundas and Torrens, has perhaps not unfrequently constituted the idea of the scope of a soldier's lore. General literature, therefore, it only beseemed him to take up as amusement, learning in *mufti* being left to the bookworm, or the pedant. At the risk of being thought, like Captain Fluellen, "a little out of fashion," the writer would yet suggest, in the somewhat eccentric phrase of that worthy formalist, that "you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey, the great,—for the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it," convinced that in no age can the soldier add to his efficiency more thoroughly than by uniting scholarship to tactical knowledge, than by re-establishing the once admitted fact that the perfect practice of his profession is greatly facilitated by the pursuit of liberal study, and by vindicating the character of that study, the literature termed military, as to its variety, and extensiveness. One of the most careless daring soldiers that ever braved a breech, Montluc, the type of that Gascon character which some conceive to be not dissimilar to the Irish, thus speaks, three centuries nearly ago, upon this subject. "I would advise all persons of condition, who have the means, to do it, and design to advance their children by arms the rather to bestow some learning upon them; if they be called to command, they will often stand in need of it, and will find it of infinite use to them; and I believe a man who has read much, and retained what he has read, is much more capable of executing great and noble enterprises than another."* Nor is this all;

* Commentaries of Blaize de Montluc, Marshal of France. B. vi.

the union of high cultivation of mind with gentleman-like ease which characterises the well-bred soldier, has been pronounced by authority, standard as regards sound observation and judgment of character, as resulting in the most agreeable of combinations. "There is no sort of people whose conversation is so pleasant as that of military men, who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life makes their conversation so full of incidents, and gives them so frank an air in speaking what they have been witnesses of, that no company can be more amiable than that of men of sense who are soldiers."*

I have attempted, and that in but a very loose and superficial manner, to shadow out the general application of that system of enquiry, the expediency of which it is supposed the preceding pages may have suggested. Its particular adaptation is something wholly apart, and belongs simply to the practical soldier.

Still, if I might venture an opinion in the sense of those already expressed, it would be to the effect that mental cultivation in the higher grades, as respects the general study of the profession, would be necessarily followed by an improvement in the intellectual tone and temper of the subordinate ranks. This is, I conceive, the object at which the chief authorities of our own army have been for years aiming in the expectation that the establishment of its character on the footing it merits, would be followed by a reaction in popular opinion, and that, as among continental troops, the ranks might be not sparingly recruited with young men of family and education, entering as private soldiers with a semi-certainty of gaining their commission by steadiness and good conduct. Nothing perhaps would tend more thoroughly to overcome the distaste entertained by a

* Steele—*Spect.* No. 152.

great majority of the English peasantry to the life and profession of a soldier, than the seeing it embraced by a class of men, whom they know to be their superiors in breeding, intelligence, and knowledge.

But attempts are now made to enhance this distaste by a particular class of persons calling themselves philosophers, philanthropists, and professors of religion; and as has been before observed, the profession of a soldier is by them denounced as unnatural and unchristian. The meaning of the first of these epithets, I have never been able to explain to myself as here applied; for if to be armed be unnatural, and to be prepared to repel aggression be unnatural, then self-defence is unnatural. But perhaps some confusion of ideas has transferred the use of the term from the object of the soldier's alleged occupation, war, to himself, the agent in it; and it is perhaps meant that wars are unnatural. Would they were so! but alas! from the day the first blow was struck in strife some six thousand years ago, the world has been filled with contest and with slaughter; the very Chosen People of God were sent forth on a mission of extermination; and He even that preached peace and good-will to men inculcated the divine doctrine with a sad warning that he brought, not peace, but a sword. Wars are incidental to man, and are, I fear, only too natural; and so must they remain till it be God's will to make us other and better than we are.

But the profession of arms is unchristian. What does this mean? If it be intended to imply that soldiers are professionally irreligious, Sterne's corporal Trim had, I thought, silenced the foolish slander some half century ago.* The meaning however, is

* "A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his King, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world."

perhaps not this, and it is merely intended to stigmatise the profession in its constitution, as opposed to the principles of Christianity. I go, as is the best plan in such cases, direct to the fountain head for an interpretation of this position, and I find in the records of our religion many admirable reproofs to the rich, the worldly, and the covetous, to casuists who twist the law to their own ends, to separatists in religion who despise other men, to persons who follow usurious trade and who desecrate holy places in the greed of gain; but I do not find the centurion rebuked for his profession, but on the contrary encouraged for his faith. I also see another centurion in the days of the early church "with a devout soldier of those who were continually about him," and others, soldiers doubtless, or attached to the army, made the objects of a special and peculiar blessing, and I cannot find that their profession is alleged as a reason for their not being admitted as Christians, or that they were at all called upon to renounce it. But is it yet unchristian? Here is my reply.

'See yonder land rescued but some forty years ago from anarchy and desolation, when her fields were waste and her cities tenantless,—her people ploughing with the sword by their side, and reaping beneath the walls of towers and forts within the protective range of wall-piece or of matchlock:—See how peace has filled her garners and peopled her towns,—how security has dismantled her forts, and how her fields, rich with a teeming harvest, are safe as if compassed by the walls of a strong city; all is order, plenty, and content.

But look again,—there are those at hand, whose forefathers helped to lay that land desolate, not as *they* were, rude bands of half armed horsemen, but a mighty army, trained to war, and confident of success, with weighty guns such as no European nation would dream of taking into action,—lawless,

desperate, cruel, uncontrollable, bent on destroying the land utterly, and its people, swearing to smite them hip and thigh, and carry desolation, and destruction, on and on, even till the sea should stop their progress.

But see,—they are met, though but by a fourth of their own number,—they are checked, they are thwarted, they are hurled back on the place whence they came, beaten, discomfitted, dismayed, without guns, or arms or means,—their power of oppression, of violence, and of blood-guiltiness taken from them—their threats against the peaceful inhabitants of a rich and happy land vain as the wind from hence for evermore,—and not that only, but the place which they had so long vexed with murder, robbery, and strife, delivered out of their hands, and blessed with peace.

I say no more.—I could find no better closing to this work than such an exposition of the soldier's worth, of the holy character of a good cause, and such an instance of the might and justice of the God of Battles.

The Jolly Cadet.

Jack, Tom, Bill and Bob, Dickey and Freddy are
Lawyers, Merchants and Parsons in black,
All for gaining their livelihood ready are
What shall I do with my youngest Son Jack?
My own mind scarce knowing, I thought I'd just go in
And ask my friend Owen, the India House Clerk;
His words swallowing, I stood while small Owen
Made the following pithy remark.

2.

Jack, poor fellow, has got but a thin chest, or
Else you'd send him like Dickey to school,
He's too weak though to rough it at Winchester,
And is moreover a bit of a fool.
You've got proof presumptive, he's somewhat consumptive,
His Uncle poor Dumptive coughs terribly loud;
Nought to fear at Benares or Meerut
He'll ne'er look queer at a station in Oude.

3.

I don't see whilst of cash you've a lump, any
Cause why you thus should fidget and fret,
Make the most of the East India Company,
Send Jack out as a jolly Cadet.
You'll find it much wiser, to take my advice, Sir,
You'd best not despise Sir, the counsel I give,
How 'twill please us, when back rich as Crœsus
He comes and sees us;—no doubt but he'll live.

4.

India Stock is your principal requisite,
You, thank Heaven, have that at command;
Go to our Chairman, his manners are exquisite,
State your wish and he'll grant it off-hand.
Each quondam collector, who's now a Director
Will be Jack's protector; his fortunes will bud;
I'll engage Sir, that ere he's of age, Sir,
He'll be Brigade Major, or placed in the Stud.

5.

Soon for Jackey was ever'thing wanting done,
Mr. Hibbert provided his kit,
Steerage passage he in the "Huntingdon"
Every day in the Cuddy would sit.
Such eating and swilling, champagne-glasses filling,
Which Jack was quite willing to drink with them all,
Oh how gay Sir, glad Jacky would say, Sir,
I'd be each day, Sir, in Jolly Bengal!

6.

But soon sad changes poor Jacky awaited Sirs,
Much he mourned having traversed the seas,
When as Cadet he found he was rated, Sirs,
Rooms—Fort William, pay—sixty rupees.
Then prompt embarkation to half-batta station,
Made Jack cry damnation, this country's a hell,
Monstrous fun I think living with money,
But how with none, I can't possibly tell!

My Old Gun Screw.

READER, I have an old gun screw. The date of its origin is lost in the mist of ages. He is a venerable screw,—a partriarchal implement,—an ancient and time-honoured piece of metal, guiltless of all wood, and one that never knew a handle. He is a family screw, which came to me by right of descent, but tradition tells us not in company with what particular gun this mysterious utensil came into the possession of the honoured hands whence it was bequeathed to me. When Master Mathew, gentle reader, first attained the dignity of a gun of his own, my father's wheezy and respectable valet, Doler, charged to convey the precious mahogany case into Master Mathew's room, presented as an offering of his own, over and above the splendid Joe Manton, that my good Governor had commissioned him to take to me, THIS GUN SCREW!

"I raythor think," said Doler, in his wheeziest of tones—"I raythor think I must have got this along with one of the first guns Sir Mathew got after I came to live with him;—and I don't know how it is," he added with a plethoric chuckle, "but I've gone on keeping it and using of it for year upon year without ever thinking of putting of it into the case, when the gun was sent back, as Sir Mathew changes his you know every two years; but it seemed to fit my hand somehow, and now you've a good gun of your own, Master Mathew, I think it will fit your'n.'

During the protracted wheeziness of this oration, Doler was diving first into one, and then into the other tail of a blue coat, whose skirts were really sublime in their amplitude, and whose capacity of pocket had something fabulous in it; and at last, after much groping in those deep recesses, did he produce THE SCREW.

I write of ancient times in the goodly days of flint guns, and the implement of which I speak was calculated more particularly to aid and assist in that nice operation, the fixing of a flint. It was about four inches long, with the main driver turned at one end at right angles to the shaft, which was thus at once both shaft and handle, giving you a lever power to turn an over-driven screw with when you wanted to free your flint: it had further driven through it and the end rivetted, a copper pricker, in those days of no little use, when the gun got foul at the end of a long day's shooting. Doler contemplated it with an affectionate and somewhat of a melancholy glance, shook his powdered head, and, as he deposited in the well-stocked gun-case, out of which I had long ere that extracted my own gun, over which I gloated in exulting admiration, he said—

"Master Mathew, do you never go for to lose this. I've unscrewed Sir Mathew's gun with it for nineteen years and more, and I give it you for luck."

Reader, I do not care to deny that I am superstitious, and that Jack's maxim of "nothing like luck" goes far with me. I have obeyed Doler's injunctions this many a long year, and though I cannot say that his gift has exactly brought fortune in it's train (which I partly attribute to Uhmuk Das, my bearer, having some twelve years ago broken of and lost the copper pricker), yet, on the whole, I have managed to screw my way along not much worse than my neighbours; and you may laugh, but I assure you I would not lose that old crooked bit of iron for the world.

Years rolled on, and from the boyish position of having my gun given me, I got to what I thought the much more enviable one of ordering it myself—ay, and paying for it with my own proper shekels—that is, out of my allowance. The old gun I had possessed devolved to a younger brother; but I kept my gun-screw. My new purchase was in a year or two displaced by a

detonator; but I kept my gun-screw. Time changed and the world's tide set against me, and I had to part with many pleasant, bright realities, and brighter, happier prospects; but I kept my gun-screw, Sir, through good and evil: and when at last Fortune in a pet whisked me fairly off her wheel, from one hemisphere into the other, not even she, although, as wisely expounded by good Captain Fluellen, she is "turning, and variations, and mutabilities," had the power to dissolve the magnetic connection between myself and my, not the less trusty for being rusty, steel. I'd have as soon, Sir, got afloat in a ship without a needle on board, as have gone to sea without my peculiar magnet. By'r lady, Sir, I've kept my gun-screw, and there he lies before me (for luck still) in my writing-tray.

You smile, I see, young man, at my garrulity—nay, methinks you are even something inclined to sneer; and, to be honest with you, are, I clearly see, a little given to set down the magnetism of Doler's gift—the old bit of crooked iron—as twaddle. Garrulity, my good Sir, is age's privilege: remember that, in the first place; and in the second, recollect there is such a thing as moral magnetism—not your Martineau and Jow trash, where a fellow makes a fortune by twiddling his thumb at a hysterical housemaid, but the magnetism of things, and the value they possess in the power of association of ideas. What! is it not a pleasant thing in a far land when the heart is ill at ease, and the body ailing, when friends are few, and coin is scarce, and those you love are far away,—to borrow by but a single look at some trivial object the faculty of flying back to the happy past, and living a good day or two over again! Believe me there is no such balm for the heart-ache as such a method of procuring a temporary oblivion of present care. This is true *natural* magic, and the fortunate possessor of any article, no matter what, that will thus verify mad Nat Lee's wish,

touching the annihilation of time and space, may think himself master of better powers of ubiquity than even the Persian prince in the tale, with his flying carpet. Who does not remember Jonathan Oldbuck's lament over his walking-stick, which "the *phoca*" carried off to sea with her as trophy of her victory over the pugnacious Hector,—"I cut it in the woods of Hawthornden, when I did not always think to be a bachelor." The good antiquary never took his staff in his hand without being able to recall at will the sweet and bitter fancies of early life. I have more than one such relic: among the more trivial of which need I say that my gun-screw, shabby and unsentimental as he is, doth greatly predominate and hold a foremost place; for many is the close coffer in the archives of memory that he helps me to undo, and then forth rush thoughts which bear me far away from the dreary monotony of our hot and heavy existence here, and spite of grey hair and failing health make me for the time as much a boy as the day for instance on which I shot my First Pheasant.

SCREW NO. 1.

—It was an ugly place was Tenger, there is no doubt of that, and situated in the ugliest county in England, but I doubt much if, in the class of residences to which it belonged, you could have found a much more comfortable dwelling. The Mansion, a large heavy range of two-storied buildings, surmounted by a slated roof, pierced by the casement of many a garret window, had been engrafted upon one of those old manor houses so common in Norfolk and Suffolk, whereof two-thirds at least have, in the extinction of our old English yeoman families, and by the growth of great estates, fallen from their ancient dignity into the subaltern rank of farm-houses. The old Tenger manor-house had, like many another stock, been over-

grown by the shoot attached to it, and it was only in the rear of the mass of modern building that you detected here and there the stoned-case latticed windows of the old mansion. The rest was a dull, ugly structure of greyish brick, which, though covered with bright flowers, and the grey foliage of a hundred graceful creepers under the cheerful influence of a May-day sun, was always sombre and melancholy:—judge what it must have been on a dull December day with a leaden sky, and snow on the ground. The shrubberies about the house, for it had no pretension to a park, planted in a poor sandy soil, grew thin and meagrely in spite of all the care which the fair mistress of the mansion bestowed upon them. Nothing seemed to flourish but plantations of gloomy Scotch fir, the famous pheasant covers of Norfolk, in the midst of one of which, not a hundred and fifty yards from the house, stood the village church of Tenger, an humble, unpretending little edifice, not old enough to be venerable, nor ugly enough to be quaint. The village itself had been removed by the father of the present proprietor, who when he contrived, by a happy succession in the lottery of births, deaths, and marriages, to join four Norfolk estates into one, was guilty of the grey-brick grandeur of the Tenger's modern ugliness, and banished the humble villagers from its vicinity as derogating therefrom. At about half a mile off, from behind the tops of certain ancient elms and scrubby oaks, you might see the thin blue smoke rise of an evening in the frosty air marking the site of the new village. Your old English yeoman agriculturist was content to live as the master should do among his men:—your modern land-owning gentleman farmer,—but a truce with prosy parallels: Mr. Knocksley of Tenger belonged to the class, and let me sketch him as a specimen.

John Knocksley was second son of the founder of the present Tenger property. His elder brother, as the embryo squire, was made much of at home, and from

his earliest days was taught to live, in the phraseology of his vulgar mamma, "as a gentleman should do." He in consequence learned nothing, knew nothing, and did nothing—was sent as a fellowcommoner to a second-rate college at Cambridge, whence, after going through a due course of gin-punch and tandem-driving, he was expelled for writing an impudent note to the Dean's daughter. Turned as gentleman at large on the world, he despised the turnip-growing propensities of his father, and abjuring farming and fir-planting, attempted to succeed as a man about town. That he was so in one sense of the word there is no doubt, but as to the parts of the town he was most about, I had rather be silent. In one of them, however, he closed his career, having been kicked down stairs in some gambling row in a low hell in the city, with such emphasis and effect, that half an hour afterwards his younger brother John, then articled clerk to a Yarmouth attorney, was heir of Tenger in his stead.

John Knocksley was no man to fall into the extravagancies of the defunct. He was a shrewd, calculating fellow, who had inherited an amount of hard-headed cunning from his yeoman ancestry, and added thereto by his legal apprentisage. He succeeded in due time to Tenger, married well, made his way in the county, was a rigid preserver of game, an indefatigable grower of turnips, the staple of Norfolk, and a sort of mirror for county justices on the bench at quarter sessions. His house was excellently appointed in all respects, his cook (for Knocksley was a gourmand), a perfect deacon of his craft—his pheasant-covers about the best in the country side, and his wife (the second Mrs. Knocksley by the way) a very pretty and very clever woman. He had small trouble in filling his house in the shooting season, and as he was one of those prudent persons who have self-interest in view in every thing, he so contrived to choose his guests as to make the exuberant hospitalities of Tenger any

thing but a losing concern in the end to it's astute and busy owner.

But, says the gentle reader (with an ill-suppressed yawn), what on earth has this to do with your first pheasant, or your gun-screw either? What—why every thing!—the time will come, young man, when you too will learn to revel in the dreamy regions of recollection, tacking remembrance upon remembrance in that strange tissue which memory's loom alone can manufacture.

I picture to myself even now the scene on the lawn at Tenger on a battue day: John Knocksley with his sturdy figure, his harsh face, and harsher voice, predominates over the whole preparations,—now marshalling his beaters, now brow-beating his gamekeeper, now sinking his imperious tone to do honour, with a sort of grim servility, to the most distinguished of his guests; or, again, summoning some junior among them, lingering still about the wide hall-door to exchange a word with the ladies, to get his gun and be off. He was a sort of commander-in-chief in his own covers; never let a man go out with two guns, and made the whole line halt when a shot was fired, and wait for loading. It was his hobby was this, and it was the fashion to submit to him; so people shrugged their shoulders when he was very especially overbearing, and shot his pheasants in silence. His wife was the only one that dared rebel; this she did habitually, and they had a life of eternal bickering, which she had wit and tact enough to carry off before any number and description of guests in such sort as not glaringly to offend the social proprieties, while at the same time she well knew how to show up *Blue John*, as he was called in the neighbourhood, with little woman-like jibes and taunts, and small stiletto-speeches, that stabbed to the quick, uttered all with the sweetest of smiles and the softest of tones. She had a laughing silent satire in her large grey eyes, which struck me, boy as

I was, and which I remember watching often as it appeared to flash from one to the other of the many guests about her table, skipping the ladies however, but lighting on her own peculiar people (never the least agreeable or well-looking of the party) with a bright expression of sympathy and intelligence. The last look was always for John Knocksley at the head of the table, eating out of *four* plates at once (his constant practice), and talking at the pitch of his voice of water-meadows, and bottom-dressing, or of how buckwheat and young potatoes mingled were the best feeding for a pheasant preserve. Heaven! what a world of ineffable scorn was in that look! But, indeed, she was at no pains to hide her detestation of her lord and master;—at dinner, one day in the house of a more scientific neighbour, she begged him to aid her in making up her collection of minerals, "having nothing but *Blue John* and *spars* at home." while habitually she would call the one unhappy son she had, William, because his father called him Edward. The idea of domestic harmony to be imbibed from this sort of system of nomenclature must have been singularly edifying, particularly to an observant young gentleman like myself. I however was all on the lady's side, for I hated *Blue John*, because he said I was not "safe" in a cover with a gun in my hand at a battue (an indignity which, as a fullgrown man of thirteen, I felt sensibly); so I used to be sent back with an underkeeper, and a marker or two, to pot the wounded pheasants that took roost, and would neither fly nor fall. Fair Mrs. Knocksley, on the other hand, used to take a woman's pleasure in pretending to look on Master Mathew as a grown youth (this having been for three seasons one of the standing jests of the season at Tenger), just because the absurdity annoyed her husband: I felt it was ridiculous enough, but thought it far from unpleasant, especially when she chose to descend to divest me of my brevet rank

and call me 'boy' with a maternal kiss on the forehead sometimes, just before dressing time of a winter's afternoon, when the drawing-room was empty. But fair grey-eyed Mrs. Knocksley and my boyish self had one real sympathy,—she hated her husband's son, and taught me to do so too.

Yes, indeed, as if there were not division enough at Tenger constantly to make it the very head quarters of discord, some four or five times a year, the family mansion would be enlivened by a reinforcement of bitterness and hatred in the arrival for a few days there of a certain Captain Knocksley, the son of *Blue John* by a former marriage. This gentlemen was what was termed in those days an exquisite, and certainly if ever there were coxcombry incarnate in this world, it was in the person of Captain Curzon Knocksley, of the 2nd Life Guards. He was a very handsome fellow, with the air and manner of a gentleman, little power of conversation, but the knack of saying *nothings* well: he was possessed, besides, of the happy art of smiling in the right place when people spoke to him, and of always having that cool self-confident air, which is nothing more than gross impudence, and an adamantine conceit under the garb of what is delicately termed modest assumption. He had little talent, not much education, no heart, and the feeling of the nether millstone; but his shrewdness and knowledge of character were extreme, and selfishness in him was so strong, that it amounted to a sort of instinctive power of always succeeding in his own interests. He took to the army after the close of the war, avoiding, as he used to say, "the blood and thunder part of the profession," and judging that the thing would answer to a man about town "as the Regent meant to make it fashionable!" He contrived to turn his father's pheasant-covers and five-course dinners to good account, by getting a commission in one of the Household regiments—"a good arrange-

ment," he observed, "one has not to leave England and hardly London; and since '15 the fellows have ceased to be looked upon as cheese-mongers." He got well introduced in town, and created for himself immediate notoriety by indulging in a variety of eccentricities, so naturally and unobtrusively, as to amuse only without offending; this he did by simply obeying the dictates of his excessive love of self. To carry a muff in cold weather, or to take his own servant everywhere he dined, with an eider-down rug for his feet, was absurd but comfortable:—then, again, would he say "the fellow is of use as a screen if one's too near the fire, and I make him have his coat tails cut broad accordingly!" Another eccentricity was—never to speak to unmarried women; this gained him prodigious popularity among the dowagers, and doubled at once the number of enviable establishments, to use his own phrase, to which he had the entry, thus serving his turn in this respect, while it relieved him from the trouble of *making conversation*, which he hated. "Girls must be talked *to*, married woman talked *of*, and widows talked *at*," said the ineffable Curzon:—"the first is a bore, and no go: the second need only be done once judiciously, and the dear creature hears of it, and gets you introduced to her: the third is very simple—do it only well, and the blooming relict introduces herself!" Basing his system of social intercourse on aphorisms such as these, the Life Guardsman soon achieved the nickname of Coxcomb Curzon, which made his fortune about town, and set him up for life. In the zenith of his success, however, his fair step-mother, hearing thereof, and anxious to exchange the tedium of Tenger for a London season, to be passed among the *elite* of the gay world, pestered *Blue John* into asking his eldest born, whether he would look after the lady if she took a house for a few months in a quarter where he could be seen calling. "Mrs. Knocksley may come," replied the dutiful step-

son, "but if she does, I shall owe it to myself not to acknowledge her." *Blue John* enjoyed the insolence of the heartless answer, because it mortified and enraged his wife; but fair Mrs. Knocksley bore from that day a lasting hatred to his son, such as an insulted woman can alone conceive or continue in. "That large feline-visaged woman there, with the grey eyes, that my father married," said Curzon to a friend at Tenger, "hates me nearly as much as she does him: she has left off talking to me, however," he added with a yawn, "which really makes the house much more supportable than it used to be!"

What made me take, two years before the time I speak of, a boyish aversion to this Captain Curzon Knocksley, I cannot tell, unless perhaps the repugnance which, in the generous tide of early youth, we all instinctively entertain towards that which is mean and selfish. I was a forward, petted boy then as afterwards, encouraged to talk a little too much and too loud, and I remember breaking out before a number of people at Tenger, most of whom were listening to Knocksley's learned exposition of some recent alteration in the equipment of the Life Guards, with the (then) well-known lines—

> "God bless the Guards, though' worsted Gallia scoff!
> God bless their pigtails, tho' they 're now cut off!"

There was a titter—the guardsman looked foolish, and was silenced. His fair stepmother, then in all the freshness of the insult passed upon her, laughed even beyond her license of cachinnation which country ladies are allowed in country houses. Her merriment was infectious, and the *guffaw*, led by a portly old Major General who had won his laurels in days when pigtails existed to hang them to, was such as to annoy the exquisite, who at no time could take a joke. He voted that sort of thing vulgar, and for his subjection to it that day he hated me, and showed me that he did so

with all the petty rancour of a small and selfish mind. Showed it me!—ay, faith did he, and never more than on that bitter December morning when just emancipated from a public school, I found myself waiting at a large coach inn in the city for a Yarmouth coach in which I had an inside place. It passed near Tenger, and thither was I bound to join, beneath its hospitable roof, a near relative already established there for a ten days' shooting. As the lumbering vehicle drew up, my surprise was great at seeing within it the fashionable form of elegant Curzon, who with his valet on the box, was doubtless driven by economical reasons to adopt this humble mode of making his way down to Norfolk. The coach was full, but I claimed my place, taken and booked days before, with all the scrupulous care against the possibility of mistake which school boys breaking away for the holidays are certain to bestow in such like cases. The book-keeper civilly enforced my claim, and it was clear that one of the party inside must be ejected, and in my heart of hearts I longed to think the exquisite might be the man. I was wrong, he had taken too good care of himself.

"How do, Mathew?" said he carelessly, without appearing to listen to the book-keeper's interposition in my favour—"got an inside place, you say? Latterly Dilworth has taken it, my boy—friend of your father's, going down to Tenger—got a bad cold, can't sit outside,—here you, Richards (to his servant)—let Master Mathew get on the box, and do you come on by the night coach."

And so, leaving Mr. Latterley Dilworth in posssesion of my comfortable nook inside, was I huddled and hurried by the united efforts of Mr. Richards, and the guard upon the box, with only an old greatcoat for protection against the bitterest cold I almost ever felt. The amiable Curzon and Mr. Latterley Dilworth, a sallow scion of nobility who served his country in a treasury sinecure, had the decency to hope I was

comfortable when we got to Ipswich to dinner, from which time until it began to snow on the bleak plain between Mildenhall and Thetford, these gentlemen honoured me with no more of their attention. The wind blew cutting cold across the waste, on which, so bare was it, a friend of mine declared he saw nothing for twelve miles, but two rabbits fighting for *the* blade of grass,—and the flakes fell thick and fast. The considerate Curzon put his head out of window, and said his friend Latterley Dilworth was so distressed he could not lend me his cloak, but really his cold was worse than ever, with which piece of information he closed the window, chuckling to his clever friend as he did so. By the time we reached, a stage or two further on, the ale-house where the carriage waited for us, I was so exhausted and cramped with cold, that Mr. Latterley Dilworth and the guard had to lift me almost from the box, and when we reached Tenger, I was obliged to take to brandy-posset and my bed. Next morning brought me a jobation, because veracious Curzon had assured my worthy relative I *would* go outside in spite of Latterley Dilworth's kind offer to change with me!

I made a confidante of fair Mrs. Knocksley as usual, and told her the real tale, which she readily credited, of my coach adventure, assuring her at the same time that I would stand any risk for the delicious pleasure of paying off her dutiful son for this as well as other instances of his good-will. The disposition for mischief had, I believe, quite as much to say as the spirit of revenge with my longing to come thwart hawse of the exquisite in any way I could. With my confidante this was otherwise, as may be imagined; but although all the schemes which the brain of an angry woman, or an idle school-boy could devise, each one naturally rather more extravagant than the other, were successively projected and discussed, we could settle on nothing: as chance would have it our most

sanguine wishes were a day or two afterwards most unexpectedly fulfilled.

There were to be three great battues at Tenger in the course of the week. The first, graced with the presence of no few dignitaries, who committed as much slaughter as the laws of John Knocksley permitted, duly took place, and during it I had been again condemned by the pitiless rigour of this Norfolk Nimrod to the inglorious office of *potting* wounded birds—ay, even though I gloried that morning for the first time in my own John Manton (and a proper heavy load it was), which I had trusted to carry in the battue under the eye of him who gave it to me. Such things were not to be; however, the underkeeper sent with me was an old friend, and with his assistance I got up a sort of mimic battue of my own in the beaten covers, wherein, besides slaying an endless bagful of lame'uns, as they call them in Norfolk, I seriously disturbed the nervous system of sundry respectable cock pheasants, roused safe and sound from the fancied security of a bramble cover, and compelled to undergo the ordeal of being blazed at by me. Sir, I did not touch one,—and to tell the truth—I had never up to that time shot a pheasant on the wing. It was the first day of my new gun :—old Doler had said, when he gave it me, bright and clean in the morning,—" mind, Master Mathew, you musn't soil him for nothing.—I expect to hear you've killed your first pheasant to-day,"—and here, with these words ringing in my ear, was I at near four o'clock of a December day with the sun going down only one more cover to beat, and my first pheasant unkilled!

Circling back through the beaten covers, my friend the underkeeper brought me near the extremity of what he called "an alder carr"—the technical name in that country for the alder cover, which grows in a swampy, low bottom, and gives shelter to every variety of game.

"Keep ye here, Sir, *vitty-like," said my friend, the underkeeper. "I'll go fetch up the stoppers,† and put the nets across, afore *Blue John* comes into the carr: so long as you sees grass-cats and lions‡ come out o'cover, don't ye never go for to shoot. If *Blue John* knows any one's here by sound of the gun so 'arly as that, my eyes, we will catch it: whenever longtail§ comes over head, blaze away!"

With these cautionary words, my friend stationed me at the best point for getting good shots, where the "burst" happens, or, in less technical terms where the pheasants, driven on and hemmed in at the extremity of the cover, are at last forced by the beaters and a spaniel or two, to take wing. I soon after saw him busy marshalling his ragged array of village boys to turn back the game which broke cover, and directing one or two assistants where to pitch the nets, which were still more closely to hem in its devoted denizens. I waited in my position for nearly a quarter of an hour, without hearing a sound. The sun was rapidly declining, and as I looked down the long sweep of the thickly-wooded bottom before me, I began to doubt whether the party would have light enough left to beat it thoroughly. At last a distant half-confused sound seem'd to announce the battue had commenced. Hares came forth to the edge of the cover, and raised themselves on their hinder legs, to look around for any danger in the open country, before they quitted their place of refuge. On this sign of the beaters advancing, the ragamuffin crew of stop-

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* In the Norfolk dialect—smart, alert.

† In battues, people with rattles and sticks, called stoppers, are placed to keep the game from crossing between cover and cover. Nets are spread, also, about two and a-half or three feet high, round the end of covers while beaten, to keep the ground game from stealing away, and to stop running pheasants and make them rise.

‡ Rabbits and hares. § A pheasant.

pers commenced striking pieces of stick together, calling out and moving to and fro, so as to prevent the game from leaving the cover. I soon heard the cries of the beaters, and immediately after a sharp succession of shots, followed by *Blue John's* whistle to halt and reload. As they moved forward, the call of the markers became audible; and besides the incessant "Mark Cock," "Mark Hen," "Mark Hare back," which gave notice of the game a-foot or a-wing, Mallard and Woodcock, Teal and Snipe, were "marked" as sprung in the dense and oozy carr, which afforded, as do most of its class, the greatest possible variety of game to the battue shooter. As the line neared the extremity of the cover, the Cock Pheasants, which, cowardlike, always break away before the Hens, began to take wing, and sloping upward from the ground with their peculiar flight, top the thick alders, and then going rapidly down the wind on motionless extended pinion, seek the safe refuge of some distant brake, crowing forth their exultation and defiance. Hundreds of *grass-cats* and *lions* and scores of running *long-tails*, among them many wounded, now tried to make their way out of the cover but were checked by the nets, and startled at the cries of the stoppers, and my blazing, for I had followed the keeper's counsel (without touching a feather), turned back into the thicket to make the best of it they could with their pursuers. The firing (there were nine guns out) now became more and more rapid. *Blue John* finding his troop become unmanageable, makes a proud virtue of necessity, and cries aloud, "a brace of hens a piece here, gentlemen!" thereby relieving them of the strict embargo against slaying any but cock pheasants, which strict preservers of this game enforce to a degree of mistaken rigour. How many hen pheasants were considered to go to a brace on that or any other similiar occasion, I have never been able to discover. An old Norfolk squire once told me that a brace of hens means as

many as you can shoot in five minutes. I believe the majority of the Tenger sportsmen were of this opinion, for where the burst of pheasants rose like a feathered cloud from the extreme patch of the long alder carr, the file firing which ensued would have done credit to any light company wearing Her Majesty's uniform. John Knocksley smiled a grim smile as he saw his slaughtered game spread far and near over the sward of the water meadow at the end of the cover, while busy retrievers dashed back into the carr after wounded birds, and the beaters, jammed now into a narrow circle, drove the last reluctant longtail as they closed in, from his citadel of reeds and brushwood, to run the gauntlet of some half score barrels. The bird was shot just as the last cold glimpse of the sun passed from the cloudy sky, and the day's battue was over.

Then what a gathering was there of the bedraggled sportsmen on the coarse sward of the meadow,—what endless inquiries as to "the bag"—what elaborate excuses by the less successful in extenuation of bad shooting,—what compliments from John Knocksley to his ducal guest, on "His Grace's admirable execution,"—what bets as to the number of head of game shot altogether, or on how many brace of pheasants, or as to whether more hares were killed than rabbits. &c., &c., &c.

Much bald chat of this sort went on, together with praise or dispraise of guns, and their makers, while the keeper and his assistants were cramming the dead game into panniers slung on either side an old chesnut gelding, ex-hackney to the squire of Tenger, now fulfilling the duties of a battue-horse. During the first five minutes of this idle talk, every one had been too much occupied with himself to think of his neighbour; but, these over, some body suddenly asked, where is Curzon Knocksley, and what has he done? —for the exquisite was noted among his other merits as a good shot, and was usually on occasions like the

present foremost among those who vaunted their day's prowess. He was discovered, after some peering out through the failing daylight, in the act of mounting his horse by the cover side, some fifty yards behind the party, in order thereby to avoid the enormous task of a walk to the house a quarter of a mile off. Now, that Curzon should ride while His Grace performed that distance as a pedestrian, was wholly opposed to *Blue John's* ideas of the fitness of things; and, accordingly, summoned by his father's harsh voice to come and give an account of himself, the exquisite swung himself sulkily to the ground, and lounged up to the group with as much nonchalance as he could muster. It was not much, for the amiable Curzon had signally failed that day, owing to having staked his reputation on a new gun by a new maker (the first Purdy, gentle reader, that ever had been heard in a Norfolk cover,) and with which, whatever the cause might be, he had not succeeded in bagging even half his usual score.

"Well," said Colonel Dilson, a noisy, blustering country squire, who owed his conventional military rank to having been commandant of the East Norfolk militia,—well, Curzon, what have *you* done, my boy?—shot pretty near neck-and-neck with me I suppose, as usual?"

The militia Colonel slew pheasants, I should remark with the precision of a steam-engine gamekeeper, and there was much rivalry between him and the exquisite on this score. Over and above the ill-will and jealousy arising from this sort of cover-side emulation, Curzon hated the man for his vulgar boisterousness, his absurd militia rank, and most of all, because he called him "my boy." The exquisite deigned no reply.

"His Grace," said *Blue John*, with all the emphasis of a tuft hunter—"His Grace wants to know what you've shot, Curzon."

Forced to make a confession, the exquisite was voluble with the usual excuses: he was not well, the new gunstock was too crooked, he had half sprained his ancle in the first cover, and could hardly walk all day (witness his horse brought down to carry him home), the new man he had been bored into trying over-bored his barrels; the gun scattered damnably,—

But here was he interrupted by a chanticleer laugh of exultation from the uproarious and detestable militia Colonel.

"No, no, Curzon, my boy, that won't do,—I've heard much too many long stories at the end of a day's bad shooting not to know what all that comes to,—you shot like a tinker to-day; you know you did, and could not have hit a hay-stack,—ha! ha! ha!—*that* gun scatter! I never saw a closer carrier in my life!"

Thus crowed the flower of Norfolk squirearchy over the type of all that was elegant in the household brigade, and would have crowed still longer and more loudly, had not his incautious praise of the gun diverted the course of talk from the exquisite's demerits in its use, to the subject of its supposed merits. An animated parenthetical discussion on this knotty point enabled the crest-fallen Curzon to look out for something still further to direct attention from his misdoings of that day. His eye fell on me, following quietly behind the party, which was now loitering homeward, the servants, and keepers with the guns, bringing up the rear; he laid hold of me rudely, as a big bully at school would have done and with a manner pretendedly playful, lugged me forward into the centre of the group.

"Well, and what have *you* done, Master Mathew, with your new gun, eh? Have you shot your first pheasant, or merely potted the lame 'uns, as old Bilkes says? What has the young gentleman done, Bilkes?"

The grey-headed old keeper, with whom I was somewhat of a favourite, began a sort of apology for "as how Master Mathew had not to-day shot nothing exactly, 'xcept out of a tree; but——" the anticipation of what I might do next time were cut short by the series of ingenious bantering with which the elegant Curzon proceeded, for the special amusement of His Grace (about as dull a specimen of Dukedom as ever mounted a strawberry leaf) to "take a rise" out of me. Making a gentlemanlike boy abashed and angry used to be considered in my youthful days high fun in a dull country-house, when there was nothing else to do, at least among a certain set of people, and it required more than one glance of rebuke and encouragement from my worthy relative to make me keep my temper and my equanimity, under the infliction of ill-natured things, said with a sort of jovial air of would-be good-natured banter. Thank heaven, we were nearing the house, and my ordeal I felt would soon be over, when suddenly the voice of *Blue John*, who had lingered behind in deep discussion with a brother squire, interrupted the exquisite in his amiable amusement by calling on him to come back and bring his gun. A pheasant had run down the hedge-row at the end of which the pair of squires were standing; and as there was still light enough, John Knocksley had determined to settle the dispute as to the merits of his son's new Purdy by making him try a long shot before the whole conclave of disputants. It was with an infinite ill grace that the elegant Curzon took from old Bilkes the gun which, at his father's order, had been recharged, and walked to the spot where the bird was marked. What made me follow him after possessing myself of Sir Mathew's gun, of which one barrel the servant told me was still loaded, I know not, but follow him I did, and stood a little to his right, but almost on a line with him, just at the end of the hedge-row. A brace of

spaniels uncoupled on either side of it soon forced the pheasant to take wing. He flew straight away from us.

"He'll circle back to the right for the long alder carr," said Blue John; "long shot, mind—Curzon, take your time."

"He'll take to the left for the Home Spinney, I know *that* 'un," cried in the same breath old Bilkes, —and the keeper was not wrong. The bird circled to the left and flew back past us, giving the exquisite —who had walked a step or two to the brink of a ditch full of the drainings of the water meadow—a very fair but long shot, fully sufficient to try the powers of the "Purdy." Whether his hand were out, or that the gun did really scatter, I cannot say, but miss he did; and instantly, as with the thought, I levelled, and in a most unsportsmanlike manner fired across him.

At the same time that my First Pheasant, then and there killed, came with a *thud* to the earth, the elegant Curzon, into whose face I had almost fired lost his equilibrium, and slithered into the mud and water of a ditch quite deep enough to give him a most ample ducking. I never, from that day to this hour, felt so radiantly triumphant as I did then!

"Sure-*ly*," said old Bilkes, as he took from my hands the splendid cock pheasant which, boy-like, I had myself rushed round the hedge-end to secure,— "sure-*ly* the Captain *have* been unlucky to-day!—he have shot most uncommon bad,—he have got his eye wiped by this ere young gentleman, and a ducking into the bargain—and lord! listen there, how squire Dilson do laugh!"

Fair Mrs. Knocksley, who was of course one of the first to hear of what had happened, made so much of Coxcomb Curzon's discomfiture, as she termed it, and contrived, as women alone can do, to be in all gaiety of heart so exquisitely insolent to him in the course of the evening, that he the next day found he had important business in town, and evaporated.

When next we met it was under far other circumstances, but such as proved he had not forgotten this boyish triumph; fair Mrs. Knocksley did not either, for poor soul, until she turned methodist on the death of her son, and died melancholy mad, I used to get some yearly slight, but kindly, token from her commemorative of my First Pheasant.

Screw No. 2.

" In thys yeare of our Lord, sixteen sixty-four,
Joshua Hickes hee was no more—
The 8 Apryl passed awaye
Thatt longtyme Porter att Bishop's Clay.
The Squyre was master withyn ne doubte,
Butt Joshua Hickes was master withoute:
For dole would hee have, and dole would hee give
To glad poor menis heartes, and make them live,—
So come yee early, or come yee late,
Was ever plentye att Bishop's Clay gate."

The stone which bore this quaint and humble epitaph, a low oblong piece of red sandstone too narrow for the lines upon it, was stuck close to the wall of the little church, and the homely ingenuity of the stone-cutter had been taxed to the uttermost to get them packed fairly into the limited space allowed him. Between its awkward position and the extreme indistinctness of the letters, I had to kneel to make them out. As I rose a gentle cough from some person behind me announced I was not without a campanion in my churchyard studies. It was the old Sexton.

"A strange epitaph that!" said I, as I acknowledged the old man's courteous greeting.

"Strange enow, Sir, strange enow—he that it talks about was my great grand-father, for I'm Joshua

Hickes of Claystede now, and my son will be when I am gone—there's always a Joshua Hickes to Claystede."

"But your ancestor, Master Hickes," answered I, "seems to have been a greater Joshua in the land than his descendants,—at least if I can understand the somewhat obscure allusion to his masterhood on the stone yonder."

The old man smiled with something of an air of importance, and leaning on his spade with his eyes fixed on the low stone which celebrated the fame of the Joshua of 1664, commenced a sort of historical review of the generations of Hickes. Do not be afraid, gentle reader; I will spare it you, save in so far as it concerned the epitaphed member of the family, whose respectable remains mouldered beneath our feet. After telling me how, many many years ago, the Clays of Clayholm had given their best lands to the Church, "as they did in them times," added the old man parenthetically,—and how the old hold of Clayholm was turned into a monastery with a mitred abbot at the head of it, and so called Bishop's Clay—he went on to relate that the impoverished family had retired to an adjoining estate of theirs called Mote Babbinall, and there lived for years, from father to son, a poor but proud and discontented race, while the jolly monks revelled on the broad lands which their ancestors had so idly estranged.

"And they say," said the old man with a sort of mystery in his manner,—"that from that time the Clays were never quite right in the head, for living unked,* and jealous like, and pining to get their own always, from father to son, they got blood-sadness in the family, which lasts even to this day. Well,

* This word is constantly used in the Warwickshire dialect to express desolate, dreary, lonely, dull, dismal, and in its force means a combination of all these.

Sir, in Harry Eight's time, when the monks were dispossessed, there was little to hinder the Clays from turning against the old religion, all that they might ask for a grant of their own broad lands back again. They were a well-connected very ancient family, that did not lack strong protectors, nor good court interest; and so, what with fines and gratuities to the great men of the time, they managed to get Bishop's Clay back again. Now, the Squire Clay that was then, an odd, crotchety man like all his race, vowed a vow when the place was restored to give dole and charity at the house-gate like as the monks did, and to make it sure, he engrossed a deed to his follower, Josh. Hickes, that he and his should be porters to Bishop's Clay—and what they called Almoners, with right to demand a certain amount of bread and meat, and what not for the poor man's dole. He bound himself and his heirs to this condition so tightly that it must be held to, and sure enough the dole was demanded, and was given up to the time of him that lies buried here, who was the last of the three lives."

"Why, that's a tale, Master Hickes," replied I—"fit to match the epitaph, for I've rarely heard a stranger! But I suppose the costly custom was discontinued when the last life was out, of course?"

"In course it was, Sir," answered the Sexton—"in course, but meanwhile see ye what the force of habit was: the Clay family, say our country-folk, had got so used to be over-ridden by one of low degree, that it took to the race like the blood-sadness I told you on, and there's never been a Clay of Bishop's Clay since that has not had an Upper Man, as the folk say."

"A what?" inquired I.

"Why an Upper Man, sir, a sort of adviser like, one as thought for him, and managed for him, and did all for him, telling him he should do this, that, and t'other, just to his own fancy, and not the Squire's."

"But surely these Upper Men, as you call them, must have turned the hereditary weakness of the family to some profit."

"Indeed have they, as the county can show you; so long as my people lasted under the family, they were servants; in fact even up to the time of Josh. Hickes under our feet here, who ruled with his master's livery on his back, and all they got they gave—'cause why they must; but look ye to Squire Grosby's that has six hundred acres of the best land by Killingworth*—well, the man he came of made the money that land's worth as Upper Man to Bishop's Clay:—then the next heir was managed by him as had been his college tutor, and the one after him by a Catholic gentleman from foreign parts, and so on from heir to heir, till Scoovey Watts, the Coventry Attorney, who went pretty nigh to ruin the old Squire: and now you know it's all under Joe Powles."

"Under whom?" asked I, in total ignorance of the party alluded to.

"Why, Joe Powles," rejoined the Sexton, "you know him?"

"Oh! Joe Powles!" exclaimed myself, even Master Mathew, just in an indifferent tone as if I *did* know him—"yes, exactly."

Here the conversation dropped. The old man looked at me as if he expected me to say something, which doubtless I ought to have done, but Powles was a sealed book to me, and like all youths, I did not like to show my ignorance, even in a matter of country gossip. The Sexton however had not numbered seventy years for nothing: he evidently perceived by my needlessly confident manner that I was pretending to a degree of local experience of which I possessed not a shadow.

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* The country pronunciation of Kenilworth.

"Be you staying to Claystede, sir?" asked he, pointing to the little village close to us.

"I'm at the Parsonage, Master Hickes," I answered—"and only there since these few days past!"

"What, the new young scholard come to read along with our good Master Malne?"

With that he took off his ancient hat, and made me a lower bow than he had done before, for my juxtaposition with his honoured parson had manifestly compensated with him for my want of knowledge of Claystede, and its belongings. He fumbled for the church door key, and insisted on showing me himself the rude half-obliterated fresco which adorned the walls of the old Saxon edifice. He exhibited the ample pew of the Bishop's Clay family, splendid with unpressed hassocks, purple cloth, and nails of gilt copper, and sighed to think how seldom any Clay sat in it. He showed me the old baptismal font, and the brass effigy of a Templar Knight inlayed in the stone flooring, the legends whereof had been reduced to a state of complete illegibility highly interesting to every true antiquarian. Then as soon as he had finally displayed, with a very faint show of anticipatory pride (as if he did not really think it would be after all), the place where Joe Powles said the Squire meant to put the organ he intended to give,—my good Master Hickes had shown all his lions, and I was permitted to depart.

The circumstances which had led me to become an inmate of the parsonage at Claystede were not of a character to place me in any very immediate dependence on the will and pleasure of its worthy rector. I lived in his house, and profited by his learned aid in *cramming* for a course of University study, but I was completely my own master, came and went as I liked, and being on excellent terms with my so-called tutor, took good care to keep him content by a sufficient application to the purposes of my resi-

dence at his house, while at the same time I amply gratified my own propensity for amusement. I knew many of the families in the county, either personally or through mutual friends, and although I had been at Claystede hardly a month, found my table already covered with invitations. The gay town of L——— ——was within a six mile ride in one direction, and I had within a week of my arrival made acquaintance with some of the gayest of the denizens thereof through one or two friends staying at the place: on the other side of Claystede lay the busy city of C——, which however possessed few attractions to me, beyond the mess of the —th Dragoons, whose head-quarters were fixed there. My position could not have been better, and grey though thy head be now, oh! Master Mathew, where could have been then a youngster in the hey-day flush of life more ready to reap all its advantages than wert thou!

Among those families in the county whose attention in my behalf kind friends had bespoken, was that of Bishop's Clay. I had no need to inform Master Hickes when he volunteered his garrulous narrative that the living hero of it was known to me, but the fact was that the evening previous I had fulfilled my first dinner engagement at the Hall, and was not unprepared to credit a tale that testified to the eccentricities of its owner. One of them was a mortal dislike to his beautiful mansion in ——shire. It may have been slight enough at first, but doubtless there were those who had influence enough to aggravate it, and whose interest it was which led them to practise upon this weakness, so as to excite it to the pitch of detestation. Some person attributed the original dislike to the results of an accident which befel the heir of Bishop's Clay in early youth, and which long confined him to his couch in the old Hall. Be that as it may, he very rarely visited it, and then only for the sake of maintaining his county connection, passing a few

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weeks only at the place, and then gladly escaping from it to return in the season to London, or at other times to an estate which he possessed in another part of England. The natural consequence of this was to throw the entire management of Bishop's Clay and its broad acres into the hands of local agents, perhaps verifying the old Sexton's gossip as to the masterhood of Joe Powles himself, the squire's "Upper Man." It was not long before I became more enlightened on the subject.

A note I received from the Hall shortly after my talk with Master Hickes conveyed the courteous intimation that the manors of Bishop's Clay were opened to me, if I cared for shooting, and that the keeper was always at my orders. I had but to tell him when it was my wish he should meet me, and that wish would be instantly obeyed. A few words of excuse followed as to not joining me; the squire, as the country-folk called him, being no sportsman, and never carrying a gun save when obliged to open his pheasant covers to a party. Grateful and glad was I at this welcome intimation, for the manors of Bishop's Clay were jealousy preserved, and rarely did the foot of the stranger or the sojourner pass beyond their strictly-guarded limits. I at once availed myself of the permission, and naming one of the park-gates, not far from the village, as a central point among the rich stubbles which stretched for miles before and around, expressed a hope that the keeper might be allowed to attend me there on the morrow.

It was near the end of September. The teaming fields had long ere this been gleaned of their golden harvest, and the country, one of the richest in merry England, smiled under the genial influence of autumn, to me the most enjoyable of seasons. How light of heart we are in the days when life and hope are all before us, sallying forth without a care for the past, or a fear for the future, to revel in a day of promised en-

joyment! It is as if we are about to take actual possession of a palpable good, so sure are we that there is nothing to thwart us, no power to check our glee, nor earthly thing capable of diminishing our pleasure. At that time there is no sense of possible satiety to dull our impressions, no comparison of the good that is with the better that has been. No, nature is in us in her virgin freshness with every pulse vigorous, and every feeling new, and there lives a moral sunshine in our minds that steeps everything we meet in brightness. Faith though, I am not one that pine and grumble, and miscall the world and rail at life, and sit me in a corner to make wry mouths at mankind, because they are no better than their nature will let them be; but still 'tis a worky-day world, and we start on our career without knowing that youth is life "with the edge on," and that hence its joys are the keenest, making dull the feebler ecstacies of days that will be,—that's all.

While we are occupied with this digression, dear reader, fancy Master Mathew to have sallied forth from the parsonage, promising the good rector's wife an awful game bag,—watch him pass, gun on shoulder, through yonder pretty hamlet, whose detached cottages peer forth from the shade of venerable elms, with here and there an apple-tree fairly bowed beneath its fruity burden—see him turn down the road to Claystede bridge, stopping for a moment's talk with Hammers, the smith, and exchanging a sly smile (irreverent youth), with the baker's blooming daughter at the corner,—mark how he hurries to his rendezvous with hardly a passing glance at the trout rising in the little river, over which a structure, whose hoar stone proclaims its age, conducts him dryshod,—he breasts the hill along the park paling yonder with unabated speed, and reaches the Abbot's gate as 'tis called, in order to find that, with the true precocity of ingenuous youth, he is—exactly a quarter of an hour before his appoint-

ment. I am afraid the discovery hath somewhat ruffled him, for he seemeth to mutter a short but impressive monosyllable: however he has evidently nothing for it but to wait; and as gentlemen in his predicament are compelled to do, "see what the landscape gives him to admire." Truly it is a fair prospect, and a rich; one of those peculiar English landscapes redolent of the idea of *homishness*, which only the pencil of a Turner could pourtray, or the leafy walleys of ——shire exhibit. As Master Mathew's eye lingered over each particular object of the view before him, he muttered half-aloud, as if the scene called forth the involuntary exclamation—

"And who on earth could own such lands as these, and hate to live among them! would I were Clay of Bishop's Clay!"

As if just in time to respond to the sentiment, or re-echo the wish, there came round an angle of the road at but a short distance from the Abbot's gate, a stranger mounted on a large bony horse, which he pushed forward at a smart trot to the spot where I (for let me resume the nominative), was standing: pulling short up by me, he touched his hat with a respectful but easy air, and immediately afterwards dismounted and inquired my name. His appearance was peculiar enough to merit description. He wore a shooting jacket of black stuff, with trousers and gaiters, as near as possible the ordinary costume of a gentleman in the field, but the frame they covered contained but too evidently no gentle blood, though stout, and tall, and well-built enough The manner of the man was enough to belie his right to the style of dress he strove to imitate: it was ease overdone; his features were unmarked by any approach to comeliness, or its opposite;—ordinary and destitute of expression, save the light grey eyes, in which a gleam of cunning seemed to twinkle; they only impressed by their essentially plebeian character, the stamp of which

was remarkable. A vulgar flowered neckcloth of cotton stuff, and the end corner of a white handkerchief pulled up to show from the side-pocket of his shooting coat, pronounced the man a *snob*, if other evidence were inconclusive. Learning who I was, my new companion proceeded to enlighten me as to his own calling, and the reason of his addressing me, but words cannot express the offensive flippancy of tone and manner with which the information was afforded.

"Sorry to have kept you, but didn't expect you'd have been likely to be afore your time—young gentlemen isn't much used to that—(and here a laugh)—but one of the kennel boys came and say he think he see'd somebody standing up by the gate here—that's my house, and the kennel down yonder," added he in a parenthesis—"so I told 'em to saddle the brown gelding, 'cause my other was in physic, and I trotted up to keep ye company till the dogs comes up."

"Oh! then," replied I in some surprise, "you are Mr. Clay's keeper?"

"Yes, I'm Clay's keeper,"—was the answer given, with a degree of coolness which made me reiterate the wish that I were Clay, but for the satisfaction of turning that impudent villain out of my service. The fellow walked to the hedge holding his horse's rein, and waved his hat as if to hurry some one up from across the fields below him.

"My man's coming up with the dogs," he said, "the short cut over the fields—we'll go the Babbenall beat out bye yonder."

"By Mr. Clay's desire?" asked I.

"Clay!" and the fellow laughed contemptuously—"you see that couple of setters there the man's bringing across the field? I suppose you are pretty well sure, I that keep the kennel, am master of them."

"Well?"

"You'll find I'm master of more than them at Bishop's Clay."

The style and manner with which these sentences were uttered I find some difficulty in describing. The man evidently did not mean in the slightest degree to be personally disrespectful to me, but he assumed a sort of easy familiarity which doubtless he would not have attempted with one older than myself, tending to put a footing of equality between us, such as I certainly had never before seen arrogated by one in his station, and such, moreover, as I was determined not to permit. There was nothing coarse about the fellow, but an affectation of semi-gentility, a kind of gentleman's gentleman style badly imitated, which was to me a hundred times more repulsive. He made use, moreover, of attempted fine language, although the general current of his talk was little above that of the better order of peasantry.

"Here, bring 'em across, Sam, and uncouple Bran and Venus,"—said he, as the under-keeper joined us with the dogs—"take my horse back, and see him groomed, and if he isn't *fettled*, I'll *fettle** you:—now if you please," (he never had called me 'Sir,') "we'll begin."

"That dog's lame," I observed—"better send to the kennel for another couple."

"Hoppocrassy," replied my friend, loading his gun with a cool air of indifference—"all hoppocrassy (hypocrisy?) every bit of it—he'll go sound before we've quartered the first stubble."

As we moved in the direction he pointed out, I observed him pull from a pocket of his shooting-coat, placed almost under his left arm, the only evidence of his calling that he deigned to bear about him. "Clay's keeper" was above the menial degradation of carrying whip or whistle. His keeperhood was acknowledged by a miniature game bag, netted in

* This word, constantly in the mouth of every Warwickshire peasant, means, to do any thing very thoroughly or completely.

white cord, which, except when actively employed in his duties, was hid away in a convenient receptacle, made perhaps for the especial purpose which it served. Although in so far ashamed of his profession, there could be no doubt the keeper was thoroughly master of it. I never had seen dogs better broken nor better hunted. His shooting, too, for he shot with me "for the Hall bag," as he said, was admirable, and as, to those truly fond of the sport, there is pleasure in seeing game found and killed in good style, second only to that of finding and killing for oneself, I should have enjoyed myself to the full as much as I had anticipated, but for the company of the unbearable fellow with me. I soon discovered the grounds of his assumption of the tone of familiar confidence with me, gathering that my latest predecessor at the Parsonage had been a young Scotch "barrow-knight," as my friend pronounced him, who appeared to have been on terms the most intimate with my companion. Kilgobbin, for so I learned was the Caledonian grandee termed, was according to his account just what a young gentleman should be as was fond of sport. He didn't know none of the county folk, but what of that? It wasn't Clay's leave he had to wait for to get the best manors in the county for him to sport over. Kilgobbin was a true gentleman and no milksop,—he could empty his glass after a day's shooting, and no pride about him,—Kilgobbin had asked his ——shire friends to come and visit him so soon as ever he was of age, and try the grouse down at Dunstarvet—and so forth; from all of which I concluded that the North Briton must have been a lout of a young laird, besotted with low company, and that my friend, the keeper, did me the honor of supposing me to be the sort of person just suited to be his successor. I lost no time in disabusing him of his impression, by putting him to silence in a summary and effectual manner. The fellow sulked, and revenged himself by the exercise

of all the routine of expedients which those of his craft possess, to spoil a day's sport at their will and pleasure, as easily as make one. I was nearly at the end of the little patience I possessed, and almost on the point of returning home rather than continue longer in the man's company, when just as we reached the cross-road leading back to Claystede, after beating a wide stubble, thanks to my companion, fruitlessly, a stout heavy-built fellow, dressed in the garb of an ordinary countryman came sauntering along the path with that slouched and lounging air in his gait and manner that gives as it were instinctively the idea of idleness and careless vice. The moment the keeper's eye rested on the figure of this man, his ill-humour, as if it rejoiced to find a vent, burst forth into unmeasured fury. His face suddenly flushed, his coarse and unimpressive features became for the moment animated with an unnatural glow, he quickened his pace, and shouted to the passer-by to stop, in a voice which the tremor of passion thickened and impeded. The fellow to whom he had called slackened his heavy footfall, turned, and waited our advance with a sort of sneer upon his not unhandsome countenance, as if he watched and enjoyed the agitation of my comrade.

"I've been before ye to Hinckley wood, you scoundrel," cried the keeper, as we neared the countryman—"I took my rounds by there, and caught ye at it again."

"Anan, Master Powles?"—replied the other with a look of affected vacancy.

"Don't think to sham with me, ye villain—there was one of your devil's brood of youngsters on the look-out along the edge of the cover afore the sun had been a half hour up, to watch the snares,"

"Snares?" enquired the other with provoking coolness; "what's snares?"

"These here,"—cried the keeper, tearing from his pocket several of the pegged wires poachers use—

"these here—seven of them! I chased your young rascal of a boy; but he's been home to warn you, and you've been down to Hinckley to see if I'd found the wires and taken 'em—you poaching scoundrel that you are!"

The countryman stooped as the other spoke to him, plucked a wild flower from the turf, as if he hardly heard or marked his passionate expressions, and with the daisy stem between his teeth, gazed with an affectation of stolid indifference at the poacher's implements the other held in his extended hand.

"Ah! them's snares, Master Powles, be they!" drawled the fellow—"bless ye, what should I know about snares, and the like o' that!—a poor fellow can't keep a gun to shoot small birds with, nor a herd-boy creep a-nutting along a woodside, without you great folk cry out o' poaching!"

The keeper, by a strong effort, repressed his passion, and said with a lower voice, and more collected manner—

"You play the fool well, Will Bluck, when it suits you; but a greater knave for all that there is not unhanged!—who beat my men in Darton Spinney Michaelmas that's gone? who harried every cover on the property last winter? who sent Simmons the underkeeper, Thursday se'ennight, from Babbinall on a fool's errand to C——, to see his mother that was dying; and when he was gone, netted the whole beat, and swept the country of every bird on it?—you and your gang have been at it for five years, and think you'll get on as you have done, but I vow as I'm born a man I'll not go rest till I transport every mother's son of ye!"

At this record of his exploits, recounted by his enemy, the poacher's eye glistened with an exultation he did not seek to repress. Throwing off the affectation of clownish stupidity, the man drew up his

powerful frame, stepped a space forward, and boldly confronted his accuser.

"You'll transport me, will you, Master Powles"—he said with a sneer of defiance—"and what if I don't give you the chance? Say I *am* a poacher, what are you? There's small difference betwixt us, save that you poach with a licence, and I without—that I take the free birds and beasts that roam God's earth, and you steal your master's game committed to your charge—that I wire one hare to sell for bread at C——, and you shoot and trap a cartful,—that I with hard work enow get a brace of pheasants perhaps sometimes, and that from October to March the hotels at L—— are larder-crammed by you with birds from Bishop's Clay! But you're known, Master Powles—you're known, and what's more, you shall be blown! 'Tis you keeps the squire off his own land, from living amongst his own tenants, and spending his money with them,—'tis you tells him a hundred lies as how we're all poachers, and vagabonds, thieves, and drunkards, that you may play the Upper Man over the squire's land, as you do over the squire himself—'tis you set him against the steward, and the grieve, and every man he has, and pays, that you may have your own way with them all—but your time's come, Master Powles, your time's come; and just see if before you transport me, I don't *fettle* you!"

As the poacher paused, more from lack of breath than words, the keeper seemed for the first time to remember there was a witness to the scene they were enacting. He had for a moment been confounded by the retort of his opponent, but soon roused himself to the sense that I had heard too much, and ought to hear no more. But for my presence, however, I verily believe, so deadly was the glare of hatred on the fellow's face, that the loaded gun he carried might perhaps have put to rest whatever risk he might incur

from the poacher's denunciation. He did indeed, with an involuntary motion, throw the barrel forward and clutch the stock, as if some such thought were passing through his mind; but the moment after, turning towards me, he asked hurriedly—

"Perhaps, *Sir*, you'd not like to try another field would you?"

The poacher laughed aloud as he heard the words, and said:

"Oh! no—the young gentleman's to have no more of Babbinall beat, because the best part that was not netted t'other night—eh, Master Powles—is kept for Master Powles' own grand friends, not for his master's!—so soon as Squire's gone again, we shall have Sassnet, the C—— ribbon weaver, and Squire Grosby from Killingworth, and Linkham, the grand hotel man of L——, blazing away here like mad."

The poacher remained where he had been standing, shouting these and like words after us, which, rather than listen to further, the keeper, affecting to notice the fellow no more, avoided by taking with me the road back to Claystede. For five minutes or so Powles maintained an embarrassed silence, but then seemed to muster courage to address me in a far different strain however from that he had previously adopted. He began by speaking of the man we had just left, describing Will Bluck, as he called him, as the greatest desperado within twenty miles round—a fellow who bore him the bitterest ill-will owing to the interruption which poaching met with at Bishop's Clay by reason of his, Powles's, faithful discharge of his duties. Then in a sneaking, apologetic tone, the keeper went on to hope as how a real gentleman—as was a gentleman—would take no account of the words of such a ruffian so as to injure him with his master, a good landlord, but only too good, terribly put upon by the people about him—that is, who would be so but for his, Powles's, jea-

lous care of his interests; the fellow then attempted to be confidential, and spoke of the hereditary misfortune of the Clay's weakness, over-goodness as he termed it, that was notorious over the country.

"Why," continued he—"isn't there an old rhyme has been repeated for a hundred years and more about ——shire, that says—

"'A mill must turn against the wind,
Or ever a Clay shall know his own mind.'"

"Bless ye, Sir, if it wasn't for me, and one or two more devoted servants, the family would be pillaged out of house and home!"

He then poured forth a quantity of low flattery of me, revolting me more by his meanness than I had ever been disgusted by his insolence—insisted on carrying home all the game we had shot to the parsonage, and anxiously strove to get a word or two out of me which might re-assure him as to my keeping silence to his master respecting the tales I had heard that day. I dismissed the man at last, saying briefly, that I remembered nothing that the poacher had said, and telling him in future to send one of the under-keepers with me when I shot, as I would not again give him the trouble of accompanying me.

It was ten days or more before I came across Joe Powles; meanwhile I had, from the communicative Master Hickes, as well as upon higher authority, learned a corroboration of all the man Bluck had asserted regarding the strange empire exercised by this low fellow over the hereditarily-doomed victim to plebeian domination, his master. Civilities continued to be offered me at Bishop's Clay, but I availed myself of them sparingly, for it was painful, knowing what I did, to come in contact with the family. The squire on the other hand, rarely left his

house, except some formal invitation summoned him to meet the magnates of the county at one of the great mansions in the neighbourhood. The voice of complaint or remonstrance never reached him, for his park gates were close shut against all applicants for admission of the lower order, and his whole establishment was too deeply in Powles's interest to breathe a word of truth in their master's ear. The keeper, in spite of Bluck's denunciation, seemed destined to preserve his pride of place and power as firmly as ever; and Mrs. Bluck, for he had married at L—— for a consideration a mate worthy of him, the reversionary gay lady of some still gayer lord, gave parties to the upper servants at the Hall, and boasted loudly that Squire Clay only saw through the eyes of "her Joe."

It chanced early in October that there was to be one of the annual shooting parties at Bishop's Clay, to give which was one of the squire's modes, as he said, of "keeping up the county connection." Several of the squirearchy, and certain visitors of some distinction at the Hall were of the party. I rather fancy I owed my invitation to the influence of the master-mover, Joe Powles, who in his low cunning thought it a sort of way of buying my interest with his master. The reflection was somewhat humiliating, and you will allow, kind reader, that Master Mathew was a modest and not undiscerning youth to have made it. However, I thought little of the cause, provided the effect made me acquainted with the woods and uplands of Bishop's Clay. On the appointed day, therefore I sent a country lad, who called himself by groom, on with my gun, and mounting my modest hackney, "paced forth," as the old ballads say, to the Hall.

It was a noble mansion, certainly, situated proudly on a slight, but broad eminence in the centre of a park of great size and beauty. Originally a Saxon stronghold, it had been surrounded when the monks succeeded to it with broad cloisters, and splendid conventual

buildings, including a chapel now in picturesque ruin. Once, in a later day, the "Upper Man" of the Clays, for never would a Clay have done it himself, pursuaded his patron to declare for Charles the First in his troubles, and the mansion had again assumed the character of a fortalice, and was as such doomed to undergo—

"The apostolic blows and knocks,"

of the warlike Puritans, the dint whereof was still visible in marks of cannon shot on the Gothic tracery of the chapel. Before the house was a broad and spacious lawn, carpeted with such turf as only England grows; beyond it rose at a short half mile distance, the abrupt outlines of a picturesque knoll of some extent, which, covered part with gorse and part with forest trees, formed the best fox-cover in the country—and that in spite of Joe Powles, whom surrounding Squires anathematised as one actually suspected of the sin of vulpicide. Around, dotting the park, were noble forest trees, such as could never bless the eyes of parvenu, who builds his staring palace on a hill as "heaven-kissing" as his ambition dictates, but gazes on the pile with bitterness; for, alas! he cannot build the oaks he fain would see around it. Upon the lawn, as I rode up, were a crowd of keepers, beaters, dogs, at a respectful distance from the main group of sportsman, whereat fussed and fidgeted the unhappy Squire, now ducking his head to an arriving guest, now venturing on the familiarity of a handshake, extending a cold uncertain paw, which took your's with no more of life than there is in a wet glove. Then would he go with a sort of jerking unequal pace, as he was not certain which foot to put first, or as some one said, "as if he had two left legs," calling for Powles; whereon would arise from attendant keepers, beaters, and servants, fussing about like their master, a mighty shout of "Joe"—or "Powles"—or "Master Powles," according to the

grade and influence of the shouter, and then would Powles appear (who all the while had been breakfasting with the housekeeper), masticating his last mouthful of ham, and cramming a supply of roll into his coat-pocket. He was this time properly dressed as a game-keeper, with the miniature game-bag, forming what the newspapers call "a very prominent feature."

"Well, Powles,—eh—are we ready?" stuttered his victim, in tones I was too near not to hear.

"Ye — e — s, Sir, I think we be," replied the fellow, giving the final shove to a rebellious roll—"I think you may go now, Sir."

"And, Powles,—eh—where to?—eh—shall we try the Hinckley woods?—or—or—or, where—eh?"

"Why, you might," said the fellow slowly,—"you might try Hinckley sure enough, but as the waters is out, and Hinckley bridge broke last night, I'd a thought, Sir, you 'd a rather try Darton Spinny, and so round on home through them young plantations, and the new Belt."

"Yes—yes—good—exactly—nasty bridge, that I know, old and wooden too—well the new Belt, and Darton,—but, tell me, Joe, will there be people teasing me—petitions—eh—and shouting—eh—and complaints like last time from all these wretched people? I couldn't bear it, Joe—I'd rather say I was ill, and stay at home—and—and—really I do feel rather unwell—eh?"

"Lord bless ye, Sir, I never saw you heartier,—and as for the rascals that would try for to go and annoy the best gentleman in the country side, forcing of him off of his own lands, the scoundrels,—don't you fear, Sir;—there's Barnes, and Sam Levitt, and all the other under-keepers, and the beaters yonder, all my own men as watches the covers at night, to keep every one off, and refer 'em to the steward."

"Good, Powles,—good, Joe, good—and—eh—really I do feel quite as if—eh—really as you say I was never better in my life."

So saying, the unhappy gentleman fussed back to his guests, and proposed to them to set forth. We started accordingly, a goodly cavalcade, on hacks and shooting ponies, to Darton Spinney, a direction which I observed was announced not without comment among the local sportsmen, accompanied by many a glance at Joe Powles. I caught such half-phrases as—"not a pheasant in the cover"—"Hinckley better a hundred times"—"for my part I'll take a turn among the partridge,"—and accordingly two of the squirearchy did there and then demand pointers and a keeper to themselves, and set off in an opposite direction to that we were taking, to try stubble and turnip. At this moment we reached the park gate. Several men were standing without it, labourers and cotters of Claystede, to get a word with the Squire; these however were rudely repulsed by Joe Powles's body-guard with the curt intimation that the Squire was busy, and they must go to the steward. The more timid or bashful of the rejected petitioners, after a word or two turned sorrowfully away, and betook themselves to their homes, or their work again. One man alone remained, standing aloof, and neither speaking nor spoken to. It was Will Bluck the poacher.

When the slight confusion occasioned by the dispersion of the *plebs* of Claystede had abated, Joe Powles, touching his hat to his master, observed that gentlemen had better get on, as the beat was a long one. Now, as the dominancy of the keeper was matter of notoriety to the Squire's local guests, there were not wanting one or two to suggest (intimates took liberties with poor Clay) that Hinckley was a better beat, and not a bit farther off. The unhappy Squire looked the picture of embarrassment.

"Hinckley—eh! but—how about it, Powles—the waters are out, you said, and the bridge swept away?"

At this moment a strong clear voice asked—

"Barns, who cut the timbers?"

All turned to catch a view of the speaker. It was Will Bluck the poacher.

"I say who cut the timbers, Barnes?—Who was it half-sawed them through when the waters began to rise, that there might not be a bird shot in Hin——"

The rest of what he said was lost in the clamour of voices that arose, before which, however, Powles had with a few hurried earnest words urged the Squire to move forward so as to place him out of hearing. His guests followed their host as a matter of courtesy; one or two of the county gentlemen (to whom Will Bluck was an abomination for his contempt of the game laws) after lingering as if to satisfy a listless curiosity, judged the matter no business of theirs, and left keepers and poacher to settle the question as they might. Only three or four of Joe Powles's special adherents remained behind of the beaters for the purpose of preventing further intrusion on the part of the desperado; but he was neither to be brow-beaten nor bullied.

"Look ye, lads," he said —"the ground we stand on is a road, and you've no right to stop me on it—your Squire may travel it, and yonder fine gentlemen, and why not Will Bluck? As for you four, if you offer to check me another moment, I'll take the law of your Squire, and you too,—and you know how lawyer Watts, old Scoovey's son, would jump at a case against Bishop's Clay:—moreover, lads, I don't want to do you no harm—" and here he fumbled significantly, as if handling some weapon in the breast of his smock-frock—"but you may remember what sort of Michaelmas goose you got in Darton Spinney last year, and I only warn you the season's coming round again."

The men scowled at him and moved on. Now, as nobody paid any very particular attention to Master Mathew, he had remained behind with the usual curiosity of the young, to hear the last of what was going

forward. Thus at this moment I found myself face to face with the poacher.

"So its you again, Sir?" said he—"you heard me tell Joe Powles that day I'd blow him, and I will"—and here he uttered a dreadful imprecation—"I will before the Squire himself, and half the county—if I follow them from noon to night I'll do it."

I begged him to put his complaints and his statements in writing, and send them by post, rather than risk an affray, or continue to disturb the party. I believe I even went so far as to offer him money if he would give up his intention. He refused, but not surlily, both my advice, and my (very moderate) bribe, and as I turned back to look at him while cantering up to my party, I could observe that Bluck had left the road, doubtless intending to avail himself of his knowledge of the country in order to strike in with us in such a position as must render his being heard inevitable.

I will not say a word about the Bishop's Clay cover-shooting, or rather I will take but one word to sum up the total of my description,—it was execrable. The fact, so often stated to me, of the keeper's malpractices in exhausting the game of the estate in some places for his own profit, while in others he maintained a preserve for the use and behoof of himself and friends exclusively, was tolerably well proved by our bad sport in the beat he had proposed, and the dubious accident which had cut off our communication with a better-stocked line of covers. The poor Squire was vexed and agitated beyond expression, but ever behind him walked like his shadow the watchful Powles, full of idle excuses, and vague explanation, which he forced upon his master will he nill he, "as pigeons feed their young," and to the truth of all of which his docile dupe, bending to the influence the man had gained over him, acquiesced in turn as they were given. Once or twice during

the weary day I thought I could distinguish, now lurking beneath the cover side, now stealthily gliding below a hedgerow to head our advancing party, the figure of the poacher; but if it indeed were him, he never ventured on a nearer approach, so that I fancied he had on reflection given up his idea of forcing himself upon the Squire's notice. Towards evening we commenced trying the last of the newly-planted covers, through which our course had been latterly directed, and here, rabbits being not unplentiful, there was more shooting, if not much more sport, than heretofore. The Squire, moved thereto by the eternal Powles, begged his friends to exterminate as many as possible.

"Terrible mischief they do to the young trees—eh, Powles?—shoot them, gentlemen, I beg,—and here, Powles—what if you—eh,—took a—eh—a gun, you know, and—"

"I can take your spare gun, Sir, and knock one or two over, as runs back."

"Good, good—just so—here give him the gun, you Barnes, and, gentlemen, its getting late—better move on, eh, soon dark—eh Powles?"

The poor Squire, who could not be certain of sunset unless assured by his incessant monitor, urged the line of beaters into quicker motion. Just at that moment, the crack of a rotten branch in the rear made me, I know not wherefore, turn my head, and I saw a figure some fifty yards behind the line moving as rapidly as the underwood would permit towards us. At the same moment, the keeper turned also, called out "Mark rabbit back," and fired. The man who had made his way unseen so near us, fell instantly.

"Lord, Lord!" exclaimed Powles, in accents of apparent distress—"here's a man hit!"

"A man!" cried the Squire—"dreadful to be sure!—who?"

"One of the beaters, Sir," answered the keeper rapidly—"lingered behind, the stupid fellow, and got

some shot in his legs—here you, Sam Levitt, Wilcox, two or three of you, take him up, and carry him down to the village."

"Yes, yes,—take the poor fellow away; here Powles, take my purse, give him five pounds—don't bring him here, don't—I can't bear the sight of blood—take him away—they 'll take care of him, gentlemen,—don't distress yourselves—don't trouble yourselves."

In this manner, with nervous incoherency, did the squire run on, while in a shorter time than it takes to write the words, the men indicated by the keeper had hastened back to the sufferer, and bore him back to the cover side in a direction for Claystede, and contrary to that we were pursuing. The thing was done so quickly, and the Squire's exhortations were so earnest to his guests not to trouble themselves by interfering, that with most, sympathy gave way to civility, and the wounded man was left to the exclusive charge of the Bishop's Clay servants. He was not after all perhaps much hurt, for as we mounted our horses in the field beyond the cover, the acident having put an end abruptly to our sorry sport, a figure might be observed walking away with the support of but one man, though slowly, and with apparent difficulty, towards the village. Giving up my gun to my servant, I excused myself from joining the dinner-party at the Hall, owing to an alleged engagement at L————;—the fact being that this was the first night of a set of subscription balls in the gay town, whereat I hoped to meet the owner of a certain pair of bold black eyes, in whom, like a susceptible youth as he was, Master Mathew felt a tender interest. Gladly did I mount my hack, and wend my way to L————, having my clothes and a dressing-room kept for me at one of the hotels,—doubly glad, indeed, for the prospect of the bold black eyes danced bright before me, and I escaped the dull festivities of Bishop's Clay.

Dull might they have been "in bower," as the old song says, that night, but dull were they not "in hall,"—that is, the *servants'* hall, for the house being full of visitors, there was a corresponding muster of ladies'-ladies, and gentlemen's-gentlemen, and the household of the Clays gave (at small cost to themselves it may well be understood) a ball, whereat Mrs. Powles did the honours. The tradesmen of the family from C——, some of the more civilized of the tenants and their wives were there, and the mirth waxed fast and furious. But gayest of the gay was Joe Powles: he danced, he laughed, he sang, he drank, and made love to a world of Abigails;—nay, when even Mrs. Powles voted it late, and went away in the "chay" with Farmer Bateman, who promised to set her down at home, he remained "to see it out," he said, and then walk home, as he often did on such occasions, by the bridle-path, a short cut down to Claystede, and his own abode.

About the time that this gay party was at its gayest, while without the night was pitch dark, and comfortless, a cold keen sleet driving through the gusty air, ominous of the approach of winter, a man entered the narrow lane, known by the name above mentioned, coming from the village, and with painful steps and an appearance of great suffering, moved slowly up the plashy footway. The lane was buried, as it were, between two very high thorn hedges, the straggling sprays of which almost met in summer overhead, and thus over-arched a shady path, below which, time out of mind, had been the Sunday walk of village lovers. He who now resorted to it had a purpose in his heart as opposite to theirs as was the dreary season and dark night to leafy summer-tide, and golden sunset. "I went on," he said afterwards —"with pain enow, for my knee was full of shot, though the leggings had saved me below it. I went on till I came to the narrowest spot in the lane, help-

ing myself with my bludgeon, and I thought whether it should be with the pistol, or with the good leaded stick that had struck so many a stout blow for me :— I thought of it all as cool as if I were only out to snare a hare, and I determined to *fettle* him with the stick,—for you see I was lame, and if the pistol missed I couldn't run,—the same too if the shot told, and the watchers heard it, and came up:—but with the stick I could do it, sure and quiet—one lick to stun, and two or three to finish; and, besides, I thought if I could *feel* the death I gave him, I should have more pleasure in it: —and then when it was done, home to bed,—and who could say that poor Will Bluck, that couldn't stir out for his shot knee, had done it? So I chose a good place, and took my stand in the hedge on the left as you go from Bishop's Clay,—and to make sure I measured many times by stretching my stick just to the very place on the middle of the path where the blow must fall,—and there I waited till he came"—

* * * * * * * *

Oh! bold black eyes! oh! faithless bold black eyes, did you beam for me—did you even look at me! did that essence of *ignis fatuus*, your owner, dance even one dance with me? Did she hold out her soft, full (she was a little fat there is no doubt of it)—her soft, full, pulpy, hand to give me friendly greeting,——that nice affectionate female shake, with the tremulous pressure at the end of it?—You know, oh! eyes, you looked not—you know I danced not—you also know she squeezed not! And why? Because Lord Mount-Coffeehouse of the —th Dragoons, the same

——————————" Irish peer
" Who killed himself for love (with wine) last year,"

—— because he, with a brogue as broad as the Bay of Dublin, and assurance as extensive as his whiskers— became forsooth—faugh! my patience is at an end! I'll

not stay another moment in the ball-room; not one dance in return for riding twelve miles on such a night, but to see her! I went back to my hotel, put on my riding-dress, knocked my tired hackney out of his mare's nest of sweet straw, and in a quarter of an hour more was riding my sulky ride to Claystede, looking on myself, as Acres says, "as a very ill-used gentleman." How absurd we old fellows get to think, is the bitterness of a boyish sorrow! In after years, when we dwell upon the flavour of it, the taste comes over us like a sort of moral bitter almond, rather pleasant than not!

Plunged in my thoughts, and drenched in the driving sleet, I reached at last the turn to the bridle path, which as the shortest cut, I took of course—and rousing my jaded hackney with the whip, rode on at a round pace through the pitchy darkness. All of a sudden, my horse checked, and whirled round so rapidly as very nearly to throw me from the saddle. Thinking the brute had shied at some object behind the hedge, cattle perhaps, seeking shelter there from the inclement weather, I coaxed him forward, when again at the same spot he refused the road, rearing when I strove to force him forward, and snorting as in terror. Satisfied that some extraordinary cause affected the usually quiet animal, I dismounted and tried to lead him on. It was in vain:—at a certain point, he planted his fore feet in the ground, hung back upon the bridle, trembled, and remained motionless, at the same time thrusting his head forward with that prolonged snort, bespeaking the excess of doubt and terror. A little daunted, I must own, I secured the bridle to the hedge, and moved cautiously forward, with half a mind to turn back and try the high road; for it seemed to me I might have been waylaid, and I peered cautiously into the hedge-rows on either side to detect, if possible, the sound of aught moving behind them. While thus employed I stumbled over some heavy substance lying at my feet across the path—I

stooped, I touched it—my blood curled in my veins as I did so—it was my first sympathy with death, the first time I had ever touched a corpse! I know not what strange excitement, horror, awe, and curiosty mingled, made me feel the shape once and again: it was stiff and cold: there was no doubt life had long departed, and all I could do was to ride to the nearest house and give the alarm.

I mounted, and hastened back to the lodge at the nearest park gate of Bishop's Clay. A summons sent thence to the Hall, with news of what had happened, soon brought out a score of scared and half-clad servants; some stupified with the recent debauch, some excited with the strange interest which deeds of horror have for the lower English. The light of the first lanthorn carried up the bridle path showed us, lying across it, the body of what, by the dress, the horrified menials declared had been Joe Powles. As he lay there, his mother would not have known him.

It was thus Will Bluck had revenged himself on the Squire's "Upper Man."

Screw No. 3.

Did you ever, gentle reader, taste a Finnan haddie? You have not? Then verily are you to be pitied. He is, it is true, nothing more than a mere haddock, split and dried, or parbroiled over the smoke of green wood, but in all his reeky simplicity he is a superb preparation of fish. Unfortunately the haddock must be a Scotch haddock, the smoke over which he is dressed must be that of wood cut green far on the other side of Tweed, and the "neat-handed Phillis" who prepares the same, must not be Phillis at all, but Jeanie, or Peggy, or some Caledonian

equivalent for a cookmaid. The circumstances therefore under which your haddock is to be relished according to the fashion termed *Finnan*, are contingent on season, and position:—add to which, to enjoy the fellow to the full, you should eât him with the appetite of eighteen, whetted on the breezy hone of a northern atmosphere.

That was the way in which I learned to appreciate this inimitable fish, pile after pile whereof it seemed to me I could have consumed on that morning in Tully's lodgings in Prince's Street, seated in the full luxury of two great Edinburgh enjoyments, the Castle before me to feast the eye, and a Scotch breakfast to cater for the palate. Tully himself had finished his morning meal some ten minutes, and sat in a musing position in an easy chair near the window, his forehead puckered into the wrinkles of what was with him, deep thought,—his somewhat handsome features wearing the mazed and puzzled look which often accompanies the endeavour of a careless man at being unwontedly serious;—one hand rubbed perplexedly the chin, blue (Tully was very proud of his blue beard) with the razor-reaping of more than twenty good years,—while the other grasped a bundle of old papers, and musty memoranda, more of which with a dingy parchment or two, were scattered on a small table by him. His legs were crossed, and the impatient jerking of one manly foot seemed by the jingle of the spur-rowel which it caused, to calm in some sort the embarrassment of the much-thinking man. How Tully ever came to be an officer of Engineers, his best friends never could devise, nor indeed do I believe he was very clear about the matter himself: how he came to hold a special staff appointment in Edinburgh, as near a sinecure as was compatible with anything like active duty, was explained by the daring and devotion with which he had endeavoured to make up during the Peninsular campaign, for a plentiful lack of skill, and

a somewhat decided want of comprehension; but he was a very brave, a very lucky, and a very popular officer; he never knew more than his superiors, never set his comrades right, never was out of temper, and never said an unkind word of a human being:—so that on the whole, he had a good many of the elements of success about him, and he had succeeded.

"Mathew," said the Major, suspending the jingle of the spur—"Mathew, they're *very* Scotch, eh?"

"The fish?" replied I, with my whole soul in a haddie, as I dived at a fresh pile.

"Pshaw, you know whom I mean, the M'Clevertie's."

"Umph—pretty well, but what of that?"

The Major sighed, shook his head, and referred to a parchment—laid that down, and took up a bundle of discoloured papers, with the air of a man who thinks he ought to be able to find something in them, if he only knew how.

"Mathew," said the Major, "Math—come, man, do have done with those d—d dried fishes, and talk a bit."

I relinquished my haddock with a sigh that emulated my companion's, and obeyed.

"Did you see that old fellow sitting next me last night," enquired the Major,—"he was on my right next to young Bridoon, the adjutant."

We had dined together, I must mention, the evening before at Piers Hill Barracks at the hospital mess of the—Heavies.

"Yes, I saw him,—a tall grey old man with spectacles, and a black stock, that kept prosing to you all the evening."

"The same—well, that was colonel Cremairn."

"Well?"

"Colonel Cremairn, I tell you, of Langsyne-rummage, the great Fifeshire genealogist"—

"Ah!"

"You thought he was prosing, you foolish boy, but for my own part I never met with a pleasanter companion."

"How so?"

"Why, he told me,—to be sure it was towards the end of the evening—that he thought I was not out in that supposition of mine."

What supposition?"

"You know well enough—about my family."

"Oh?"

"That after all, it is no more English than his own, and that putting residence in a foreign country aside, the Tullies can be proved to be most legitimate, and actual Caledonians!"

"Why, I always thought your father was Sir Northam Tully, the Norwich banker?"

"Well and so he is, I hope—but not the less a Scotchman for all that."

"The deuce he isn't!"

"Aha!" said the Major with a look of exceeding intelligence—"that surprises your young brain does it? Nothing, as Cremairn most justly says, can seem so improbable, yet nothing is more real, than the genealogi—"

He was cut short by the entry of his Portuguese servant whom he called Lisbão, the man's real name I never knew), a dark, melancholy, silent man, between whom and his master there was a tie of sympathy arising from some kindness Tully had been able to confer. It had been well bestowed, for without Lisbão, the Major would have been a lost man; the Portuguese seemed to have but one object in life, devotion to his service: Tully's trust in him was unbounded, and was never abused. Lisbão and I were great friends after a fashion of our own; he rendered me a thousand services while I was travelling with his master, but I never heard him say any thing but '*Dios.*' This word pronounced in different tones, eked out with signs, constituted his language.

This strange mute follower stood now at the Major's side, holding forth a packet sealed with a massive seal of red wax: he pointed below with a glance at the letter as if to intimate that the messenger waited a reply. His master looked at the direction, then at me, and then at Lisbão: one could not be prodigal of words in presence of the silent one, and this occular pantomime meant of course.—Who is it from? Lisbão, who understood this as well as though Camoens had asked the question in the most classic Lusitanian, replied by slewing his mouth into a negative twist, and turned to remove the remains of my haddocks. Tully meanwhile opened the letter:—hardly had he read the first page, ere his face beamed bright and joyous according to its wont: at the turn-over of the second, he stamped his feet on the floor in uncontrollable satisfaction, and ere the page was finished, he called loudly to Lisbão, recommending the bearer of the missive to his most hospital attention.

"A letter from Cremairn, my dear Mathew,—the most satisfactory on earth—proves the thing so completely, that the very M'Cleverties,—no, not Sabrina herself could deny it!—cram the fellow with whiskey, Lisbão, and send him home with five shillings in his pocket in a barrow!

"Dios!" exclaimed the Portuguese, and vanished.

The letter of the Fifeshire genealogist was one of those ingenious productions, which elderly gentleman of an heraldic or antiquarian turn are glad to occupy their listless useless hours in putting together, for the purpose of proving some semi-impossibility by the most lavish display of learned trifling. The Colonel had found Tully possessed by the most ardent desire to prove himself of Scottish origin, as to which point some vague tradition ran current in his family; hence the show at our breakfast table of the musty memoranda, and dingy parchments abovementioned, which the Major had drawn forth early that morning, excited

by the speculative talk held the night before with him of Langsyne-rummage. The truth was that Sabrina M'Cleverty solemnly declared that she would wed with no man, who had not Scottish blood in his veins, and the (second) son of the Norwich banker, who had solid reasons for desiring the alliance, clung forthwith to his hopeful family tradition, which, if he could but prove it, might put him in a fair way to succeed, he thought, in a most excellent matrimonial arrangement. Let me, however, suspend for the present any allusion to his expectations, while we listen to an abstract of the genealogist's epistle.

This document set forth how one Rippo, or Ralpho, atttached to Robert Bruce's army, did at the time of his invasion from Ireland, descend upon the Mull of Cantyre, and possess himself after a sufficient amount of fighting, of the lands and castle of a certain noble widow, who, "although in some sort deforced," did nevertheless wed with the said Ralpho or Rippo. He in honour of his exploit took the name of Tuilzie (*anglicè*, tussle), and became Tuilzie of that ilk. Was it strange that a scion of that family should have passed into England with James the 1st of happy memory, or should have (or been supposed to have) established himself honourably on the east coast of England (as likely at Norwich as elsewhere)? and that being so established his name should in course of time, (like as we pronounce *Dalyell* for Dalzell) have altered from Tuilzie to Tuilyie, Tulzie, Tullye, Tully?

I shall never forget the delight of the Major over this ingenious, and irrefragable method of proving him a Scotchman. He gathered together his family documentary evidence to the same effect, whatever it may have been, and clamorously called upon me to proceed forthwith in his dennet to the well known domain of Droutholm, not far out of Edinburgh, whereat Sir Andrew M'Cleverty was wont to abide when business or the season, called him from his stately castle of

Strathbarran to the neighbourhood of the metropolis. I resisted my friend's appeal for two several reasons; first, because, boy as I was, I did not choose to be made a convenience of, while the Major made love to Sabrina; secondly, because I did most cordially abominate the whole race of M'Cleverties from Sir Andrew downwards—and the stock was large enough to excite, under the circumstances, a fearful magnitude of unchristian feeling.

Sir Andrew was one of those agriculturists whose pride it is to produce impossible turnips, and cultivate fabulous mangel-wurzel,—not simply as regards size, but locality. His delight was to grow wheat on what had been time out of mind, a sheepwalk, at a cost six times exceeding the value of the crop produced: and then Margaret and Jean-Anne, his two eldest daughters (they were thin, thirty, and thirty-three, and had taken to agriculture as the last ground to grow a husband on,) used to raise their grey eyes in admiration of the modern Triptolemus, and calculate the value of the Highlands when converted by a similar process into wealds of equal fertility. Sabrina, the third sister, was of a different stamp: she was exactly, what the Yankees would call, "a kind of fine woman," and certainly possessed with much eccentricity, real and affected, a *modicum* of talent and originality. She was good eight and twenty years old; but having been called by Hogg, the poet, ten years previously, "the type o' a sonsie bonnie Scotch lassie," she stuck resolutely to the character, and lassie she continued, ruling the family as she did, to the considerable detriment of two younger sisters (mere children of eighteen, and twenty) who bloomed unseen in the wilds of Strathbarran, until Sabrina had at any rate established herself to her liking.

Gentle reader, I write of a race of young woman which hath happily, I trust, ceased to exist in Scotland; it was by no means unfrequent in my day in the

shape of damsels who adopted provincialisms as a type of nationality, and cared little if they were rude, provided they thought they were Scotch. The fair Sabrina did not lack local male supporters, lords, and lairds of the old school, married or unmarrying men, who delighted in her repartee couched in the broadest Doric of the north, and who, many of them clever men, spoiled the girl, already arbitress in her own domestic circle, by their vociferous applause of her sallies in public. Add to this that she professed the highest jacobite inveteracy to the Hanoverian succession, an absurdity that was also still effected in my day, to the intense delight of a certain old Leddy Glentocher, "who remembered the '45, being then a bairn," and whose lands (she was "very spacious in the possession of dirt," as Hamlet has it, in more senses than one),—her god-daughter, the fair Sabrina, looked to as her own in certain prospect. It was amusing enough to study family character in its contradictions, with the true dash of shrewd Scotch self-interest, peering through at each of the opposite extremities. I called one day at Droutholm, and on the hall steps of the handsome mansion stood Sir Andrew M'Cleverty, hatless in the hot sun, superintending with a face of anxious importance, the insertion of a brass plate in the upper step of the flight, it being the facsimile of the royal boot-sole which a few months before had honoured the happy granite by its pressure, on a visit to Sir Andrew's model of a model-farm. The royal enthusiasm with which Sir Andrew made interest with lords in waiting, and equerries for a model of the boot, had of course nothing to do with young M'Cleverty's being made a Secretary at Legation six weeks afterwards. Leaving the Baronet to affix the brazen sole of loyalty at his very threshold, I mounted unannounced to the drawing-room, whence the shrill voice of Sabrina was "lilting and skirling" according to the Leddy Glentocher, with

infinite humour I must allow, a not over-delicate jacobite song for the old lady's special delectation—

> The Soo an' Geordie ran a race,—
> Geordie fell, an' brak his face ;
> Uh ! says the Soo, I've wan the race—
> And I'll turn my tail to Geordie !
> Uh ! says the Soo—

Here my warning *hem* on the broad gallery landing place caused, an immediate alteration of the lilt to—

> Wha wad na dee for Chairlie,
> Wha, &c. &c.

Such was the family, and such its heroine. Tully, one of the most prosaic fellows in the world, was fairly poetised under the influence of this daughter of Caledon with her long flaxen-sandy locks, her bold, irregular, but striking features, her bonny frame, and massive beauties, her ringing laugh, her calculated euthusiasm,—nay, there was a charm in her very freckles, for were they not Scotch? Fired with a sudden devotion for the misty muse, the major, who in his life had never had ear enough to know which end of a verse was the rhyming one, dashed, at Sabrina's command, into the depths of indigenous verse, trying (unhappy man) to understand Fergusson, and painfully endeavouring at a perusal of the Gentle Shepherd. After all, was he not Scotch, undoubtedly proven a descendant of Tuilzie of that ilk? Had not Sabrina declared, and that so often that she could not belie herself, that she would never marry any man but a Scotchman?

And who else was worthy of such a dear enthusiast in the cause of her native kings, that loved no flower but the sweet white rose, that decked her hair for St.

Andrew's ball* with lang kale and thistles, that ever snooded her night-gear (information she was fond of giving) with the national tartan ribbon, danced the Glentocher strathspey like a Highland Taglioni, " and whistled Tullochgorum."

There was, I have said, a good deal of calculation in all the pseudo-spontaneous eccentricities of this fair type of northern nationality and as she had set herself to the subduction of the English major, it is to be imagined that, to use one of her country phrases, it was " no for naething." I had been, young as I was, made a sort of intimate companion of by Tully, partly because I fitted myself to his careless humours, partly by reason of the fancy men of no great individual resources, taken like him from the active excitement of a military life to be buried in a provincial metropolis——, have to mix readily with any companionable object that has the zest of energy and freshness in it. Of all mortal stupid places, Edinburgh towards the end of summer is the stupidest, and staying as I was with people of transcendant vacuity in the neighbourhood, I found in the desert of dulness a sort of oasis in Tully. Hence from our constant companionship, the fair Sabrina fancied I might know something of him, as touching family, worldly prospects, and so forth, the details of which were mysteries to the curious in the modern Athens. Tully had not been long in his appointment, and as he was one of those really frank persons that talk of every thing except their own concerns, more had not transpired than that he was the second son of a wealthy country banker whose eldest, and consequently whose heir, was a man of broken constitution, and ruined fame, living, or some said dying, at Barèges in the south of France. Touching this personage I underwent from time to time a series

* I, even Master Mathew, have seen this done with good effect by others than her.

of curious and ingenious queries from Sabrina M'Cleverty, and it had been a pleasure to me, like a mischievous boy as I was, to mystify the fair inquisitive by a strange tissue of semi-contradictory reports, which I was the more happily able to string together in a maze of glorious uncertainty, from knowing nothing on earth concerning the individual in question.

It was not to be supposed that a clever girl with her wits sharpened by self-interest could long be the dupe of an idle hoax. She found out of course that I had been playing upon her curiosity, and saw that I had been shrewd enough to discover its cause. The natural consequence was that she hated "the young Englisher," as she contemptuously termed Master Mathew, and suspecting that whatever influence I possessed over the good humoured and simple-minded engineer would be hostile to her object, did all in her power, by ridiculing and depreciating me, by discanting on the absurdity of grown men making intimate friends of idle striplings, and by hinting at the unsafe character of confidence reposed in youngsters "wowf wi' fule-like spirits," to detach him from his companionship with me. In this she signally failed. Tully with the communicative weakness, which was one of his characteristics, told me every word she uttered, and "to show his determination," as he said, in the way undetermined folk do, by obstinacy in trifles, adhered all the more firmly to his oddly placed friendship. The fair Sabrina had particularly desired to thwart a scheme of our's for taking to the moors in company. She with her people to use her own phrase for father, sisters, and auld Leddy Glentocher, were going a round of visits to the same houses, to which as it happened both Tully and I were asked, and as by a judicious timing of them she might contrive to have the engineer as it were living under the same roof with her for weeks together, it became of importance to her to get "that gowk of a boy," (myself gentle

reader) out of the way. The descendant of Tuilzie to my infinite satisfaction held to our engagement with a tenacity of opposition, worthy of his name; it indeed brought on a sort of lover's quarrel, under cover of which we left Edinburgh early in August intending to fulfil an engagement in ——shire, and thence make our way to the Western Highlands. The major's two brace of excellent setters with two couple more hired by me of an Edinburgh breaker, had been sent on with his helper to what was then a small hostel on the banks of Loch Achray, near which we had an extensive leave of shooting. We calculated on quitting the phaeton in which were to travel with Tully's own horses, Lisbão, and the groom, at G——, and taking a pleasant trip down the Clyde to Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, and Loch Katrine, we reckoned on reaching our ground in exact time for that important day, big with the fate of grouse, the 12th of August.

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That Scotch fashion of visiting from house to house is certainly one of the most delightful and sensible of social practices;—and then in the large mansions of wealthy families they do the thing so well in every way, and receive their guests with such true kindly hospitality, that it is impossible not to be impressed with the spirit of kindliness oneself, and feel predisposed to seek a more than common acquaintance with all around one. It was impossible that among the pleasant party at Ambleside, the fair Sabrina could have the heart to continue her feud with the major. It was a splendid mansion full of the guests of its hospitable owner, and, owing to the proximity of a considerable manufacturing borough, and his connection with the authorities of the place, affording a variety of character in its society, calculated to elicit the ultra-Caledonianism of the fair Sabrina to the very utmost. There was Lord Kilcouper,

a racing, and betting baron, as much addicted to the spur and snaffle as any of his moss-trooping ancestors,—and him she charmed with stable slang in an accent, broader than it was long. There was old Macsneeshin, of Mull, whose father lost his estates after the '45, and he, full of a sort of *post mortem* treason, had his soul lapped in a Jacobite elysium while she warbled, "Loui Gordon," or ranted out, "Carle noo the king's come!" Then we had the Master of Roysterem (Lord Shilpit's son, ye ken), and Kiltcutty, Chief of the Clandandoes, dancing reels in which she figured with a vivacity of fling, and a reckless exhibition of ancle, quite ravishing to behold:—but it was over the Lord Provost, and Baillies of —— that the apparition of this substantial sylph came like the vision of a Caledonian Eden:—"Na, na," said Baillie Macbodkin, when called upon to admire the mincing graces of Lord Kilcouper's frenchified English wife,—"na, I tell ye—gae wa' wi' your oversea madams, a wheen feckless tawpies! look out by at yon sonsie lassie, a leddy, sirs, talking braid Scots as a Scots leddy should do—with her gowden locks snooded as a maiden's should be—that sings ye the sweet auld Scots ballants wi' a voice like a linty, and dances the true auld Scots strathspeys as though she'd ding Maggie Lauder!—*that's* a woman sirs!"

The descendant of Tuilzie of that ilk, if he were smitten before, became now enthralled, and he as much as told me that if the fair Sabrina did not from time to time assume a scornful tone with him which rendered him uncertain as to her intentions, he might perhaps go further than he had at first anticipated the chance of doing. Meanwhile he had made considerable progress by possessing Leddy Glentocher with the fact of his Scottish origin, and that ancient dame, who was a sort of animated chronicle, immediately recalled the fact of a connection subsisting between the houses of Glentocher and Tuilzie in times so exceeding-

ly remote as to glimmer only indistinctly through that chronological fog termed the mist of ages: sufficient light however was thereby thrown upon the position of the modern representatives of those ancient stocks to convince me that the connection might by possibility be renewed,—under contingencies. These involved the nature of the intelligence which might be received from Barèges, touching the state of Sir Northam Tully's eldest son, and the actual position and positive resources of the scion of the house of Tuilzie extant in the shape of my friend, the Major. On both these interesting subjects, Tully was innocently silent. *He* had never speculated on the death of a brother, and in the fervour of his admiration concluded that the presumptive heiress of Glentocher who sang "When poortith cauld" so beautifully, must be too indifferent also about money matters to care whether his yearly hundreds were nearer eight than four. I could not help interpreting the occasional "scornful tone" of the fair object of his affections, to a cautious desire not to commit herself by allowing the descendant of Tuilzie to make an offer, before she was aware of his real chance of the baronetcy, and wealthy banker's fortune.

Matters were on this uncertain footing up to the last day of our stay at Ambleside, and as it was high time that things should be arranged one way or other, I could see that the fair Sabrina got hourly more and more anxious. Nor was this confined to herself. Auld Leddy Glentocher declared herself "a wee bit beelious," and kept her room; Margaret betrayed a sort of nervous ill-temper in the verjuice glance of her cold grey eye, while Jean-Anne, to cast a sort of fictitious interest over the sisterly group, shammed (I verily believe) a slightly sprained ancle, which rendered her the object as she lay in horizontal grace on the sofa, of much pretty attention from "the lassie." Sir Andrew I openly detected in certain desperate questionings of Tully on the subject of family; but even this led only to

cross purposes, for the descendant of Tuilzie, thinking that these questions implied doubt as to his Scotch blood, instead of his English connections, immediately dashed into the maze of a geneological labyrinth, which it required a Cremairn to thread, and a Job to listen to. I more than suspect his silence even to me, as to the Barèges brother arose from the man's being more bankrupt in reputation, than even health, or fortune. Meanwhile a far other and all-engrossing object of interest prevented the rest of the denizens of Ambleside from paying particular attention to the cares of the M'Cleverties. There was nothing talked of, but the moors. Whether grouse were plentiful this year in Glen—this, or scarce on Ben—that, was anxiously discussed, and there was immense speculation as to the broods being late or early on the ground which the respective discutants were about to resort to. Lord Kilcouper, and Roysterem were going off to a very celebrated country, which Kiltcutty maintained had been ruined by sheep farming,* and thereon ensued a tremendous argument which Sir Andrew stifled by skilfully introducing on the top of it an agrarian lecture on the breeding of *stirks* and *stots*. Others of the party again declared that half of the year's birds were *cheepers*, a most melancholy piece of intelligence, which enabled Mr. Macsneeshin to express his conviction that modern grouse shooting was not worth wetting one's feet for,—indeed that since the '45, the birds, like every thing else in Scotland, had actually degenerated, and were no longer "*mither-muckle*" by the 12th as they used to be,—"at least my father used to say that when Mull was our's" —and so forth.

To all this, and an infinity more of the like, I listened with deferential attention, and Tully with the

* The substitution of sheep for cattle is known to thin the moors of grouse and black game.

interest of an old and good sportsman, although a novice on the moors. Sabrina, nettled at Tully's neglect of her will and pleasure touching me, and angry with him for the unconscious offence given by his silence respecting himself, did not let pass the excellent opportunity now afforded for a sneer at "the twa Englishers," as she affected to term us. The earnest assertions of the descendant of the house of Tuilzie as to *his* not deserving the name at any rate, provoked only a ringing laugh from the scornful beauty, a sort of simpering *keckle* on the part of Margaret and Jean-Anne, and subdued smiles from the rest of the party. For to tell the truth, Tully had become under the influence of Sabrina something of a butt.

"Prove yourself a Scotchman by walking the muirs like one, Major Tully," said Sabrina,—"without an English companion, and we'll see if we cannot allow you brevet rank as one."

"Prove yourself a Scotchman by bagging more muir fowl than Kiltcutty," quoth Macsneeshin of Mull,—"and we'll order a committee o'these fair leddies to test your genealogy."

There was a laugh at the dry manner of the *pawky* old ex-laird, and the conversation turned upon shooting exploits, and the relative success of the parties present and their friends, a subject upon which Lord Kilcouper manifested peculiar interest, for his experience detected therein the promise of a bet. Nor was he disappointed; for in the somewhat noisy talk, led of course by the Master of Roysterem, which ensued, he had hooked the Chief of Clandando into one for some no mean amount, and backed himself for one of those feats against time, which were the fashion of the day, riding forty miles, and killing forty brace of grouse, in four hours and forty minutes, or some such particularly precise achievement, attractive by its apparent difficulty. He well knew that you had only to begin this sort of excitement among a set of idle men in a

country house at the commencement of the season, to ensure its being productive of an ample harvest of odds, the thing his soul did most affect.

While this talk went on—(we were then waiting in the great drawing room for dinner, delayed by the non-appearance of some of the borough dignitaries)—I observed the verjuice eye of sister Margaret catch the fair Sabrina's as she hung over the recumbent Jean-Anne, with a look of intense meaning: as she averted her glance I followed it, and it rested on the Major, who stood by the group of gentlemen with his usual air of cheerful indifference. If ever eye were eloquent, it was that *canny* glance of the elder sister, which said, as plain to me as though it, spoke,—"Watch if *he* bets, or what he ventures." What possessed me—whether 'twas boyish impudence, or boyish mischief, or conceit of my penetration that made me long to show it,—I know not, but I went up to the fair Sabrina, dinner being then just announced, and said, as I offered my arm, sure of my fact by the Major's frequent declaration to it—

"Tully never bets, Miss M'Cleverty"—

The fair Scotchwoman blushed fiery red through her freckles, but instantly recovering herself, replied coolly—

"It's nothing to you nor me, if he does or not, as his custom, but he'll do so to-night I can tell you, if he never did so before, nor does so hereafter,"—then changing her tone suddenly as she looked and saw the room reinforced by a large and rubicund body of her special admirers, the Baillies of ——, she said, as I stood there with my arm teapotted, as somebody says, —"Hout awa wi' ye, laddie! I'm no for you,—'deed but ye're no blate!"

Having delivered herself of this elegant address, which was looked upon as highly humourous, and wittily eccentric, she relapsed into her interesting character of guardian to her sick sister, and raising

the angular extent of Jean-Anne from the sofa, supported her down to dinner, whither the majority of the company had preceded us. Tully hung in admiration in the neighbourhood of his Caledonian enchantress, and secured a seat by her at table, while Master Mathew, totally discomfited, merged into the fat tide of common-councilmen that was now slowly pouring into the dinner hall, amid such broken scraps of conversation as—

" An unco speerit, she has!"—
" Sae gleg at the uptak! "—
" Sae trig and bonny wi' it a'! "—
" Disna bide thrawin tho'—"
" By a pockpuddin'? not she."—

and so forth in like fashion. Ere the ladies had left us, and the customary division had occurred among the remnant of our party, the claret drinkers occupying one extremity of the table, the punch-consumers (my friends, the Baillies,) the other,—the fair Sabrina had succeeded in her object. After enchanting the scion of the house of Tuilzie by unusual tenderness and condescension, she flattered him upon his reputed skill as a sportsman, and expressed her wonder at his not being drawn into the temptation of a bet such as had been made that evening, by the confidence he must feel in his own power.

" But I hate betting," rejoined Tully,—" I have a prejudice against it, and never made a bet in my life."

" What, and never would, I suppose, nor upon any consideration?"

" That's a hard question."

" Fie Major,—we Scotchwomen think a man that does not back his opinion, dares not do it."

Tully laughed, and tried to take the badinage of the fair Sabrina as mere passing talk, but his mistress recurred to the subject by asking him if he would

make a bet for a lady's sake. Lord Kilcouper heard her across the table, and listened.

"But what bet?" inquired the Major laughing.

"Any one she dictated"—

"Any one! nay,—that is indeed a wide word;—but what might the lady's object be in the dictation of it?"

"What do I know? to show her power perhaps; nought else"—(and for the moment she had no other thought, but simply conceived a sort of pleasure in the idea of making this man act against his inclination, as he had never done before)—"You shall bet about any trifle, but bet you shall,"—added she, with an affectation of sportive wilfulness which sat well upon her—"bet me for instance what you like you will not meet us a month hence at Inverness, where you know we *were* all to go on our way to Strathbarran,—or bet me you will kill your first muir fowl before that young Englisher, or—

"Oh! as to that," exclaimed laughingly the son Tuilzie, "I may safely bet ten to one."

"Done, Major," said a voice across the table in the most determined accents—"it's a certainty to *you*, I know, but the odds are too tempting, and the odds I confess are my weakness:—so I shall book you in *ponies*, merely that you may have something to win,—and," continued the facetious peer (for the speaker was no other than Lord Kilcouper) "you are booked accordingly."

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"No,—in my life I never experienced so pitilessly wet a day! The Highlander who was the stroke oar of our boat admitted, even he, that it was "saft" which may give to those who know by personal proof what the word means, an idea of our drenching. Tully, who had left Ambleside with a fearfully poetic fit upon him, and had done nothing since but read and

quote the Lady of the Lake, sat in the stern, draggled and dismal, silent, and a little out of temper: for, as in those days not all the waters of the Loch we were crossing could have damped my spirits, I laughed the louder, the wetter we grew, and amused the boatmen with exuberant mirth, which the descendant of Tuilzie of that ilk evidently looked on as unseasonable. Lisbão, who was with us, crouched with an old cloak round him in the bow of our rude cutter, emulated his master in sulk, and as usual exceeded him in silence. All that is recorded as having fallen from him was the word *Dios* twice uttered during our passage from end to end of fair Loch Katrine.

The fun to me, though engrossed in the uncomfortable task of keeping my carpet bag dry, was to hear the Major, who had learned up his quotations, doubtless at Sabrina's order for fine weather, muttering to himself—

"The summer dawn's reflected hue"

It was close upon a dull sunset.

"To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;"

The water was lead-colour.

"Mildly and soft the western breeze"

A keen cold autumnal east wind,

"Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees"—

strong in our teeth, and not a tree to be seen. The shores of the romantic lake had been denuded of timber a year or two previously;—however, it mattered little, we could barely see them through the driving rain, and when the stroke oar (the guide of the party) informed us with a wave of the hand, "that's where Fitzjames lost his gallant grey, and that's the rocky isle, and yon's the silver strand, the boat touched at, and yon's Benvenue, and yon's Ben-An," his romance and his reality were equally imperceptible.

In these days of luxury, the keel of a steam boat doubtless furrows Loch Katrine, and the humble

lodging on the shores of Loch Achray, where I passed my first week of grouse shooting, has been replaced by a modern hotel. It had not, when I was there, been very long since the Trosach* pass had had a way cut through it. The road by Loch Achray—

> Along the margin of the lake,
> Betwixt the precipice and brake"—

as Tully observed,—was little more than a bridle path to my southron eye; and as for the Brigg of Turk, or what he presisted in calling so, because I remember his riding like one possessed for it, that he might say—

> " And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
> The headmost horseman rode alone"—

—nothing could in my southron opinion be more primitive. No deluge of tourists had as yet swept old customs, and old habits from the straths and glens of these quiet regions; the influence and example of the lowlander had not as yet been felt in the land, as doubtless now must be the case, and the manly garb of the mountaineer was yet worn by all whose calling took them to the hill side. With all this, the scion of the house of Tuilzie affected great delight, and declaimed, interlarding his tirades with mercilessly long *Lake* quotations, on the purity, the simplicity, and primitive manners of his countrymen, the Highlanders. On other subjects Tully had, since we left Ambleside been unusually and peculiarly reserved with me. He was perhaps ashamed to avow his having been drawn into doing a thing he detested, and had indeed avoided utterly a subject he was previously fond of discussing, our plans, namely, after quitting Loch Achray. I left

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* Not *Trosachs*, gentle reader, as vulgarly pronounced;—the real plural if you will use it, is, as Kiltcutty told me, *Trèsichen*.

him to perorate his panygeric and kept my thoughts to myself.

After a day occupied in making our arrangements we started on the eve of the 12th for a distant valley, reputed the best moor in the line of country open to us. The space we had to traverse was some nine or ten miles across moss moor, and mountain, where the vestige of a track was here and there barely visible, and during which we but once encountered a human dwelling better than the merest cots. The son of Tuilzie, determined to maintain his right to be reckoned Scotch, by making much display of a sort of mountaineer hardihood, fixed upon sleeping in a *shealing* on the hill side, and commencing our operations next day on ground which should give us the best chance of making a good bag. To me at that time any thing adventurous was the highest of delights, and never shall I forget the enjoyments of that first ride through the wild hills on a ragged highland pony, or the relish of the supper in the wide and dolapidated shed, barely weatherproof, in which wrapped in cloaks, and a plaid or two, and stretched on heather, I slept the night through sounder than if laid on down pillows, and soothed to rest by the lullaby of a choir of Philomels. One thought only disturbed me,—my friend the Major's bet. He had not, and perhaps very properly, said a word to me of it;—should I appear ignorant of what I never should have known? There was small risk of the possibility of his losing his wager if we had even chances, but still without depreciation of his skill as a shot or overestimate of mine, there is luck in getting the best position when game is found,—there is luck in a dozen other contingencies after dogs are standing, which, trifles as they appear when spoken of, are in the action of them, most important, as regards the possible out-turn of a bet such as my friend Tully's. Perpending all these matters I addressed myself to sleep, as I found my companion but little inclined to his

usual vein of careless rattling chat with me. He sat on the contrary when our meal was over, gazing abstractedly on the embers of our fire, smoking his meerschaum in a listless contemplative manner, and occasionally giving vent to a couplet from that eternal poem, whereof during those days I fairly surfeited. Then would he look towards me, and smile partly as if challenging approbation at the aptness of the lines cited, and the extent of his newly acquired poetical lore,—partly as if to assure Master Mathew that whatever ailed, it was not him he was angry with. I dropped off with snatches of verse falling dully on my ear,—

> Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
> Sings us the lake's wild lullaby—
> With that he shook the gathered heath
> And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
> And the brave——

" *Sportsmen,* I must say, Mathew, not *foeman*—eh ?—as the verse has it—

" Exactly—good night—I'm asleep—"

> ———*Sportsmen* side by side
> Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
> And slept until the dawning beam,
> Purpled the mountain and the stream.

With the grey dawn was I on foot, and out to scan the scene of our day's sport. There was no mist on the hill side, and I could now distinguish the shape and aspect of the wild glen in which we had passed the night. It was of considerable extent, shut in by hills of no great altitude, their tops covered with masses of grey stone, fit haunt for ptarmigan, their sides lower down dotted here and there with a patch of stunted birch trees, below which scanty vegetation stretched the purple-brownish heather, broken at the

lowest ground between the opposing hills, into tussocks, between which intervened the deep mud of the morass fed by the mountain springs. It was on the grassy plot by the wellhead of one of these that our shealing had been built. How well I remember every incident of that morning! How in my impatience I stood, equipped a good half hour too early, watching the gled as he soared, with shrill cry from his nest on the grey rock, and longing for his wings that I might light, and take my game, like him, where'er I pleased;—how unable to keep still, I wandered round the sedgy tarn whence the waters soaked, not flowed, to the morass, and flushed a brace of snipe with their young, an instance I have often recalled since of habits so unusual with these migratory birds. At last Tully who proceeded in all his arrangements with infinite deliberation, declared himself ready, and after swallowing a *farle* of oatcake, and a drink of milk, we uncoupled a brace of setters, and began beating the hillside above our shealing. A herd who had enlisted himself in our service, knowing as all these men do the lying ground of every pack of grouse within their range, had promised us our first birds within two hundred yards of our resting place. The dogs ranged wide, and after a traverse or two, struck on their game, feathered, backed, and stood.

I think at that moment, I might have almost heard the beating of my heart, so anxious, so excited was I. We walked up to the dogs, and then saw I the sight I had so often heard of the cock grouse facing, and crowing at the setter. A moment after the pack were flushed, some seven brace of well-grown birds. My gun was at my shoulder in an instant, and down, clean-shot, came the foremost brace of the first of these splendid birds that I had ever seen wild in their native heather. It was the first right and left shot I had ever made. Reader, you know what the sensation is,—judge then of my ecstacy. I turned in happy exultation to my

companion, and found he had not fired. I then remembered that his bet was lost, and that perhaps my selfish eagerness had cost him what I believed to be, in his circumstances, no small sacrifice. For the moment such was my confusion and annoyance, that I found not words to express myself. Tully saved me the trouble.

"Well shot, Master Mathew," cried he,—"as good a double shot as was ever made—I've lost two hundred guineas by it, and made, I hope my fortune."

While I stared at him in surprise, the Major produced from the pocket of his shooting waistcoat, a small and delicate note, which he had carefully shrouded in an envelope of coarser texture. He opened, and handed it to me. I took it mechanically, and read, still amazed at what this strange proceeding could mean, the following words in the hand-writing of the fair Sabrina.

"If we are to meet at Inverness, or ever meet, as you would wish, again, *lose your wager.*"

The last words were underlined. Whether they were written to test the subjugation of her lover, or, as I in my boyish shrewdness believed, to test his expectations as Sir Northam's heir, is one of those mysteries which live and die with secret thought, and are buried in their birth place.

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(From the Inverness Courier.)

"We understand that the heir, by his brother Bertie Tully's death, to the large property of the opulent Sir Northam Tully (of the firm of Tully, Braddlepith, Dollop, and Co., Norwich) is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the amiable and highly accomplished Miss Sabrina M'Cleverty, daughter of our esteemed and respected county member. She inherits by the

recent demise of their lamented possessor, the whole of the great Glentocher estates, and it is understood that the gentlemen of the Herald's office are at present busy in establishing Major Tully's easily-proved and undoubted right to the honours of the ancient house of Tuilzie, which being done, he will assume the name and style of Tuilzie of Glentocher."

Screw No. 4.

November was making his last struggle to seem autumnal. He had cleared his misty brow, and attempted a smile, and that resolutely enough for some hours after dawn, but the cheerly look died sadly away like the briskness of forced merriment, and ere it was noon the clouds poured forth their pitiless gush of sleet and rain alternately, as if the rough month were weeping for the death of fair weather. It is not pleasant to be under such circumstances alone in a postchaise —on a hilly cross-country road, with sixteen miles of the eighteen mile stage still before you, with the postboy sitting on the box driving, and having forgotten his whip,—with—no, on my word, he shall sit out there no longer! The haggard, worn countenance, the sepulchral cough of the poor drenched forgetful one speak of a fast approaching fate that the results of this very day perchance may determine: come, Master Mathew, down with the window, and hold the reins, while he gets in beside you; have you not seen the return chay a hundred times and a hundred to the back of that, coached home with the long reins, and shall the maintenance of your own small dignity interfere with the out-journey being made once in a way in like fashion?

Sixteen miles with a wet consumptive post-boy for a companion, crammed into a narrow chaise with gun-case, carpet bag, and portmanteau, watching the lazy plodding of two hacks,—it was not exactly the mode in which one would have chosen to approach a strange mansion owned by strangers, and I was bound to pay a cold and formal visit at a place in which coldness and formality were, I knew, the prevailing element; for propriety, starched and stiffened to the rigidity of an Elizabethan ruff, ruled the actions, and would, if it could, have fettered even the imagination of all the denizens, casual or permanent, of Kingsallan House.

Sir Philip Kingsallan was a minor, and in every sense one. He was a dwarfish lad between sixteen and seventeen. Lady Kingsallan was his lady mother, who had certainly in a physical way attained *her* full majority, and who was determined that, morally, her son should never attain *his*. She was a dowager of awful amplitude, of commanding presence, a woman of business, the terror of stewards, and the scourge of attorneys. She was sole manager of the Kingsallan property, had had her way all her life, and looked and talked as if she was the woman fit to "conspire against destiny," as Thersites has it, to have it on and on. All she did was on a large scale like herself;—all that belonged to her was grandiose, and how she ever condescended to have so small a son is up to this hour, a mystery to me. Kingsallan House was a fit residence for so mighty-minded a lady. The park, though destitute of scenic interest, was vast; the avenue, though consisting of graceless trees, was long and wide; the house itself was as incongruous with the country as its mistress, and looked like a very large town-house transplanted,—and when we stood at last before the entrance of the mansion I felt as much out of place with my *no* servant, and sorry equipage as if I had driven such a turn-out in such fashion up to the door of a house in Grosvenor Square about driving-

time on a May afternoon. I was completely subdued:—hungry, cold, wet, and chilled, outside and inside, with the weather, and the place, and the people,—but that's a *bull,* for I saw nobody except two ungainly country footmen, and a fat groom of the chambers who took me to my room, and assigned me one of the ungainlies as valet. My room was on the third floor, a corner one with cross lights from four windows and no fire; fires I learned were not lighted in the bedrooms till the 15th at Kingsallan House, nor I suppose luncheon permitted after two P. M.

"Sir Philip is with his tutor;—my lady is in her own apartments;—the dressing bell rings at six, and, Mr. Dutton will show you the drawing room, Sir!"

So said the ungainly, and departed, leaving me to identify in my mind's eye the mysterious Dutton with that solemn chamber-groom, who had marshalled me to my melancholy chamber.

Heaven knows it was little idea of amusement that had made me fulfil the wishes of a friend by going to this gloomy mansion to make acquaintance with the heir of the Kingsallans, who, in about a year was to join the colledge of which I was an alumnus at Oxford. The neighbourhood, a hunting one, was not unknown to me, and I halted in this barren resting place, partly as convenience, partly as a duty, and in some sort with the hope of securing a day's shooting, or two, altho' knowing that the cherished heritor of the estate was prohibited the gun, lest peradventure mischance might come of it.

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There was a great gathering that evening at Kingsallan House, for when I entered the drawing room it was full of worshipful company, despite the rain and heavy roads. Having in the easiest way my awkwardness would permit of, made my bow to lady Kingsallan,

and my greeting to her shy and dwarfish son, there was Allersby of Layvish that I knew, and his guest and friend Lord Moyola, a young Irish viscount, and his friend, Captain Knock (of Down), and Mrs. Allersby, a sort of counterpart dowager to her of Kingsallan. They had been rival county beauties in their youth, and still rivalised but in another manner; for whereas the ample mistress of Kingsallan made it her pride to manage, and maintain in prudent and orderly, tho' rich magnificence the estates and the establishment of her wealthy house, treating her son as something secondary in all relating to it;—so on the other hand did Mrs. Allersby make it her pride to keep up county influence and reputation by yielding implicitly to the fancies of young Allersby, a handsome squire-like fellow of some four and twenty, who had learned but one thing from his father, and that was that he should "live like an English gentleman." Having inculcated this precept, the Allersby that was, put it out of his power to explain what he meant, by dying, as many English gentlemen have done, under his horse at the bottom of a gravel pit. His wife and son treasured up this text without a gloss, and interpreted it each after their own fashion; thus with the former it meant four horses for the dowager's carriage, open house to the dowager's friends, a set of diamonds for young Mrs. Allersby (worn meanwhile by the dowager), and London every second year: with the latter from ten to sixteen hunters, a pack of harriers for off-days, Crockfords in town, and chequin-hazard in the country—"and they too," as Lady Kingsallan would say, "with barely eight thousand a year!"

Then there was a sprinkling of people from a neighbouring hunting rendezvous, then called "Little Melton"—Mr Stokeham with his wife and his intimate friend, both obtained in Paris, and purchased by naught less than disinherishment; for although the

lady was positively *née Pompon-Pèpinière*, and (as we all know) consequently of the best blood in France, and although the intimate friend was the Conde Las Heras, a Chilian grandee, the best fellow on earth, let the other be who he may—old Stokeham, a sturdy Worcestershire Squire, swore, in his peculiar phraseology, that his son Jack might make what Russianeering, foreigneering friends he pleased, but that he should never darken Stokeham Wold in their company, so long as sun shone or water ran while *he* lived. Hence ensued it that they lived, alternately between Paris and little Melton, waiting, as the son would delicately say, "for any contingency at Stokeham," and meanwhile making the most of the world and its pleasures.

The most striking group was that composed by a Mrs. Meeks and her two daughters, who had been brought from Little Melton in one of the Kingsallan carriages: the girls, beautiful beings were they, sat ensconsed behind their mother's chair leaning on each other's shoulder with (of course) no eye at all to effect, while the fair relict, still a handsome woman, addressed in the low voluble tones of a singularly sweet voice and with an expressive pantomime of looks and subdued graceful movements, what appeared to be a tirade of mingled acknowledgments and adulation to Lady Kingsallan, who received the same with singular graciousness. I suspend here any practicable description of this remarkable family, as they will tell their own story. Then we had Sir Angus McGash, a Forfarshire baronet, a bruising rider and eminent four-bottle man, and the exquisite, Capt. Curzon Knocksley, my old friend,—and one or two county magnates, and the celebrated Mr. Yoxover, master of the county hounds; a rector or two, and curates of sorts with their females, and various minor personages completed the large and varied party which filled the stiff and stately chambers of Kingsallan. It was odd

enough, but every one seemed in this atmosphere of pomp and pride to swell with the consciousness of some real or fictitious dignity, and the only cypher, except Master Mathew, in the gathered mass of units was the poor little dwarf baronet, the unconsidered owner of the lordly mansion.

Dinner was announced, and the company passed off with an edifying amount of starched attention to rank, station, and propriety to the hall, a very spacious ill-proportioned room, in which Master Mathew found himself modestly located towards the lower end of the table between Captain Knock (of Down) and Mr. Peagrub, Sir Philip's tutor. The latter gentleman, flat-faced, low-browed, bilious, thin, voracious, ate in an unwholesome way from grace-time till the cloth was moved, and then filled in with a pine-apple and a plateful of Jamaica ginger, speaking no word the while for obvious reasons. The captain was of a different kidney: he inclined rather to the fluids than to the solids set before us, and as the good wine warmed the genial man, he came out with a succession of remarks and anecdotes connected with the people about us, curious, and curiously told. He was a sort of cosmopolite *squireen*, a gentleman in manner, and

"Tho' sometimes stumbling over a potato,"

on the whole no bad sort of led captain. He knew me a little, so our intercourse was easy.

"That's Mr. Yoxover opposite, isn't it?" quoth the captain.

"I said I believed it was."

"Faith, I don't know him:—Mr. Yoxover, Sir, a glass of wine?"

The foxhunter stared, bowed, and went through the motions.

"That's another acquaintance made, any how," said the captain under his breath—"the county hounds

throw off here the day after to-morrow, don't they? Ah! you don't know: well, they do, and this is a hunting dinner entirely."

So saying he bent forward, and looked up the table for a little with some earnestness; then leaned back in his chair, cracked a filbert or two with a smile on his lips while he hummed to himself the fag end of some would-be witty ditty—

They hunt, and yet they're hunted,
While doing of that same,
And huff up, quite affronted,
When told that they're the game—

Having finished this elegant lyrical fragment, he asked me if I knew Allersby well—I replied in the affirmative.

"Allersby," rejoined the captain, loquacious and confidential under the goodly influence of claret,—"Allersby, poor fellow, sets up for a knowing hand, but mark my words, it's the pace that kills, and, of that he is no judge; now Allersby—"

At this moment, something of an exclamation predominating over the clatter of knives, plates, and voices which accompanied clearing away, cut short the cosmopolite's oration.

"Give up the harriers," said Mrs. Allersby, "why his father and grand-father kept them! they're the Allersby breed! how *is* he to live like an English gentleman if he reduces the old family establishments!"

"Ah! but now"—responded a mellifluous voice with the true national objective,—"if you reflect, Mrs. Allersby, that George is out six days a week with Yoxover, or the Duke's pack, and has only Sundays for the harriers, which you object to—not the Sundays I mean, but the others—what's it?"

"The currant-jelly dogs," interposed the Captain.

"Exactly—why what use or profit can he have out of them? and that being the case, what's the use of keeping them?—"

"Logic, by—," said Knock (of Down.)

"Especially when with the same money that goes for them"—

"Prudence, prudence for ever."

"Be quiet, Knock—with the same money he might keep double his present stud of hunters?"

"For his friends to ride," observed Curzon Knocksley, who said ill-natured things drily, which passed for wit. Of course there was a laugh, and at Lord Moyola's expense, but my next neighbour was the chagrined party: he thought it necessary to enter into an explanation to me touching Moyala's character, the distinguishing trait in which was a singular and extreme prudence, purchased for himself (and friends) by the outlay of all his ready-money before he was one-and-twenty.

"That's gone," observed he of Down—"*that's* gone, —but only see the way he manages his credit,—it's beautiful!"

Meanwhile the interrupted conversation had broken into little bits, each of which was taken up, and dealt with by the members of the party according to his or her peculiar fancy. Lady Kingsallan decried the maintenance of state, (looking herself all the while like its incarnation), unless "the family solidity" was such as to require it. Allersby, feeling he was talked at, gained an approving glance from his mother, by observing that the keeping up of family solidity was as often a *personal* question as not, over which brilliant remark a fair girl at his side laughed a sweet low laugh, one of those which are meant to express sympathy, and fond applause, and do really (seem to) do it. The fair performer was Letitia Meeks.

Now Mrs. Stokeham (*nèe Pompon-Pèpinière*—pardon me, but I love the words) like a true Frenchwo-

man as she was, first openly noticed the progress of the flirtation of which this little laugh was a sure index. She leaned towards her neighbour, the Chilian noble, whispered, and smiled, as if encouraging and urging him to say somewhat evidently intended to be severe. Captain Knock (of Down) saw the movement, and, with the modest assurance of an Irishman, anticipated the remark.

"I see what you're going to say, Count;—one can't live like an English gentleman, as Mrs. Allersby says, single,—eh, Mrs. Stokeham?—Even the harriers hunt in couples, as they say."

"Especially," observed the Chilian; "when a gentleman shall be a sportsman with a *hacienda*—estate, how call you?—not complete shall he be only with one two littel hortz for his viff to ride and a pretty viff to ride them."

Stokeham, who affected to make the Count a sort of butt before people, went at this, into fits of laughter: Lady Kingsallan looked a world of meaning things towards her dwarfish son as who should say there would be small chance of "little horses" for a bride of his: Allersby looked into the eyes next and nearest his own, the grey expressive orbs of the fair Letitia: his silly mother looked all delight as she surveyed the handsome beaming features of her reckless "English gentleman";—but there was one at table who neither said, nor looked, aught; but whose patomime was more expressive than a world of words. With upturned eyes Mrs. Meeks invoked the ceiling, or something higher, while a shower of big bead-like tears coarsed one another down her comely cheeks, and, as Mr. Yoxover might have said, "ran to earth" in the depths of her boddice. There was a movement by the mistress of the mansion; the ladies rose, and the lofty hostess Kingsallan as if compassionating her interesting friend, drew the round arm of the tearful mother beneath her own, and in

such fashion went off with Letitia and Adelaide, forming, as a curate's wife said "a sweet group."

A semi-suppressed, but very emphatic phrase escaped the Captain as after a glance at the retreating figures, he resumed his seat.

"Burn the Brummagem Niobe."

"And her daughters," added Lord Moyola.

"Allersby's booked," continued the man of Down, pouring out a glass of claret,—"my young friend here looks as if he'd like to know *how*; will you tell him, Moyola?—it 'll be a lesson in life for him may be?"

"*Experto crede*," was the reply, uttered with a motion towards the door—"*they* yonder very nearly did the thing with me at Cheltenham last year;—it wasn't a bad season tho', for Margaret caught Biggins of the Blues—he was melted into matrimony by the weeping matron."

"Melted" said I—

"The word itself," explained the Captain,—"and a mighty good metaphor;—most women cry their daughters up, but she cries them off, which is a better thing."

"Cries them off?"

"That thing does she;—when she sees a fellow sweet on one of the girls, she goes gracefully into a conspicuous corner—"

"And cries," said Lord Moyola,—"that's the drawing room cry."

"Then, says the gentleman, that's in a state of sugar," continued the man of Down—"what's that for?"—"Oh its only dearest mamma's nerves—she cries because—because"—and then a simper, and a look, and "I won't tell you—(they do it devilish well) —and then."

"And then" interrupted Moyola,—"then as you saw to-night there's the dinner cry, and the pic-nic cry, and the water-party cry—and so forth through cries of every description, with a meaning in every one of

them:—I got as far as the "engaged affections" cry in the little sitting room, and saw the moment for the slight hysterical shriek, *her* cue to come in you know."

"Well?"

"Well?"—why 'twas well with me,—but had I stayed a moment longer I was lost,—it would have been "bless you both!—Letitia, I see it all—you love him?"—and then a rush out of the room, leaving me nothing else to do"—

"But kiss the girl, and say you loved her," concluded the Captain—

"Which Allersby would have stayed, and have done as sure as he's an English gentleman, but your Irish prudence saved you—he'd have gone too far."

"And too fast," added Moyola drily—"he's no judge of pace in any thing."

* * * * * *

My room was a corner one, as I told you, on the third story, a sitting room by rights to the suite immediately behind it: the corridor which ran along the front gave entrance to the comfortless apartment, good enough for a bachelor, and still more, a boy. But—on my word, my next neighbours are wrong to speak so loud,—there's but these doors between us, and—'tis in vain!—I might have knocked a score of chairs about instead of the one that I broke the leg of, without attracting their notice! That shrill imperious voice, and those broken plaintive accents,—are those the joyous girl, and tearful mother?—I'll tear my clothes on somehow, and *not* hear; come; 'tis done and the door open with all the noise that lock and hinge can give;—worse still! *their* entrancedoor ajar—nay, more than half unclosed upon the passage at which stands Adelaide gazing back on, doubtless, the mother and Letitia!—

"I cannot, mother dear, I cannot, dare not ride,—don't force me,—my nerves—"

I only so half-heard the taunting violent rejoinder that I'm glad to spare myself an attempt to recollect it.

"Indeed, indeed, mamma, ever since the day poor Moyola's black mare threw me at the Berkley Castle party—it was the last time we met before that unhappy day when you destroyed all—'"

'*I* destroyed all, girl,—and *poor* Moyola! *poor*, a fool's fondness for the man that baffled, and derided me!"

"Oh! mother, mother, my courage and my spirit broke that day,—and oh! and oh! would that my heart had broken with them."

A passionate burst of sobbing followed this miserable speech;—the figure at the door hurried back to aid or to console;—"and you?"—and I reader, did *not* hurry down stairs as I might have done, because—I was always a foolish soft-hearted fellow in my boyish days,—because I was—come, guess, and have done with it!

I heard the threats of banishment to some miserable place in Yorkshire, on the Wolds,—I heard more of that wretched voice,—and then cajoling, and flattery, and promise of fortune, diamonds, what not—from more than one female voice—(there was a London lady's maid's among them—I knew the twang well)—at last with quick and nervous laughing utterance, the words,—

"The habit, Simsby, the habit—she'll put it on I know, and win a fortune! On with it, dear, and look like your own glorious self!"—

"Oh" lawk a' massy, yes! she do look glorious—quite a Dianer."

"Come, sister," said a softer voice—"it must be,—come."

'He said," continued the first speaker, "only yesterday,—and *how* he looked at you—that an English gentleman's true English wife on horseback with the hounds at the cover side was the most beautiful sight on earth!"

"In course it is," said the second—"(the t'other habit-shimmy, please, Miss Adelaide, thank'e) in course it is the grandest *and* most beautifullest"—

"With the certainty of winning such a prize, ride, my sweetest, ride as if never a Moyola on earth had existed."

A few stifled words followed;—there was a sort of bustling sound, anxious broken inquiries, and directions, the door opened, and then a silence. She had fainted doubtless: so I once more availed myself of the pause to make my escape from a place I never should have been in. The attempt was again futile. As I turned the door handle, short quick footsteps came up the corridor—

"There, ma'am," said a breathless voice—"them's the drops,—a perfect cordial the housekeeper says;—take 'em, there's a dear,—now do, Miss Letty, do—la! no'e, no, that ain't too strong,—(a little more o' water in the tum'bly, ma'am)—there and now she's nice and hearty"—

Another silence, and then the room-door was thrown back with some violence, wide as for the exit of the whole party. I waited till, as I thought the ladies had passed on, but I was unlucky that morning. Two figures, one gorgeous shape in a riding habit,—were just leaving the long passage,—Mrs Meeks was listening to the parting words of Simsby at the door—

"Plenty, ma'am,—plenty don't 'e fear for that—she's took enough to ride to Shrewsbury on and back—ay, and further too:—I knows the drops well myself for the matter o' that"—

An evident better judge of pace, that Abigail, thought I, as I followed quietly down stairs, than poor Allersby.

* * * * * * * *

And here, reader, let me pause for the purpose of apostrophising my Gun Screw;—it will not take me

long, and is my best excuse to you, for on my word this is not my fault. Our friend, Abel, the Editor, gets the gurrulous metal to draw a bill upon memory, and would persuade him, were he not the most prosaic of Screws, to get imagination to endorse it,—and then you see the result—a sort of phantasmagoria of characters, too many to tell their own story, much less let me tell mine. There—I did not apostrophise him after all,—but it did as well,—and now for Farnley Gorse.

It was a splendid hunting morning,—a sure find,—for the most part a grass country all about;—for the hounds, were they not Yoxover's?—and for the meet was it not, as Curzon Knocksley said, " as little unexceptionable as any thing out of Leicestershire?" There was only one drawback to Farnley Gorse, and that was Farnley Bottom, a hollow drained by a considerable brook, which at about a mile and half from the cover, encompassed it nearly on three sides. It was traditional in the country that a Farnley fox always broke cover, and took towards this heavy ground, and whether the majority of the field ever saw a run depended on its condition. On the present occasion the dull and muddy stream loomed in the distance as of no inconsiderable width, the result of the recent rain. It was Stokeham's joke on such being it's condition, facetiously to christen it " *the Downs.*"

There was already a large field, *pinks* predominating; and Mr. Yoxover who at the cover side assumed the right to appear in his natural character, dictatorial, and the reverse of urbane, seemed a little inclined to draw before the Kingsallan party, who were late, came up.

" I know 'em"—said he in his peculiar phraseology, but which I can only partially print—" Stokeham, and Knocksley, and such like late-to-cover Latin-an'-Greek lubbers, out to see the hounds at twelve in long trowsers! I'll not wait ten minutes longer wasting this

scenting morning for all the fools that ever stunk of lavender!"

But as the angry Nimrod spoke, the first detachment of our party arrived. These were the delinquents, Knocksley and Stokeham with the latter's wife and the Chilian, poor little Kingsallan and Master Mathew, accommodated like him with a hack, following rather than joining in the party. Let me here add, that I once heard a friend of mine declare that a fellow who dared appear at the cover side in long trowsers and on a lame horse possessed the acme of moral courage. Reader, I have done both—judge of mine!

While I note this fact, the Count has with much formality addressed Mr. Yoxover, prompted thereto by the malicious Knocksley, with an apology for not having his knee-buttons of the hunt pattern, the ire excited by which needless civility enabled Stokeham neatly to observe—

"Whenever Yoxover comes to the hounds, his temper always goes to the dogs, ha! ha!—but, Curzon, do only look at Mrs. Stokeham's seat on horseback! is it not perfection!—I attribute that greatly to the cut of the saddle:—Las Heras, (a Chilian you know—rides like a Centaur), says it is, and I always cut out the patterns of her saddles myself. Las Heras, says if I don't know how, you should, ha! ha!—&c., &c., &c."

There was not less contrast in the mode in which the rival dowagers made their appearance at the cover-side than in all else by which they were severally characterised. Allersby with Moyola by his side on the box drove his mother's splendid four-in-hand, herself with Knock, and the Meeks girls within: there was much of solid bustle, so to say; an ostentatious display of horses, and servants, and amid the show, some country provincialism in the style of both mother and son. Lady Kingsallan with the Brumagem Niobe, sat in a low pony phaeton, an exquisite turn-out, driven by

a diminutive postilion with outriders to match; the heir of Kingsallan was fortunately not in the way to complete the satire.

And now—but let them draw the cover undescribed: the reader will not be less informed as to the proceeding than were three-fourths of the sportsmen, who tightened their girths, smoked their cigars, talked of their boot-tops (in those days, reader), or exchanged a word or two with the ladies in the carriages, as if the sport lay, as far as they were concerned, in the next county. My attention was I own a good deal excited as to the manner in which that unhappy girl would go through her false part under her false stimulus. She was very pale, and there was a sort of fever in her eye, but she was nerved enough for all she had to do, as it seemed to me; she mounted with grace and confidence a chesnut horse of Allersby's under a storm of pressing and even tender attentions from the enamoured squire. It was a noble beast he set her on, perfect in symmetry and temper; and certainly the sight was beautiful; so graceful, and so glorious a creature curbing and controlling that real king of quadrupeds, only in shape and grace less perfect than herself. She joined the fair Parisian horse woman, and the group rode forward (perhaps in Mr. Yoxover's opinion a little to much so, but one can't d— pretty women), to have a good view of the field as they got away when the break occurred towards the famous Farnley brook.

They had not to wait long;—the tell-tail music in the gorse waxed louder and more loud, and, as had been supposed, the fox went away at last towards the point where '*the Downs*' were notoriously the broadest. The field, a somewhat unmanageable one, scattered to take the brook at different points according as each rider's experience of the country dictated. The scene was excessively animated; it seemed to effect Letitia Meeks with a sort of fascination. Mrs. Stokeham in

vain called to her to come away, the groom placed as no undue precaution, on foot at her bridle rein, had already looked for orders to turn the horse's head homewards,—Allersby and his party, losing every moment their chance of being in the run, were urging her to turn back, when she suddenly struck the noble brute she rode, and, bursting from the hold of the astonished menial, was, in less time than it takes to tell, riding madly with a sort of shriek towards the broadest width of Farnley brook. The first to recover from the shock of surprise, and follow her, was Moyola,—Allersby, Knock, and the rest were later; Mrs. Stokeham turning her plunging and impatient steed with admirable skill, rode back with the servants to console Mrs. Meeks with the assurance her daughter was distracted.

Meanwhile that mad race drove across the flat, Moyola following the poor girl close and carefully. It took small time to near the brook, but as her horse approached it, the unhappy rider seemed to have lost all self-command; she reeled in the saddle, now bowing on her horse's neck, now as she held hard at the reins, pulling him out of his stroke, and making the beast roll with her own motion. A moment's reflection convinced the Irishman that, ridden thus, the animal could never even rise to such a leap as lay before him: he checked his own career, and as the girl's horse, jerked back on the very brink of the muddy stream, fell rather then plunged in, Moyola, leaped from his saddle, and without hesitation or delay dived at the place in which she disappeared. Knock's ready hand had caught the reins of his friend's horse, and it needed not his aid, for Allersby had now come up, to help in dragging from the ooze of the swoln brook the drenched and senseless form of that fair creature. They laid her on the ground as decently as could be, while her rescuer with a strange look of emotion, gazed on the beautiful shape with the loose wet garments

clinging heavily round it, the eyes closed, and life to all appearance gone. Allersby with an anxious bewildered air, tried to chafe her hands, using every commonplace of language that fools do over a bad accident.

"Come, Moyola," said the man of Down—"here's your horse, and the field's far ahead of you"—

"I believe you're right," replied the other with his eyes fixed on the insensible form—"but, is there any but that blockhead to care for her"?

"Tush, man, she'll do well;—the cold bath has done her hot brain good already,—come,—Irish prudence, my lord,—"be by your friends advised" as the song has it, and so forth,—mount—I'll hold your stirrup"—

"Gad, Knock, you're right, I believe, but,"—

"But me no buts—but up, and ride, for here comes the scene that must be for else than you"—

As Moyola took this wholesome counsel, and followed the hunt where the brook was easier crossed, came there across the flat towards the spot we stood at, a sort of troublous crowd of people, chiefly those who had recently been gay spectators by the cover-side; at his head was the pony and phæton bearing the horror-stricken loftiness of Kingsallan, and Niobe herself with, now, some cause for tears to which she added shrieks and wringings of the hands, as if a mother's grief were not emphatic without action. She threw herself from the carriage as the panting ponies stopped, and, on my word, was I believe for once a natural creature in her sorrow. But there was no real cause for fear: Niobe, always supplied with salts and essences, her weapons as't were, and portions of herself, for once was able to apply them for her daughter's benefit. The contents of a hunting flask or two chafed on the pulses, aided to restore animation: the first word of the restored as she turned on her sister's shoulder, now seated by her, was—

"Who saved me?"

"Allersby," answered a round and sturdy voice, "and devilish well he did it!"

"I," exclaimed the English gentleman—"I, Captain Knock!" why I was—

"Tush, man," rejoined the Captain—"you saved her though you hardly knew it—look at your clothes. I helped to be sure," modestly added he of Down.

This was of course the time for "Niobe, all tears," nor did she lose it.

"Letitia—darling, look on your preserver! he did it's true, expose you to the danger of that horrid horse—and let you go too forward towards the hunt, and—but no, but no—you owe him every thing, and what do I not owe him! a dear, dear child recovered, the happiness of a doting mother's life restored, the only comfort of a widowed heart resuscitated."—

And here tears checked the feeling creature's utterance, while, in her joy's delirium, she unconsciously joined the wet cold hand of the half-benumbed Letitia with that of the full-blooded still-astounded squire, a sort of hero for the nonce without well knowing why.

The poor girl turned uneasily as if amid the crowd she should have seen him to whom a sort of instinct told her she had owed her life. Alas! 'twas a blank round of soulless wondering faces, except her mother's, all artifice, and her sister's, all misery.

"They were made for one another," said Lady Kingsallan of Kingsallan.

"Who the devil doubts it?" replied Captain Knock (of Down).

And this was their doom!

* * * * * * * *

It was two years after that, at his own house at Layvish, that I next saw Allersby. He was sitting on the corn bin in his hunting stable, drinking ale with a horse-dealer. It was the old story,—the one wanted

money, the other had none to give,—so they were drowning the difference in drink.

There were others, and many others, than the horse-dealer, whom drink could not satisfy, when gold was not forthcoming. The old-English-gentleman system had dipped the property deeply before Mrs. Meeks had aught to say to it, but of what remained fifteen hundred a year was absolutely secured to her daughter, and the unhappy dowager, Mrs. Allersby, driven on less than a dowager's annuity, far from all the temporal pleasures of home. Allersby, with his harriers sold, and his stud diminished, with a cold imperious wife in his house, and a tyrant mother-in-law, instead of his own foolish doting parent, took to low society and lower pleasures, and, as he was never a judge of pace, as we know, rode post to his own ruin with surprising celerity. There were not those wanting who said that the rival dowager, Lady Kingsallan had accomplished the destruction of the house by aiding and abetting, against the son and heir of Layvish, the machinations of the Brummagem Niobe:—but, (retributive justice be praised!) were that the case, she worked out her own extinction by those very means for Adelaide Meeks with the full opportunities given of family intimacy, entangled the dwarfish Sir Philip in a marriage engagement, held him to his word when of age, turned his mother adrift from the pomp and pride of her exclusive rule to the nothingness of dependency, and, hating her husband, made the hall, he was never bred to enjoy, scene of a misery his inoffensive nature hardly merited.

Knock (of Down), who after Allersby died at Boulogne, married his widow, used to say philosophically enough as to these two families.

"After all it's like a race—won or lost, by being too fast, or too slow; the great thing is to be a judge of pace, which Allersby was not, poor fellow!"

MASTER MATHEW.

A Glance at the Stage.*

THIS is somewhat too imposing a title I am afraid for a very unpretending article. A glance at the Stage! The phrase is, it must be owned, a little too comprehensive—redolent of Malone, and his Prolegomena, Warton, and a whole host of Shakespearian commentators, overlaying the gold of the World-poet with the pedling dross of their critical miscomprehensions. Or take it in another sense, the words seem to threaten a ponderous avalanche of dramatic antiquarianism, with a disquisition on the first miracle-play as acted at Dunstaple A. D. 1110, in the abby of that ancient town, a pretty controversy on the date of the opening of the Globe Theatre under good Master Allen, or an essay on stage scenery in the days of James the First, when the change thereof was intimated by a placard stuck on the arras, THIS IS THEBES, or, NOWE, YOU HAVE CORYOLANUS HIS HOUSE, as the case might be:—or yet again, one might suppose the subject in hand were a comparative review of the merits of the actors of old and modern times, from the Condells and Browns, cotemporaries with the Bard of Avon to Betterton and Hart, the delight of the cavaliers, and thence, through a galaxy of Wooffingtons and Macklins, Quins, Kings, and Doggetts, to the Garricks, Kembles, Keanes, and Youngs of days more modern. I told the Editor of these disadvantages to which the title (chosen by himself) was liable, but he silenced me with a slight wave of the hand, and a blandly scornful smile of conscious superiority.

"And would you," said he, "call it perhaps *A Glance at the Calcutta Stage*, or *Inklings of Eastern*

* This paper, with another under the same signature, was written for the *India Sporting Review*; as were those immediately preceding, "MY OLD GUN SCREW," and those to follow as by MASTER MATHEW.

Theatricals, or give the thing some more local and immediate title? Do not you see that people would look at once for a tissue of old Chowringhee Theatre anecdotes about Carlo Doyle, and Becher, and Fitzclarence, and Alsop, and the present Sanscrit Professor at Oxford, and "our Keane," and "our Proteus," and "our Bob," including the degenerate days of Almaviva and the Opera; and thence, after a due account of the conflagration of "our Drury," and the standard comparison of the phœnix, sink into a slight sketch of the Sans Souci, together with the drolleries of Master Modus, and a stern analysis (in the Gibbonian style) of the decline and fall of that ill-starred place of public entertainment?"

Awed and confounded, I was silent.

"What we want," continued the energetic man, "is something about THE STAGE, Sir, THE STAGE—and the reasons why it, the sole public amusement in Calcutta, a refined and intellectual entertainment, when the actors are persons of education, and their audience of the same stamp and calibre with themselves,—should have been suffered to languish, and fall to nought! This is the glance, Sir, I require—cursory, and concise, and conciliatory, while at the same time that its scope is wide, embracing the whole horizon of the subject, admitting of a look askance of pleasant satire at the well-meaning weaknesses of the opponents of the dramatic art!—there, Sir! that is the simple scheme of the article,—a flight any creature might attempt—"

"But who succeed in?" thought I—"a glance comprehensive, and cursory, and conciliatory, correct and crooked at the same time! an eagle of literary habits, slightly afflicted with strabismus, might essay, but what earthly thing else?"

My revery was interrupted by the bang of the chamber door. The crafty Editor had locked me in, leaving me to the society of pen, ink, paper, and my own reflections.

What, after all, *has* caused the decadence of the drama in this good town, thought I:—as I must perforce give my ideas on the subject let us try and take the question up seriously, and at any rate in some of its bearings. Doubtless, the first grand reason is the general distaste for theatrical literature as perpetrated in modern times in England, our mother land, arising from this simple fact, that the habits of society have changed, while its intellectual tone has improved, and that in the teeth of this change and this improvement nothing has been done as respects the drama to meet the one, or keep pace with the other. Among the wealthier classes, by whom the theatres in their palmy days were mainly supported, fashions have so changed, that I am thinking of going to dinner about the very time that my grandfather and grandmother—the one in a puce-coloured lutestring coat and ruffles, the other in all the formidable plenitude of hoop and lappets were seated in the side-box, waiting for the second act. Among these classes, and not among them alone, but all grades, even to the lowest, the spread of refinement and intelligence has caused demand for a description of intellectual relaxation which can be enjoyed at all and any time in the privacy of the boudoir or the back shop, the statesman's study, or the house-maid's garret, wholly irrespective of the often irksome confinement of a close and crowded play-house, or the talents of actors, or their pasteboard palaces or tinsel robes. The Novel has superseded the Play, and in our own fatherland the Play has permitted the supercession, with hardly an effort at maintaining its ground. If it be in my power to find varied incidents and striking characters, the spirited description of manners, accurate illustrations of historical events, nay, more,—sound reflections, and new information, within the compass of the three volumes of a good modern novel, I can enjoy while I peruse them, not *a* play but all the gratification to be derived from a succes-

sion of dramas which my imagination and the author's talent combined supply me with. Now, say that, after having accustomed myself to such intellectual luxury I take it into my head to vary my amusement, and try the impression which the actual scenic representations of the stage will produce upon me: I go, it may be my preference, to witness one of the grand historical plays of our great and glorious Avon-bard, my head filled with no inaccurate imagining of the habits, the port, the style, the costume, and the character of our old baronial chiefs, their sturdy yeomen, their knavish dependents, with all the poet world of their day, studied out of the prose writers of my own. Alas, what see I,—or, still worse, what do I hear? Hotspur in a paltry dress of the days of Charles the first (and even that incorrect), meeting Lady Percy in white muslin,—he leaving out the very verve and spirit of his famous soliloquy, because, according to the players propriety, it would be wrong for a great lord like the Percy to call one of his associates—"a shallow cowardly hind"—or "a frosty spirited rogue"—or "a pagan rascal"—she, to be even with her husband omitting the most descriptive lines of her beautiful outburst of anxious woman's love, because one of them sounds in the year of her cockney elocution master like bad grammar—

——————"and thou hast talked
Of sallies *and retires:* of trenches, tents"—

and so on. Is not this abominable? does not this depoetise? I go hoping to see something like the bodily realization of my ideal imagining of Hotspur and sweet lady Percy in garb and gesture as they lived, and speaking Shakespeare's language: instead of that I see the one in a meaningless mummer's doublet, the other like a school girl in her Sunday frock, and both talking such a gallimaufry of phrases as it pleases them

to select or the *parts* (not characters, mind), they represent! Shakespeare in short according to the "prompter's copy." But come, patience—let us hope for better things in the third act with Glendower and the noble scene of the conspirators: they cannot surely cut up that, the tasteless villains.

They cannot it is true, and so—they omit it altogether!—*it*—that scene, one of the noblest moral lessons on the disunion which must attend unprincipled resistance to authority, one of the most splendid sketches of a great mind diseased in the person of the wayward brain-sick visionary Glendower, that ever could be conceived by man! But this is not all; even the scenes between Falstaff and Prince Hal, the exquisite counter-impersonation, for instance, by the royal humorist and his "sweet creature of bombast" of the probable reception of the truant prince by his indignant father—even these are mutilated and left out. Then, to keep up the illusion (by giving us a touch of nationality) in comes the Douglas—that "dowghtye Douglasse," as the old ballad of Otterbourne has it, who—

——"bowynd him to *ryde*
In Ynglond to take a praye"—

he being a border chief, a reiver of the marches of Scotland,—in comes he as if he had just walked off the pedestal at the door of a tobacconist, in plaid and philibeg! However, to match the propriety of this exquisite and correct piece of taste, Falstaff appears immediately after, marching for the wars at the head of his motley recruits in exactly the same garb in which we saw him drinking at the Boar's Head in East Cheap. So impossible is it for him to show on the stage without the eternal hanging sleeves and slops, and satin doublet, that he enters in them fresh from the heat of battle, where "there's no scoring but on the pate," and telling us that he has "led his ragamuffins where they are

peppered—there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end for life :" wonderful to relate, he in such a scene of slaughter and in those iron days of plate and mail has gone through the fight unscathed, with no better safeguard than what Sir Hugh Evans calls his " great pelly-doublet."

Now, is not this enough to set one against the modern theatre? and yet this is not all, nor half of all in even one branch of the drama. The actors, taken as a body, are not less anomalous than their habiliments, nor more appropriate to their parts than these are. If Hotspur and Prince Hal have something of the air of gentlemen and knights, and give the language of their characters with good action, emphasis, and discretion, Northumberland is a strutting blockhead who murders his blank verse, and speaks as if through a half-swallowed " go" of gin; while that figurative enthusiast, Sir Richard Vernon, tells us that Prince Hal and friends are " plumed like *ostriches*," and that the former has " his *cushes* on his thighs." If Falstaff have something of the guise of his inimitable character, Poins is pointless, and Dame Quickley appears in the likeness of the hostess of a modern farce. There is no reality in the representation, because no attempt is made to have in any of the actors, save the principal ones, any thing true to nature, accordant with the conception of the author, or in point of talent and execution any thing above the poorest mediocrity.

But if all this offends against nature, let us stay out the after piece, and (in the general line of theatres) you have something professing to impersonate the actions of every day life still more unnatural than the above. If by any accident a modern English writer of light comedy do contrive to get hold of a real character, either by conception or observation, or imitation from the French, he is never satisfied till he has exaggerated it out of all propriety, and in defiance of all possible reality in life. But in our lighter pieces he does not

trouble his head even for that, nor does he hunt for *real* character. He writes for a theatre in which there is the *stock* "Old Man," Mr. Starrem; the *stock* Irishman, Mr. O'Toole; the *stock* "country man," Mr. Diggles; the *stock* "light gentlemen.," Mr. Courtney; and the *stock* "eccentric" Mr. Screech; and for ladies, Miss Mincing, the young lady with eyes who is eternally made love to, and everlastingly married at the end of the last act,—and Mrs. Pouter, the largely proportioned dame who does the witty widows and sly housekeepers,—and Mrs. Tites, the handsome woman with the leg to whom, theatrically speaking, the gods seem to have denied the possibility of petticoats, so constantly is her nether person encased in garments of other sex. It is *from* this, and *for* this little knot of people, that our author tags a set of scenes together, and not either from nature or for nature. Mr. Starrem turns out in a wig and straight cut coat, as an uncle of the present day, because he can't hunch his shoulders, or make the faces people laugh at without this garb, which he has always been used to: Mr. Courtney figures as a Captain in Regent's Park, with a full suit of regimentals, and gets in at Miss Mincing's window in broad day by the lamp-post, without the slightest interruption from a single policeman. Mr. O'Toole, meanwhile, keeps watch in the street below, and to beguile the time, sings a (so-called) Irish song with a chorus of "whack, hubbaboo," and a quarter of a mile of *gag* spoken between each verse: meanwhile the Yorkshire servant, Mr. Diggles, is trying to persuade Mrs. Pouter (the housekeeper) that all is not right, and Mr. Courtney will infallibly be caught in a position exceedingly equivocal for any but a stage young lady's character, but for the interposition of his friend the "eccentric," Mr. Screech, and his lovely sister *Widow Dashatit* (Mrs. Tites), who, aided by Mr. Screech as her French servant, appears (in elastic pantaloons of course) as Cornet Rumanwater, the

expected bridegroom of Miss Mincing, and in that character says to Mr. Courtney, "cheer up, Charles, my old boy," and slaps him on the shoulders, as widows are notoriously in the habit of doing. After the usual scenes, in which Mr. O'Toole makes love to the exuberant Mrs. Pouter, and Mr. Diggles and Mr. Screech have a pugilistic encounter, at the close of which Mr. D. informs the audience that "one Englishman can lick ten Mounseers," and the gallery cry "Hooray!" Mr. Starrem, disgusted at the conduct of Cornet Rumanwater, who sets fire to his wig and dances the egg-hornpipe among the desert dishes on the table, rushes rather incoherently at Miss Mincing, pokes her hand into Mr. Courtney's, says "Well, well, be happy," and the play is done! In this way is every successive piece got up, not in imitation of men and women, and life in the world to show—

"—the very age and body of the time, it's form and pressure—"

but to display Courtney—Starrem—Screech with a spice of O'Toole, or Tites—Screech—Pouter—Starrem—Courtney, with a dash of Diggles. If the author happens to import a dozen or two of French Vaudevilles, he manages to plagiarise the plots and incidents, and reduces them to the comprehension and powers of his Company by omitting the wit, and leaving out the couplets; or if need be, he takes the plots of two Vaudevilles and jams them into one farce, an absurdity actually committed in the manufacture of the well-known afterpiece, *A Roland for an Oliver.*

Is it strange that persons of good taste and education should avoid attending the performances of a theatre, in which, instead of holding the mirror up to nature, authors are content to do so to the limbs of a gallery actress? Is it wonderful that, having, with the assistance of dramatic authors who have never attempted to *write up* to their time, driven the judicious and

the refined from the benches of their theatre, our actors should be incapable of doing more than please by extravagance and coarseness the taste of the few that continue to frequent them? The very *soi-disant* supporters of the stage have been those who in reality do most to degrade it, by supposing that there is required for it a peculiar slangness of style, and exaggeration of incident, not in nature, but without which stage-success is not in these days to be hoped for. This was shown by that clever woman, and excellent writer, Mrs. Gore, who (in her novels, the soul of conversational spirit, art, and delicacy), thought it necessary in her play to *write down* to her subject and make her ladies flippant, her servants pert, and her gentlemen slang:—this was further shown by the Committee who adjudged her's to be the prize comedy, not because it was the best, but because it was the most likely to succeed. They tempted men of taste and judgment to the theatre by the promise of sterling stuff. These went in crowds, hoping a day of regeneration had arrived, and lo! and behold! they were supplied with five acts of the old side-scene society, and the same prompter's language which had so long degraded the stage, and these five acts they damned, and that most deservedly, had they been written by a hundred Gores, instead of one.

But with all this is the drama really decadent—or to speak more correctly, has the dramatic spirit died away among the English people? If it have not, why is the stage degraded and forsaken?—the *English* stage that is, for the foreign one, whether French, or Italian, or German (the two latter in an operatic, the first named in a simply dramatic shape) is warmly patronized by the elite of English society both as regards rank and intelligence. The truth is, that the dramatic spirit is as strongly ingrained in the English as in any other people, and that as firmly at this hour as in the days of Marlow and Greene, of Johnson

and Shakespeare, of Massinger and Otway, of Addison, Wycherly, and Congreve. Let a set of artists be got together capable of understanding and appreciating the dignity and the delicacy of their profession, and of comprehending the language of the author whose ideas they have to embody,—as was recently done by Mr. Macready, and was last year tried at the Haymarket,—and the people flock in crowds to the playhouse. Let a Talfourd revive the classical purity of the Grecian stage with such a piece as ION, or let a Bulwer set down in a dramatic form his strictures on men and manners (poor dramatist though he be) in a comedy like MONEY, and the theatres are filled with an attentive audience. But our authors of the better sort have not ordinarily the advantage possessed by these gentlemen, personal intimacy with the autocrat of the stage for the time being (Mr. Macready), who being a man of general education as well as of dramatic talent was capable of comprehending their meaning, and of compelling the actors to adopt the action and language of the play, *as it was written.* It is the ignorance and impertinence of our performers, and the vulgarity of their training and education, which keeps gentlemen and men of genius from writing for them. Sir Walter Scott in a letter to Southey (April 4, 1819) some six-and-twenty years ago, says—"I shall not fine, and renew a lease of popularity on the stage. To write for low, ill-informed, and conceited actors, whom you must please, for your success is necessarily at their mercy, I cannot away with." In another part of the same letter he says of the audience of the London Theatres—"Fashion, wit, and literature there is not; and, on the whole, I would much rather write verses for mine honest friend Punch and his audience." These opinions are written, be it remembered, by one who cherished talent wherever he found it, who reckoned Terry the actor among his most intimate and familiar friends, and who was

always partial to the drama and dramatic literature, in which he was deeply read. His picture may be taken as a true one, and really, with the exception of one or two bright instances cited above, I do not see that we have done much, if any thing, in England since that time to amend the matter. Meanwhile, look, I say again, at the foreign stages. On them, but more particularly on the French stage, we see the plain incidents and actual character of every day life* studied with such care and accuracy: and represented with so much truth and skill (the result of the trouble taken to imitate nature and to avoid extravagance even in producing an effect), that the performances there given may be witnessed without the risk of having one's common sense outraged by impossibilities in incident, exaggerations in acting, or vulgarities in language. Authors abroad adopt in this day the example set them of old in England, and associate themselves for the purpose of dramatic composition. Each takes his share of the business according as he is avowedly best master of it: one sketches the plot, another arranges the incidents, a third polishes the language, a fourth aids in giving historical correctness to the costume and decorations of the piece, and studies the embryo drama with a view to its capabilities for scenic effect. There is no want of criticism, for none can have his work admitted unless approved and corrected by his colleagues, so that their joint labour, when it does appear, has a fair chance of doing so in a shape as perfect as the calibre of their united talents can produce. The

* I allude here to foreign dramatic literature in the limited acceptation in which my hurried sketch has considered it in England, the two branches of the historical drama, and the lighter kind of comedy. These I took up as subjects of consideration, because the pieces played in India are chiefly of this stamp. I by no means insinuate that foreign authors are *never* extravagant and unnatural.—M. H.

community of dramatic authors, again, constitutes an important body in the literary world of Paris, and the actors are compelled to submit to their dicta, so that the small section of it which has conjointly worked out a single piece can with some show of authority, irrespective of the manager's, oblige the performers to bring out their conceptions in the shape in which they were conceived. I do not speak of the higher training, or greater carefulness, which notoriously exists among continental actors in order to show with what immense advantages dramatic literature is vested out of England, where its professors, either in the closet or on the boards, are themselves the cause of the low reputation it enjoys.

And now for us in Calcutta. The anti-theatrical, which I distinguish entirely from the anti-dramatic, feeling has rooted itself in "the commercial capital of Bengal" quite as deeply as if the commercial capital of Great Britain; but there are other causes at work here, as is always the case in small societies, in aggravation of the feeling. Men come to India with a prejudice against theatres in England, and their first cry is, how can a theatre here be better worth going to than those were? People, again, who have seen good acting, or who wish it to be thought that they have done so, visit a playhouse in Calcutta, and exclaim over the efforts they witness there as if things were not to be judged of by their own merits, but only in comparison with some pre-established type of what they ought to be. Now, the question of comparison is not for a moment to be entertained. Theatricals in Calcutta are mainly upheld by the exertions of amateur actors playing for their pastime, and there is this advantage in their favour that they have too much good taste and proper gentleman-like feeling to put any piece on the boards of a coarse or objectionable character. The admixture of professional actors with the body of amateurs has not been productive,

theatrically speaking, of good results, and in cases when performances of a wholly professional character have graced the boards of a Calcutta theatre, the same faults which, among the lower order of English actors at home, make the stage distasteful to persons of judgment and education, have been perhaps in an exaggerated shape exhibited here. The theatre, however, be it bad or good, is the only place of public amusement which we possess, and closed as it virtually is now, we are deprived of a rational intellectual recreation, which, managed by English gentlemen, might, as heretofore in the old Chowringhee playhouse, render it a place of grateful resort to all classes of the community. That the dramatic spirit *does* exist in Calcutta, I am as much convinced as that I know it exists in England. Here opportunities are available to an amateur company of so selecting their pieces as to gratify refined tastes without the risk of their encountering aught offensive in either style or language, and were the theatre in the hands of gentlemen, this desirable end might be carried out to the general gratification of all who think with Æsop that life should not be all labour.

'Should something in this sort be unattainable, we may abandon the boards of the commercial metropolis to the young Brazilian and the jumping Chinese; or, looking to the inrush of animals which may follow the quadrupedal debut of Signor Munito, the learned dog, perhaps——

"— find the stage again a Thespian cart,
And elephants and colts down trampling Shakspeare's art."

MASSINGER HISTOFF, GENT.

Master Mathew Writeth anent the Arts.

My Dear Abel,—You have asked me for a few words regarding our friend's recent publication;—you have invited the infliction, and must abide by the result; a somewhat verbose one will it be, for you well know my dreamy habit of thinking of nine things at once, and the inclination towards garrulity with which years have vexed me,—and sometimes, let me add, in consequence, my friends also. However, in the present instance, licensed to talk, I shall not fail to follow the example of all patentees, and abuse my privilege.

These last four plates of Phil Trench's are decidedly the cleverest efforts of his pencil, and in their line infinitely the best work of art that an Eastern subject has ever given birth to.* Their truth to nature is indeed so remarkable, that I do not think an eye unfamiliar with what they represent can appreciate all their merit. It may be well then to let your English readers know that in these delineations no attitude, gesture, nor position of man or animal is introduced which is not strictly characteristic. They owe their strict fidelity to nature to the opportunity our friend had of superintending their production in person: his first set of illustrations of one of our standard Indian Sports were by no means done justice to, the lithographers having taken the usual liberty of English Artists with Indian Art. I need not remind you that in this as in all other departments having aught to do with intellect, our good friends at home cannot believe that we can be right, and thus insist on giving things not as they are, but as these arbiters think they should be.

* Tiger Hunting. Four Sketches by Phillip Trench. Published by Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly.

Now for a long time there was among artists a sort of traditional method of drawing an elephant on the established model of those which occur in Lebas' paintings of Alexander's victories. As J. G. F.* says, "the elephant meets with his usual misrepresentation" even to this day, and I have known correctly drawn elephants to be carefully altered by English engravers even of eminence, from the original presentment of the beast to the pumpkin-headed pig of Lebas! The instance occurred in the publication of certain views of Dacca and its neighbourhood by Sir Charles D'Oyly, in which the ingenious corrector of Indian errors, not content with amending the animal, had also the kindness to improve upon humanity; for seeing the woman with the water-pot and the man with the chattah in the same sketch, he kindly gave the overburthened female the bunya's arm to lean upon, and made him at the same time gallantly afford her the grateful protection of his parasol! We must trust that our sporting anatomists and artists will succeed in shaming English professional painters out of such monstrosities, and no publication could have more effect in so doing than this of Trench's. The truth is that it is a most difficult thing to give a correct drawing of an elephant, and not to be done without mature study of the animal, such as I know our friend to have given to it. The great half-reasoning beast stands alone in the classification of animals, and in the same way as its organization is peculiar, so are all his motions, habits and attitudes. To depict him correctly, he must have been seen in all his moods, of anger, terror, or quiescence,—in all his positions—nay in his very gait under peculiar circumstances there is a study, which must be attended to before exactitude to nature can be attained. Now I have never seen the machinery of his motion, so to say, explained save by

* Osteology of the Elephant.—*Ind. Sport. Rev.* No. 1.

J. G. F., nor all his positions artistically and correctly exhibited except by Phil Trench. It is worth while to study the drawings, with the anatomical description in hand, for science sake, while gratifying the eye with the contemplation of the limnings of a true artist.

Look at that nervous unsteady beast, in the left, as we see it, of the first plate in the series!—our party, three of us with a single pad elephant, only got the old cowherd's report of a bullock killed, at breakfast; our tents were some distance of, and by the time we reached the FOOT-PRINTS—*punjah* is the word, Abel, "the print of five claws,"— the sun was high in heaven. We found the carcase of the slain animal, before we got there, uneaten, our friend in the striped jacket having only sucked the blood; "he will be back to feast on the bullock haunch to-night, the misbegot," saith the old cowherd, with rueful glance at that unmistakable hole in the jugular, whence the king of the jungle extracted the life blood of his best beast;—"perhaps,—*shayud*," interposed one of us with mushroom sun-proof *sola* on his head, who, as the oldest and best sportsman, has the command—"look for his tract, Meerjân." Now, Meerjân is our Shikaree, a fellow who has been in at the death of centuries of tigers, exulting in the sport, threading the pathless jungle like its own wild denizens, having, as he thinks, a charmed life against claw, or tusk; and ready, if the cover allowed, to go before your elephant to the very spot the tiger lies in. This useful sort of game-keeper, aided by a couple of *brinjarees*, who are pasturing their vast herds in these wilds, and have a personal interest in the destruction of their natural enemy, have, you will observe, not been unsuccessful in their search: there, deep impressed in the yielding sand, which luckily occurs in yonder patch of open ground, are the tell-tale traces of our foe,—*bohoot burra shêr*—a devil of a big one, as Meerjân assures us, as with his buckler at his back he stops

intently tracing out the trail,—an oriental leather-stocking.

One of our *brinjarees*, with the iron spear which those people use in one hand, points with the other, drawing up his wiry frame in animated appeal to our commander, the way the game has taken. That elephant in the corner which I asked you just now to look at, has snuffed the rank scent which lingers on the spot, and as the timid ones will do, shrinks back with trunk curled inwards; our handsome friend in the howdah is one of the *nil admirari*, or wonder-at-nothing school, which one sometimes finds in perfection in a crack cavalry regiment: he is favouring us, in reply to the commander's indication of the trail, with a specimen of how indifferent he can be even on his first day's tiger shooting, while his mahout, with an emphatic "*dhutt-teree*," and a lusty thump of the *hancus*, forces the nervous beast (it's *her* first day too) to face at any rate the smell of tiger: our handsome friend borrowed that elephant of the collector's wife at Thisverybad. She is a pet, and her mistress will have her named Fatima, which is the reason why the mahout always calls her *Parbutpiaree*.

See, the pad elephant has caught the infection,—cowardice is infectious with elephants as with man,—and trumpets in alarm, inviting like correction administered by the driver, while the cooly, with careful prescience of a scrimmage, tightens the pad ropes whereon depends the safety of those who are to witness the fray. How infernally hot it is! the trees are still; not a leaf stirs; and the shadows speak of midday fervour in that glowing sky: our friend, the Judge *sahib*, is very sensible of the fact, and quite as sensible in another sense as to other facts in connection therewith, for his liveried jemadar holds over his head a well fringed chattah, while he himself pours forth the contents of a soda water bottle into a tumbler, which contains, I will be bound, what the bagmen call, "a

bottom" of brandy. In what admirable contrast to the animals we have been looking at, are the elephants which bear the Judge and our commander! The former is evidently a practised hand: his howdah faced with the hide-trophy of our sport bears witness to it, and his elephant evinces, by his coolness and repose, constant acquaintance with such scenes as now occur around him: his very mahout is the type of quiescense, having taken you may see, his modicum of opium, or, it may be, a whiff of *ganja*, to nerve himself for the struggle; for the moment he is stupified. But look at *Sonamookhee* on whom is mounted our commander! See the perfect quietude of the creature, the stand-at-ease attitude, the bough in the trunk to whisk away flies, as opposed to the noisy energy of the fellow on her neck! Not opium, oh! Roostum Khan,—no, nor *ganja*, you drunken incorrigible vagabond, has screwed you to your present pitch of daring:—well knoweth the grey-bearded *khashee*, behind there in the khawass,* that a surreptitious sip from the bottle (brandy is it?)—which forms part of his charge, is the surest aid in taking you gallantly through the day; and a secret understanding managed through Bucshhoo the cooly, who is busy with a tug at the howdah ropes just now, has placed the stimulant in your hands without cognizance of the commander's watchful eye: the sip becomes a gulp, and the gulp lengthens into a pull, but Roostum Khan, best of mahouts, as most unorthodox of Mussulmans, is in trim for his duty:—do not let us blame him—he has had the tiger on his elephant's head some fifty times; and his own foot in the brute's mouth once, (which is quite enough), and after that "stimulus," is allowable:—"I begin to understand the affinity," said once to me a man who had to keep up a

* Hind seat in the howdah.

reputation for hard riding to hounds,—"between a Warwickshire rasper, and a gulp of cherry brandy."

And the tiger is—where? In the tree jungle right before us perhaps—the which I hope not, for tiger shooting in tree jungle is as near a tempting of Providence as any thing on earth next to driving your friend's kicking mare in your own buggy. The first tiger I ever saw was under such circumstances, in my second year in India, with a friend as griffish to Indian sport as myself: we were two guns and a pad, his elephant wholly untried: it was something for us to have found our tiger, who fortunately like a discreet beast, bolted, leaving us jammed in the forest, for follow him we could not; had he charged, and either elephant turned to run, I leave you to guess the smash of howdahs and their occupants that must have ensued. But is he there? "*War-par guya, sahib,*—he's gone through—he's thirsty and is off to the river,—he's heated with the blood he has drunk, and must cool himself": very good,—then let us follow.

We pass, still tracking here and there a foot-print the belt of forest jungle, and before us is a precipitous stony declivity of some forty feet, or so,—another narrow strip of reed jungle, and then the Ganges,—*Gunga Jee* herself! Ha! Now I know our location, some fifty miles or so below Hurdwar, where the river, if I mistake not, first takes the character observable in it as far as Allahabad, of banks alternating between a dead sandy level on one side and a low precipitous sort of cliff on the other;—our's is the cliff side. And now, Judge sahib, get you down first, and let us beat this reedy patch;—the well-trained elephant chooses his point of descent, plants his fore-feet just on the uncertain edge of the declivity, and then, with crouched hams, tilting forward the weight he bears, slides with much rattle of stones and crash of brush-wood down the slope: him follow the pad, bearing Meerjân and our *brinjarees,* amused with the novelty

of their situation: then comes our handsome friend on the fair Fatima *alias* Pârbutpiaree; she is, as usual, timid, and loses time in getting down, and when down—but look at the plate.

She has stumbled on the tiger, turned from him, and in an instant had the beast upon her croup,—then with a mad dash forward she has rushed to the edge of the precipice that hangs some forty feet perpendicular over the muddy stream of mother Gunga! With the usual sagacity, and the enormous physical power of her kind, she has contrived to choose between grim death before her and the inconvenience of a tiger hanging on, not, you may say, sailor-fashion by the eyelids, to the hinder extremity: just then down swings *Sonamookhee* with the commander along the declivity, he helpless from his position,—the Judge sahib puts his gun uncertainly to his shoulder (don't fire old fellow, you're as likely to hit elephant as tiger), while the pad and its occupants rest, man and beast, in an equal state of horror and suspense! The details of this situation are excellent; the cooly in dangerous approximation to what Mr. Blyth would call, "a fine specimen of *felis tigris*," falling from his bad eminence! —the horrified mahout throwing himself from the neck of the poor Fatima-Parbutpiaree;—the attitude of the fellow hurry-scurrying out of the khawass;—but above all the cool determination of our handsome friend, whose indifference, so far as regards danger, is no affectation,—all are true to nature and drawn in a style as correct as spirited. The positions of the elephants are in themselves a study; I only begrudge the view of the hind limbs of the sliding animal shut out by the pad in the foreground; but this sacrifice was no doubt necessary to preserve the grouping; it has at any rate procured us an excellent fore-shortened view of the foremost elephant.

And how did we get out of it? Why the original incident on which the sketch was grounded, ended

with the tumble over the bank of the elephant with howdah, guns, &c.; if my memory serves me right, the men escaped in time: in this case, termed as it is THE ESCAPE, the animal, relieved of the tiger who seems to have got away, may have either extricated herself, or been assisted out of the peril by the other elephants. Be that as it may, our handsome friend appears again, though still to a disadvantage (owing to the Collector's wife's elephant), at THE DEATH of the formidable beast, who so nearly finished him. The tiger has been beat for in a deep morass, one of those fastnesses the animals are so fond of, yielding as it does that *fussun*, or rotten marsh so dangerous and impracticable to a loaded elephant. While toiling through this, our commander's staunch and sturdy *Sonamookhee* is charged by our stripped antagonist, who knocked over by a well-directed shot from his unerring hand, is afterwards finished by the same aided by the Judge sahib: between them is the pad elephant standing his ground very steadily with a good example on either side of him, and in the distance our unlucky tyro in mustachoes, who again is thrown at the mercy of his panic-stricken beast. I have witnessed a scene in a very deep morass the exact counterpart of the one here so characteristically given, save that the confusion was enhanced by the guns being five, and the pad elephants some twenty. Scores of your readers who have seen the same thing scores of times, my dear Abel, will speak to the fidelity of the picture: the large elephant with his trunk curled to resist the tiger's onset, and the mahout holding him back with the *hancus*, and the general effect of that peculiar labouring exertion made by the mighty beasts to drag their limbs through the heavy swamp, are all admirably given.

THE TENTS which closes the set, is no less graphic, while to my eye it conveys even more of character than the preceding plates. Our handsome friend,

disgusted with his luck has, it appears, come home by himself, for at the door of a distant double-poled tent, (which is I rather think the *Kucherry* tent borrowed from the Collector,) is his elephant kneeling, from which the guns are handed down, while he gladly accepts some proffered beverage. In the foreground, occupying two-thirds of the picture are,—in the centre middle distance, the pad elephant proudly bearing home the carcase of the slaughtered tiger,—to the left, the elephants of the two other sportsmen, and in the centre two figures excellently true to life, the *thannadar* of the neighbouring police station, who has evidently turned out to do honour to the Judge sahib, and a police *suwar*, who is, I fancy, in attendance on him: the middle distance to the right is filled by the horses of the party at their pickets alarmed at the approach of the elephants, while about them and near the tents are a variety of figures introduced illustrating the lively bustle of camp-life about the hour the *sahibân* wend homewards:—now, being nothing if not critical, I do here pronounce that the only questionable incident in these plates, is the bringing the elephants so close to the stable pickets as to frighten the nags:—there is a very smart looking grey Arab yonder, who has serious thought of trying to break away, while another straining at his head ropes, and a third lashing wildly out, disregardless of his heel tethers, show signs of confusion of which I am convinced our friend, the commander, would never have been the cause: no horse hardly, not trained to live with them, can stand elephants, and one always gives the nags a wide berth coming home, lest perchance a strain, or a fall, or a snapped head rope be the consequence;—it may be said that all this stramash is caused by the scent of the dead tiger, and such *may* in nature be the case, not however within the experience of this deponent. Happily contrasted with this distant scene of bustle, is in the right foreground the ruined brick-

work of some lowly shrine, the resting place doubtless of the reputed saint of the neighbourhood,—and somewhat behind it sits the camp fukeer who is evidently travelling with our friends, with his flag, his drum, his little fire and water-pot, that men may both see and hear where light may be had, and thirst quenched on reaching the appointed halting place.

I cannot praise too highly the mode in which our artist has conveyed the labouring gait of tired elephants, pushed, as these are, to their best pace: the mahouts have done their work, and are knocked up; the Judge's fellow sits with one wearied leg crossed on the broad head of his beast, while the coolies after their several fashions urge on the jaded patient animals, by a goad-prod over the tail, or a whack with that weighty stick on the same sensitive part, and the eternal cry "*myl, myl,*"—step out! The attitudes of the sportsmen proclaim how gladly they would reach their tents: the uneasiness of a long day in the howdah has fairly worn even them out, for they have evidently gone out to kill their tiger only, and have killed him late, and we all know what pounding along all day without allowing oneself to fire a shot is. I gather these facts from my only seeing one spotted deer, and a hare, hung with their throats orthodoxly cut to the howdahs, and shot doubtless for the mahouts and servants. That thannahdar showing off on the white horse with the braided mane is inimitable:—there is individuality in him: I feel that I know him, and that he is a Rampore Rohilla, and his name Rehmut Oollah Khan: his companion with the ineffably spavined horse (look only at his action) is quite as characteristic.

And now, my dear Abel, that you have got through this,—let me congratulate you on your escape: you know not the dangers that have threatened you: the above is bad enough,—but oh! the avalanches, the oceans of prose that would have been, had the extent

of my leisure been commensurate with my powers of garrulity! The *real* anecdote of my friend Colonel O——, and how he tumbled on the lion out of the howdah, (in Sirhind in days when lions were,) and swore at him in German, when the beast incontinently took to his heels in much alarm;—the excellent jest of the mutiny against the commander of a shooting party, who finding his friends *would* go out to blaze at everything, stayed sulky at the tents in disgust, while they after patronizing Dartford the whole day, came home with no end of deer and small game, having seen six tigers, *and killed three*;—the —but no:—"thou should'st have heard," as Grumio says, but shall'st it not, as say I. Let me only in conclusion congratulate you and our sporting friends on the rapid advance made and making, in adding dignity and increased utility to their favourite amusements. When they give birth to productions alike valuable for the illustration of manners as for excellence in art, and lead those that follow them, as is the case with so many of your contributors, to study and remark upon the history of the denizens of mountain, field, lake, and fell, as well as seek manly recreation in their pursuits,—surely it will be allowed that there is public benefit in all kinds of sport as well as private pleasure and advantage.

For the kind and cheery-hearted author of these plates,—that the lights and shades of my life may blend as happily and harmoniously in his career, as do those of nature in his works, is the sincere prayer of his old friend,

MASTER MATHEW.

TO ABEL EAST, ESQ.,

Editor, Sp. Rev.

The New Histriomastix*

THE New Histriomastix,—the new "Scourge for players"! Have you and I verily lived, my dear Mr. East, to witness in this nineteenth century the revivication of old Prynne,—he that in the Puritan days contunded with such holy virulence the evil doings and doctrines of the actors then and the authors that wrote for them?

The *new* Histriomastix? new with a vengeance! for this fellow here is not content with belabouring us of the sinful calling, us of dark doctrines, us of the plain tongue and merry heart, but he has fallen foul of all sport,—he hath arraigned both nature and her instincts and condemned them,—he hath by implication forbidden us the use of the horse save for a priest's amble,—he hath denied to us the right of warring without sin against the wild beasts of creation,—he hath closed to us the privileges of our being, circumscribed the sphere of our manly action,—grudged us the heath for health, the moor for sport, the field for exercise,—cut off all active animal enjoyment in this beautiful world which can be enjoyed only beneath the blessed sky! With him our rods are unrighteous, our hog-spears unholy, our guns godless! so that tacking the Turf and the Tent Club on to the Stage, he hath within the meshes of this three-plie net of his, caught so goodly a draft of condemnable human fish as may leave none to be saved but the fishers, who stand dry-shod ashore, and hale us, scaly victims, complacently, to everlasting perdition.

Prynne, said I? I have done the old Puritan injustice, for I honor the zealous, earnest, intolerant

* This was written in answer to an article entitled "Commercial Morality," which appeared in the *Calcutta Review*, soon after the fall of the Union Bank and the mercantile disasters that followed.

bigot for the vitality and reality, the strength and fearlessness of his condemnations, carried out in the teeth of Court and City, against the most engrossing and popular intellectual amusement of his day: the old unchristian Christian judged and denounced judgment in the case of what he deemed one great crying enormity which should be purged from the land with fire,—with the fire at any rate of strong words, and, Heaven knows there is sulphur in the very sound of *his:* but this fellow, my dear Mr. East,—this fellow is no Prynne but a Princox, who in so far as his prototype's supposed mission is concerned, cries out on a thing only since it has (here) ceased to exist, as one that would now maliciously shy at the ghost of what he dared not touch while it existed—and who further, to give some substance to his shadow, packs into the category with it, all manly sports by flood and field! These he cries,—no,—not cries, he has not the energy for even that;—he whines out obloquy upon as the sources of ruin and disgrace, and bites on them like a sick adder, all wish for venom, but no power. These he lugs in at the fag end of a good argument ill-treated, as the extraneous subject-matter of his draggletail damnation. These he anathematizes without the only elements which make anathema respectable, energy and truthfulness, leaving his course and subject to heap a puling, half-faced, feeble condemnation upon men who had never wronged, thwarted, vexed, or injured him in act or opinion,—upon a mode of life he has never evidently tried,—and cannot manifestly understand—and upon pursuits he is incapable of appreciating or enjoying. Give me honest intolerance, Mr. East,—give me round and sound open opposition to extant tangible evils,—give me Prynne, an you will, but no Princox. I will submit on any substantial argument to be very sufficiently abused, 'bethumped

* King John.

with words' as Falconbridge has it,* and even sent predestinately to unpleasent places, but my condemner must be a whole-hog fanatic, respectable in his virulence, straightforward, plain dealing, energetic; otherwise I will conspire against destiny, in so far as he is concerned, to resist the verdict. I will have no tailoring-antagonist, like Grumio, "to be beaten to death with a bottom of brown thread."* No, no—brandy may not save me, as the saying is, but, by'r lady, it is not milk-and-water shall do the reverse.

And now how shall I apologise to you and brother sportsmen, for this most rude and abrupt exordium? The truth is this, that I was placidly ruminating upon the credit done me by an appeal made in the last number but one of *this* Review, and bethinking me of some rash effort for fame thereon, when your note with *the other* Review reached me, and the page about 'Commercial Morality' doubled by your kind hand showed where to look for the metal most attractive to, however detractive from my nature in this sad production. Now as the poet says—

> —An honourable liberality,
> Timely disposed, without delay or question,
> Commands a gratitude—†

which I had hoped to have gained of you, but this matter intervened; and, as you see, I burst incontinently into vehement remark upon my anonymous detractor and assailant,—*mine*, observe ye, for I will personally assume the assault as made on me for my brethren, and, on their behalf, within your pages answer it.

And first of all, as to commercial morality, what is or can it be, to them or me, as affected by us? True,

* Taming the Shrew
† The Fancies, Chaste and Noble.

—we have "*false entries*" on the stage, but quite apart from those on merchants' books; and "*abrupt exits,*" but our's are followed rather by applause than by any defamation. Our "*discoveries*" are, unlike mercantile ones, of usually a pleasing character, and our embarrassments invariably end with the fifth act. Our exchange is that of a seeming reality for which none have to pay a percentage higher than the price of their box ticket, and perhaps not even that; and if our bill (of the play) be not accepted, there is nought dishonoured in it but ourselves. Our property (stage property) has perhaps some analogy with that touching which our critic deals;—our ingots of brass gold, and and purses of tin silver, may be a standing satire on the capital of houses other than our play-house; and the immense promises of our paper may equal the solidity of those held forth at various times by saintly Secretaries to suffering Banks. But what is that to us? I know no Bank (fortunately) save that thyme-honoured one in the Midsummer Night's Dream, and thereto will I hold and thereon draw, certain of such acceptances as Princox never dreamed of.

But why, Princox, why trouble us at all? I never meddled with you at the proudest of my times, when what is called worldliness might have exulted, and cast up its cap in defiance of the straight-laced; but I did never so, nor any of those that be by you numbered with the wicked. On the contrary we gave you elbow-room, fostered you, and helped you for the good that was in you, with what return you best know. And now that we are out o' fashion, forsooth, comes Sir Princox, sneaks into my quiet study, and coming behind, hits me what he means for a swinging box o' the ear, intended to lay me low for ever;—but see! he over-reached as he struck, stumbles over yon desk with the folio Shakspere on it, and down they come crash together, Shakspere breaking the fellow's head in the fall!—and now Princox, my boy, I have you.

No—don't be afraid—I won't hit you; we players only "murder in jest,"* and never strike a man when he is down, whatever you folk do:—there pick yourself up, dust your dingy pantaloons, and take a chair. I see you're a little ashamed and tongue-tied, but that's no matter; you have had your say, and shall now listen to mine, although, believe me, you never looked for a rejoinder to that attack of your's. You thought, as my great name sake says,—

> "My star-crossed pen,
> Too busy with stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,
> When such a cause called, and so apt a time
> To pay a general debt"† :—

but you were in error you see; and I'll clear scores with you, and pay you off without any composition, except the present, let the bank do as it likes.

And so, Sir, "*the patrons of the Stage and the Jockey Club are beginning to experience some of the despair which has already overwhelmed the advocates of the Prize Ring, and Cockfighting* (the Cockpit you should have said to tune the phrase well,) *and of other 'manly' and much applauded amusements.*" And do you DARE to call yourself Englishman, to affect to speak or write this noble English language, and so insult our Master SHAKSPERE, who clothed his world of wisdom and philosophy in the noblest texture of wordage that mortal ever put together! Has his great name gone forth with his works in the very apotheosis of poetry through all lands, that you, Princox, should (as he said himself of even such a botcher-parson‡ as you) make fritters of English for the purpose of his degradation? The Stage and the Prize Ring,—Massinger

* Hamlet.
† Massinger's Epistle to the Earl of Pembroke.
‡ Parson Hugh—Merry Wives of Windsor.

and Mendoza,—Shakspere and the Game Chicken,—Talfourd and Gully,—Lytton Bulwer and Lord George Bentinck! Go to, Sir, go to—you're worse than a fool.

In despair, quo'tha? Look yonder, Princox, look at the galaxy of Stage names, "*Stage patrons*," that must continue to make the *despair* of such as you that understand them not, and the glory of England so long as this language lasts, or truth lives on earth, or men have hearts and imaginations to feel the force of poetry. SHAKSPERE, Jonson, Ford, Rowley, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shirley, Dekker, Chapman, Rowe—bah! I want breath to repeat the quarter of them! get up, Sir,—go to the bookcase yonder and read the names of the Elizabethan school of English dramatists, and while you are about it fetch me my great namesake's play of "the Roman Actor": —no,—not this, Princox: this is "The Guardian," the play that Charles the 1st had played on Sunday, 12th January, 1633, just after your prototype's Histriomastix appeared:—you could not see, you say? Why, you foolish fellow, you have tears in your eyes! nay, I did not mean to make you cry,—however "these are gracious drops,"* and show you're ashamed of yourself. Ah! you have the book at last—do you like Massinger? I see you quote the title of his "New Way to pay Old Debts" in your "Commercial Morality";—never read him, do you say? I thought not, or you would have seen Massinger's way of payment was not that of false accounts under a sanctimonious bookkeeper, but this:—

"He hath summoned all his creditors by the drum,
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
Upon the pay day; and has found out such a NEW WAY

* Julius Cæsar.

TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it"—

—a contingency little likely to occur to your sanctimonious friend, who stage-managed the play of "All in the Wrong," and left the house before the afterpiece of "the Devil to Pay":—this is the correct dramatic illustration of the matter, which pray substitute for your own whenever "Commercial Morality" reaches a second edition.

And now, Princox, for your punishment, you shall read out Massinger's apology for his profession:—you'll find it Scene III. of the first Act, where Paris, the Roman actor, is arraigned with his fellows before the Senate: begin at—

—"If I free not myself"—

but none of your conventicle declamation here! away with the nasal twang and talk like a man!—yes, I know, I know,—our schools of oratory are different,—even as the Greek word for *actor** is anglicised "hypocrite" to mark the distinction betwixt us,—and so bowl away—"with good emphasis and discretion"†

Par. If I free not myself,
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,
From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too;
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.
Aret. Are you on the stage,
You talk so boldly?
Par. The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted; and I am

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* ὑποκρίτης. † Hamlet.

So confident in the justice of your cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.
If, to express a man sold to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such licentious courses; laying open
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof,
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
Condemn'd unto the fire?

Sura. There's spirit in this.

Par. Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman empire
Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heat
T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward or favour from the commonwealth;
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers.
They with cold precepts* (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honorable thing
The active virtue is: but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,
To be both good and great, equal to that

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* *They with cold precepts, &c.*] This is judiciously expanded from Horace.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt occulis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

Which is presented on our theatres?
Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
Show great Alcides honour'd in the sweat
Of his twelve labours: or a bold Camillus,
Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold
From the insulting Gauls: or Scipio,
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquer'd Carthage: if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.

Rust. He has put
The consuls to their whisper.*

Par. But, 'tis urged,
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,
That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to trade in their forbidden steps?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted sq in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so inclined,
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent

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* *He has put*, &c.] Massinger never scruples to repeat himself. We have just had this expression in *The Parliament of Love:*

"——————she has put
The judges to their whisper."

[1] The learned reader will discover several classical allusions in the ensuing speech, and, indeed, in every part of this drama: these I have not always pointed out; though I would observe, in justice to Massinger, that they are commonly made with skill and effect, and without that affectation of literature elsewhere so noticeable.

As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him; if there be
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That doth maintain the riotous expense
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed
To starve the while for hunger: if a matron,
However great in fortune birth, or titles,
Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin,
Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over;
Yet be so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessaries
To maintain life; if a patrician,
(Though honour'd with a consulship,) find himself
Touch'd to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT:
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his sentence, as he favours
The person, not the cause; saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent, out of particular spleen;
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom
That puts you in remembrance of things past
Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
I have said, my lord; and now, as you find cause,
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my life!

Well pleaded, is it not? So well that I, the shadow Massinger, the tallow rushlight to this sun, may

hold my peace and imitate your silence, baffled Princox.

But come, you who despite your horror of the Stage quote the titles of Massinger's plays to illustrate mercantile delinquencies, would you like to see my great namesake's own illustration of them? Nay, that shall be your second punishment; so turn to "The City Madam":—you'll see there in the third Scene of the fifth Act, how Luke Frugal, head of his brother's counting house, and heir of his wealth by Sir John's supposed renunciation of the world, enjoys the good that has come to him, and gives us a direct clue to the means by which he achieved it: he sits at a rich banquet alone, and says—

"—How sweetly
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate!
Some wine, Jove's nectar! Brightness to the star
That governed at my birth! shoot down their influence
And with a perpetuity of being
Continue this felicity, not gained
By vows to saints above, and much less purchased
By thriving industry; nor fallen upon me
As a reward to piety and religion,
Or service in my country: I owe all
This to dissimulation, and the shape
I wore of goodness."—

Luke owed his appointment in fact to sanctimonious humbug, and doubtless, to use your words, Princox, he "signed reports which led to misconceptions, and *his* signature, the signature of one so able and so conscientious, deceived many." Yet supposing Luke had, after doing so, slunk out of the concern leaving everybody in the dark, you, Princox, would declare that he had undeceived the world by so doing,—that his sur-

render of so many good things was earnest of his sincerity,—and that his re-establishment in business at the head of a set of serious book-keepers and righteous shipping clerks, should be the ultimate reward of the merchant, godly though mendacious: for, Princox, traders of your kidney carry their books into their religion, quite as much as their religion into their books, and keeping a *debit* and *credit* account with Heaven, write off every peccadillo by a *per contra* of prayer; thus they can of course always so balance these transactions, as to be never in the wrong at the end of the year, religious and commercial, preserving a placid perpetuity of optimism.

Hence, Princox, you and your like fall necessarily into the morality of Master Slender, who says,—

"I'll ne'er be drunk while I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves!"*

and this is the gist and moral of *your* commercial morality, Princox, throughout:—it is not the thing, but who does it, and how;—go to, Sir, I know ye, and none better, for in my boyhood and the nonage of my wit, I saw behind your scenes, which are but painted canvas; and you of the elect, but men and women, like the rest of us; your only difference is that you are duller, and given to damn folk.

Such, I have said above,—would have been the fiat of poetic justice in Luke Frugal's case, had you held the pen, Princox, instead of the profane and godless '*Stage patron*,' Massinger: the end of the five Acts would have seen him doubtless reinstated in business with a fair wife, (for that's a clause in the conditions of worldly felicity you gentlemen are great sticklers for),—and the curtain would have dropped, after a

* Merry Wives of Windsor.

neat perversion of the instance of the Unjust Steward, by way of *tag* as we players say, inculcating some such moral as—

> Tho' to our share some mortal errors fall,
> Sin holily—then sin ye not at all.

Alas! Massinger is not of this way of thinking! his scenes from the drama of life bear harsh and hardly on *all* evil doing. He that has rebuked the pride and luxury of the City Madam and her daughters by making them undergo a fearful reverse of fortune, and putting Luke, their drudge formerly, at the very pinnacle of his hopes, will not leave *him* unpunished so so soon as the innate falseness of his nature has developed itself. See, Princox,—the discovery scene in the fifth act, where Luke is exposed and confounded!—read the just reproaches which Sir John, the honest merchant, heaps upon him! Begin the speech—But, hallo! what's the matter? See, as Polonius says, "an he have not changed colour, and hath tears in his eyes!" He is crying again, and cannot see to read. Shut the book;—'tis the watercart way of them,—always the first to damn others, and the first to ask pity for themselves.

Princox has had enough Massinger, I think; he will leave in future even the titles of his plays alone, and eschew dramatic illustration utterly: there! he is gone —I have myself opened the doors, and let the creature depart in peace; a creature on the whole to be pitied, a weak creature, sad-souled and of small understanding;—one of the great names he has insulted having answered him, why vex him with further rebuke to which each of the founders of the English drama could add his quota overwhelmingly? I wish him neither harm, nor shame, nor ill, nor evil, only when in a cowardly way he talks loud, thinking there is none to answer, I give him better than he brought, and have done.

The fact is, my dear Mr. East, that there is a sort of men, incapable of the softer, gayer, more delicate and subtle impressions of our nature. These are the gnomes and phlegmatic spirits among mankind who miss the mirthful path of life altogether,—to whom, as to Hamlet's mind when diseased, the sky is but "a pestilent congregation of vapours"—the beauties of nature nothing,—this fair world a howling wilderness: art is to them a mere graving of images, sport a snare of Satan, and both, or either, to be followed only by the graceless. A fellow that is unsocial, or splenetic by nature;—weak of body, or cowardly by constitution,—innately stupid, or innately coarse, falls very easily into the mistake of making his own incapacity a virtue, and damning others for things he dare not do, nor think of. But above all things, innate coarseness of mind is the greatest disadvantage of these unhappy people, and that for which they most deserve our pity and forbearance. It is that gnomish earthy taste, akin to grossness, seeing sin in what to us seems innocent, as impiety in the aspiration of the poet, and sexuality in the nude coldness of the statuary's marble. "The Fancies, chaste and noble," to use the quaint title of one of Ford's plays (a plagiary by the way, on Princox, who takes Massinger's), are things strange to such beings, who are afraid of Fancy, because chastity and nobility in her are denied them. Their weakness carried out, takes them to the highest topgallant of absurdity,—to old George Colman, (the youthful author of "Broad Grins") striking "*angel*" out of the plays brought him as Lord Chamberlain's licenser, "*because it is profane*," or to the young ladies of Boston modestly tying trowsers on the naked legs of their paino-fortes. This is, you see, not purity but prurience, a constitutional defect of the imagination, for which let us who have escaped it, my dear Mr. East, not blame Princox and his crew, who, dear souls, take to tea and tracts, *ex necessitate rei*, as

a sort of moral snow-ball. Poor Lear, in his madness, calls for

"An ounce of civet
To sweeten mine imagination,"

—and our friends in their exceeding sobriety, are obliged to adopt a similar expedient.

But there is still something beyond this which renders them incapable of the poetry of life. Say that the hunter's prayer has never burst involuntarily from their lips, the "Hail, Heaven!" of old Belarius,* as they have gone forth in the virgin freshness of the blessed morning to enjoy life in the open lap of nature, —say that sylvan sport, with rod or gun, has never led them to study the mysteries of creation in the habits and history of the wild things their skill and ingenuity is taxed to surprise or entrap,—it is not in *this* poetry only that they are most deficient:—Alas! Sir, they are dead to the poetry of social life; —there is no sport *in* them; they cannot laugh! In one of the most beautiful and fanciful poems† in the English language, *Raybright*, the type of man in his earthly pilgrimage, is attended by a witty companion whom the poets term *Folly*, and who giving wholesome and unpalatable lessons on the nonsense of false sentiment, refuses yet to be driven away.

"Carbonado me, bastinado me, strappado me, hang me, I'll not stir; poor Folly, honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lordship! *no true gentleman hates me!*"

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* Cymbeline, Act III. Scc. 3.

† The Sun's Darling, a moral Masque; by Ford and Dekker. In justice to them, I should mention that they make *Folly* a graceless companion to *Raybright*, which, when unchecked, he is. The *desipere in loco* of Horace is the rule.

A truer word was never spoken,—call we thee what we may, thou witty Folly, a name applied to thee most honestly by the plain-spoken old dramatists, who thus designate the wit, and something more than wit, the material merriment, that belongs to the mirth of a gentleman, and which snobs feel not. Princox after he has damned all the world but himself and friends, is cheerful, but he never laughs; it is not in him: he smiles, but not internally, his heart does not smile; nor is he man enough to master a *guffaw* even over the downfall of manly sports.

And now, my dear Mr. East, I think I see you look to the end of this paper, or *for* it rather: this is a pity, for I was just about entering upon my subject for the purpose of banging Princox and his people throughout the whole range of the English drama, from *Ferrex-and-Porrex*, and *Gammer Gurton's Needle** down to Talfourd's *Ion*, and Mrs. Gore's silly prize comedy. It will be a disappointment to him that I do it not, for like Maworm,† he "likes to be persecuted," and in the language of his favourite, Massinger,—

> "He looks for that, as duly as his victuals,
> And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten;
> He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken
> As a cat in a bowl on the water."‡

But the luxury of a licking and its subsequent notoriety are for this once denied him, and I, with this little simple skirmish on the argument of my great namesake, must leave my answer unwritten. This matters the less as Princox (ha! ha! ha! as the stage laugh says)—left his attack on the Stage in Calcutta and its patrons, also unwritten, *until pretty nearly four*

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* These it will be recollected are the first regular tragedy and comedy known in the English language.

† The Hypocrite, Act I. ‡ A Very Woman.

years after the stage had ceased to be patronised, or the drama as an intellectual amusement almost to exist.

I am at no loss, however, to trace the fearful state of demoralisation of which he complains as lately extant here among the legal and mercantile classes,* as the result of this lamentable hiatus in the constitution of this, as a civilized community: for it must be remembered that it is only within the last three years, that is, since the theatre went out of vogue, that the commercial world has gone to pieces. Had in the interim Mr. Vining but been here to play *Shylock* for us but once per annum; "the Merchant of Venice" would have saved the merchants of Calcutta, and done Princox much good into the bargain.

"I know, Antonio,
Is sad to think upon his merchandise"—

a lamentable fact as the case stands: would that, before it so stood, the sad ones could have heard Antonio's answer!

'Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad."

Antonio was not at all the sort of person to risk on a single shipment, or to touch rice or silk only (*my ventures*, he says): then again he did not invest his all in Union Bank shares (*one place*); nor look for a return on his advances on the mere elementary fortune of the

* The Civil Servants of Government are not "*plunderers*" Princox says, as if it were wonderful they were not, and lets them off easy in spite of their share in the cakes and ale; but it would not be safe to abuse them now; he waits till after 1854.

current indigo season: therefore, mark, therefore he is not sad, but goes out pig-sticking with a light heart. Why the timely repetition of those four lines might have saved forty fortunes, and kept the sanctimonious friend in the Secretaryship to this hour!

Then again, sour-visaged Princox, hear Gratiano, an essence emanating from the same immortal brain, that hath just gravely and wisely laid down the condemnation of unwise speculation, and the source of commercial prosperity, and what saith he?

'Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans."

Ha, ha! here spoke mirth on the back of reason! Princox checks a sigh, and clearing his muddy brow, asks the sanctimonious to join him in the true Shaksperian beverage, sherris sack, which they drink without a grace, and their hearts glow, and get charitable towards men; they even think Lancelot *is* wrong when he says to Jewish Jessica a few scenes after.

"I promise you I fear you: I was always plain with you and so now I speak my agitation of the matter. Therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think thou art damned."

Meanwhile what a lecture has not Shylock, the cautious merchant, been delivering on the risks of mercantile ventures!

"Ships are but boards, sailors are but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves: I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient; I think I may take his bond."

Do you suppose the Directors of the Laudable Society would have sat out the hearing of that speech and not gone home confirmed in their system for a

cautious grant of policies? or that a single merchant who was present would have got up in the morning to "*do doubtful paper*," or consent "*to ride the dead horse?*" The patrons of the stage may well be in despair, as Princox says, when they see what ruin the want of one here has engendered?

The self-evidence of this fact, joined to the public sympathy which this fellow's cowardly and uncalled-for attack on the art dramatic must produce, will it is very probable, lead to the remedy of the evil; and if perchance the stage should flourish again, while the taste for music becomes decadent in Calcutta (which heaven forfend!), Princox would wait until four years after the cessation of sonatas, to break the vials of his wrath over the sinfulness of playing and singing. Any thing which may limit the sphere of human pleasures, and make life miserable to all, because *he* cannot enjoy it, is the delight of Princox; nay, he will even suppose the existence of a thing which once made people happy, to have the pleasure of bedaubing it with *ex post facto* abuse.

* * * * * * * *

The great world of dramatic literature exists in that of poetry, in a limbo beyond the reach of Puritan detraction. It is evidence sufficient of coarseness and ignorance, when a man spits at the impurity of the saw dust and orange peel of a theatre, and thinks he is thereby injuring and undermining the drama. Let us object to improprieties or impurities, which take place in other large places of public assemblage;—who supposes that our so doing would do injury to the cause for which they were erected? The cases are parallel. Dramatic poetry and dramatic writings generally of a sterling character, will hold their own with all other poetry and all other writings, that inculcate truth, and preach an instructive profitable moral,—co-œvally, according to the time appointed for

their duration. The exquisite invention, the profound wisdom, the infinite pathos, the admirable experiences, that lie treasured in those tomes will live as long as most things man has made. As crystals of a perfect shape, whose nature will not consent to let them even in ruin be other than their own perfect likeness, these master-pieces though cut piecemeal, as with the old Greek tragedians, will re-unite after days and years, and re-appear, to retain on earth the remembrance that such works were.

There is no help for it, Princox: stages are perishable, but plays immortal.

MASSINGER HISTOFF, GENT.

Master Mathew showeth how he went to the Fair.

Come, MATHEW, once more to the field,
For you're master once more of the moment;
And let old reminiscences yield
On the joy of this freedom their comment;
Ask these if a brighter to-day
Than now tempts to the pleasures before ye
E'er smiled in those lands far away,
Years agone, when youth's mantle was o'er ye.

No, faith! there's no power in old Time
To shatter some feelings within us;—
They expand in the first of our prime,
In the evening of life still they win us.
To be free of the forest and plain,
To seek sport by marsh, meadow, or river,
Could I live nine lives over again
I'd be young on that argument ever!

Go, quarrel!—oh! ware of the law—
Go, marry!—ah! ware of the chances—
Go, read!—and who'll sound your eclat—
Go, write!—and who'll read your romances—
Go, drink!—pah! the bottle will pall—
Go, trade!—and your ruin's be-spoken—
Go, fight!—you may go to the wall—
Go, love!—and your heart may be broken—·

Go, SPORT! and kick care to the deuce,
Be your means, gun, spear, rod, hound, or snaffle!
That's the oil Nature keeps in her cruise
The stiff cramps of existence to baffle:
She, the mother within ye, calls out—
"Away, boys!—there's my play ground—enjoy it!"
One and all, young and old—whoo! boys,—shout—
Life's not his, who in LIFE won't employ it!

Such, my dear Abel, were the reflections within me not so very long ago, when circumstances made me free of that same guild in the corporation of Life, which admits of a fellow's "*living*" as we understood it. It is merely an elaborate compliment we pay to existence in this country to call its common routine by the name which expresses vitality of an independent character. Hence, Sir, to keep yourself up to the mark, you must keep shaking up your energies in one way or other constantly and continually, and the best shake I know is that which shakes off every obligation of business, and turns a man out, like a fact without a qualification, independent of all save himself. This is a privilege confined, I honestly believe, to sportsmen only, in this country; and such was it recently, as above noted, in my power to enjoy.

An official personage, with whom I have been connected as you know, pretty nearly as long as I have been in India, took it into his official head, that his

presence was—was—was—required? No:—necessary? No :—advisable ?—not that :—nor yet even, desired? I can't say so:—but, expedient;—expedient was the word,—at a certain Fair to be held towards the Eastern frontiers of Bengal in December last. It would appear by what this gentleman said that the institution of this said Fair had been projected for some twelve or fourteen years past, but that the nine hundred and fifty-three thousand things, which, go under the name of "contingent circumstances" had, year after year, interfered with its establishment. Now let me mention, on privilege of my garrulity, that this Fair to be held at Titalya on the high road to Darjeeling, completes an imaginary line of frontier Fairs, whereof we might take that of Hadjepore as the starting point, passing thence to the famous Nêkmurd fair in the Dinagepore district; from it to Titalya on the borders of Rungpore, and so forwards to the Fair, or rather market, called the *Bhoteea Mela* close to Rungpore itself. Here we have a line of commercial stations, so to say, open at various but convenient periods of the year, for the purpose of amalgamating by a unity of the interest of barter, the tribes of the plains of India with the races, so different and extraneous, that inhabit the lower and the upper Himalaya under a wilderness of appellations, together with their congeners, residing on the great Tartaric plains of central Asia.

All this, my dear Abel, is from "the official friend." He made me put it in; and I have done so, and so make your most of it; but my own opinion, as a commentary, is, that those said Fairs which bring together horses, elephants, pretty women, and ponies, are without reference to any other consideration exceedingly proper in a sporting point of view, and of course, as a necessary consequence, in every other way: hence with the fiat of my grey locks, I say, let them be, and uphold them infinitely.

But to our particular Fair:—"The official friend" had made a party,—of his own, of course, for I have nothing to do with such things—a party of some four, or may be, five. There was the Major; (take which you will in the army list):—Shylock, otherwise called *Homo Barbatus* (of which only one specimen is extant):—Mr. Walker, one of the most amiable, and voracious spirits in the Bengal army: "the official friend;"—and Master Mathew. We started, (never mind whence) some way on the right banks of the Ganges, to stretch across the great river to Titalya two hundred and twenty miles off: and, having seen the humours of the Fair that was to be there, we were to join the camp of a native magnate somewhere about Maldah, and thence shoot our way home to the place whence we had come. It was the sketch of a great sporting tour which, executed three months later in the year, would have been productive of great results in our line of life. As matters occurred, there was no choice of period left us in a sporting point of view: "the official friend" said, we must be here on that date, and there on this date:—well, and so we were.

I set off after the rest of the party, who sent on tents and elephants and marched from Burgatchee, (which is the "Dan") to Dinagepore, (which is the "Beersheba") of this part of the journey, and, whatever may have been the state of things in Judah of old between those celebrated stations, "all was barren" in Bengal. Beyond a hog-deer or two and a few blacks at their first ground, my friends got nothing, and though they looked well about them, there was nothing to get further on. Yet this country had been described to us as teeming with game, a sort of *shikargah!* That it is so in some places in proper season I have the testimony of those who have shot there to bear witness to, but the season is the thing, Abel,—as if the bountiful provisions of nature would not

even let the very tigers be persecuted at all times;—indeed I know no created beings that have not rest sometimes,—except Gomez (the section writer) and the Governor-General. But to return. This road, to be a high road, is the wildest and most inhospitable, for its length, that I have seen in India. True, I traversed it in a palankin, but my friends fully corroborated all my impressions. The dak bungalows are good, but between them there is not a *modee's* shop and but few poor villages till you get near Dinagepore. Here and there are the ruins of the bungalows built by the Darjeeling Company, a Ditch affair; which (of course) was ruined. Those in best preservation would doubtfully accommodate a cow of any delicacy, while for the most part a congregation of decaying stakes, the only ones the proprietors have now in that concern—black and melancholy as a meeting of creditors, with one or two pieces of cracked earthen-ware, (odd isn't it? the English will always leave them and bottles to mark their track) remain sole monuments of money misused. My trip merits mention as a comment on what might be done for travellers were Postmasters a little more alive: on Tuesday I tried to lay my dak, and it would have been ready for me on the Sunday evening following: hearing which I started on Thursday night, and was *on Sunday morning* thirty-eight miles beyond the point of my original destination, having gone the whole way in a palankin, except the last eighteen miles which I rode! Thus I did 238 miles while friend Postmaster was laying my dak for 220, and beat him by twelve hours to boot, which I call a sporting dak.

Having joined my party, the march was steadily continued for Titalya, through a wild, exceedingly pretty country, but destitute of game, barren utterly of sport, without feather or fur, tusk or tush, hoof, horn, or haunch! It was too late for snipe, too early for ducks, too much jungle or none at all, amid all

which is to be remembered that *to find game you must halt*, a great truth; and as we did not do so, but marched incessantly I do not think we had any right to d—— the country. I once marched in Oude with one of the best sportsmen in India in his day, along the left bank of the Ganges from Manickpore to Poorwah, between which places he said "his father* had told him, wild cattle, the original stock of the Indian race, were to be found." There were no pains we did not take to find them; but we could not halt, being pushed for time; and though by the report of the country people, *they were there*, yet it was always at the place we had just left, or were just going to. My companion held to the last that we had not disproved their existence, and, as a sportsman, he was no doubt right.

But if a man will be content to please his eye with a pretty country, he'll find one to his mind on the way to Titalya. There is a wood at Nichintapore, one of the halts, with turfy glades that remind one of England. We beat it for peafowl, and it is the only Indian assemblage of nature's own growth I have seen that could be really described by English appellation. On the march to this place too, there occurs one of those enormous earth works, such as are found in the jungles of Assam, supposed to have been *bund* roads in the ancient days when that land was rich and populous. The modern road runs for several miles along this immense mound, now overgrown with jungle; it is, I think, a continuation of the ancient high road which may be traced from near Dinagepore to the desolate capitals of Pundwa (or Purwa) and Gowr on the Mahanuddee, but of this hereafter. For, what talk I of glades and roads, with the Snowy Range before me! We were indeed fortunate in enjoying the splendid spectacle of these

* That must have been at least sixty years ago.

gigantic mountains, greeting us very morning as we get to horse, occupying our speculation during the march —a great natural Dioroma of ever shifting shades; while occasionally the dark line of the lower hills, molehills of nine thousand feet or so,—could be detected cutting across the snowy mass behind them. It was the first time I had seen this Eastern portion of the Indian Andes, and we were told they were rarely visible with such distinctness. The sight of them, like Niagara, has no description for it. Their vastness is told in the fact that, after a certain point as you approach them, they are seen no more, the vastness of their satellite mountains (the molehills aforesaid) intercepting the vision:—the moral of which is that the nearer you come to greatness in this world, Abel, the less you see of it.

Titalya is the site of an ex-cantonment, placed near the frontier to repel incursions of the Nepalese. It is situated on a sort of bluff formed by the undulating nature of the ground. In the low land nearer the Mahanuddy which runs past it, is the native village whose name had been borrowed for the station, while further on, perched on a higher bluff, were the remains of an hotel which had suffered cataclasm, and certain persons of the coolee order who professed to be building another, with the curious edifice of grass and wood containing Mr. De Bergh, the postmaster, and his Darjeeling potatoes. There was a large dilapidated Sam-Smithian bungalow near the road between this bluff and the river, and THE FAIR, which was to be, the former being surrounded by the tents of the Raja of Julpaeegooree who occupied it, the latter marked by a flag-staff placed near certain commodious rows of temporary sheds. In the ex-cantonment, one bungalow, the property of Mr. Bonnevie, who has since so liberally given it to the Titalya Race stewards, was in repair; it was occupied by the worthy Chief of a neighbouring hill-station, whose politic care had wise-

ly planned, as it ably carried out, the objects of this gathering of the lieges. On either side this central point stretched a goodly row of tents, emulated by a regular camp of some dozen or fifteen more at a distance to the left of the race course: in front was the Race Stand, a modest Mofussil structure of mat and bamboo, in which, however, we were merry. The course is on what has been the parade ground, and in shape a sort of oval, flattened at the extremities;—*was*, for it is to be improved. Our Calcutta friends would give a good deal for its green elastic turf, the result of the peculiar climate which I have observed prevails all along the Himalayas at a certain distance from their base. The vegetation even is peculiar, the bamboo ceasing to occur in the lengthy straggling growth of the lower lands, but springing to a diminished altitude in such elegant feathery regularity as to lend a most agreeable object to the Indian landscape, as if preparing for the further change under which it is, in the mountains, to dwindle to a dwarf.* Trees even have their states of transition, Abel, and the vanities of existence are visible in vegetables.

But while I'm mooning garrulously in this—— Bless my heart, what's that? There,—tall, dirt-complexioned, long-haired, moody, in a blanket bed-gown with a string round its middle? It moves loping, listless, with a sort of purposeless walk as if the feet did not know what they were doing,—and there's another and another, and more still! are they men and women?

> "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath.
> And these are of them——"

* The town of Rampore in the Rohilkundee state of that name, is defended with, instead of wall or ditch, an impenetrable belt of these same bamboos, and they used to occur near Dehra in the Doon of that name: in the famine year of '37 they all seeded and died, leaving their edible fruit, as is the wont of this tree, say the natives, to aid in feeding the starving poor—"*bamboo bukhshish*" as the sailors say—in another sense.

—— certainly not of the water, for now I look at them more nearly, like as they are, they differ only in their grades of dirt. "These are Lepchas: you cannot tell among them which are men, which women," says the official friend. Is it not awful, Abel, to contemplate such a lot? A number, without a gender—ungrammatical humanity—how does it conjugate, I wonder! But see!—come, there's no mistake there—Blowzybell in the East, by all that's jolly! Sturdy rather than stout, her head uncovered, her black hair, coarse and scanty, tied in a slovenly knot behind her head, her forehead low and prominent, her little beady black eyes buried in her face, partly by a peculiar structure of the eyelid which they all have, partly by the wrinkles of a perpetual laugh—her nose small and flattened, while on either side it extends a ruddy broad expanse like the red cheek of a dirty apple; her face short, her mouth wide, with small white teeth,—her arms bare to the shoulder, her dress an ample decent wrapper of dirty blanket, with short petticoat of the same, and —— no! in my life I never saw such legs! the ankle is small, the unshod foot well shaped, as if to set off the immense proportions of the limb;—not all Ireland hath such a calf, even including Mr. Doheny, who I take it is the greatest at present there!

That's a Bhoteea woman of the lower order, and there are three or four more like her. They laugh eternally, and loll on one another, giggling like English country girls flirting in a hayfield. Can you understand them? But see, here's something else:—an intelligent Tartaric-faced, quiet-mannered person in a long gown of blue broad cloth, girt with a silk girdle; on his head a broad flat cap frushed all round with what seems red worsted, like a very extensive fuzzly muffin, a staff in his hand and a fan: he has a Chinese look, and you almost feel inclined to ask him about his button, lest he should be a Mandarin;—but he's not, being only the worthy Chief's

interpreter.—Oh! the women want four-anna pieces do they? and *shurabe?*—because they are the same people as we are? I observed that a four-anna piece to use as a neck button to their blanket wrappers, was, according to the Bhoteea fashions for Dec. 1847, *the* thing; also that the women asked for, but the men it was that wanted, the liquor. A merrier people certainly never laughed than these! That boy there with the savage black dog, the fellow with the shrewd comic expression of face, is called *Ayshew;* he won't sell the dog but at his own price;—no, he'd rather take it back to the hills, and then he laughs as if it was an excellent joke;—and he won't take service with "the official friend," nor go to live on the plains in spite of all his people can say to him. They are a very interesting race, intelligent and independent, having, with all their simplicity, evidence of taste and skill amongst them: the silver ornaments on the sheath of one or two straight daggers, carried by the better order, and the chains and trinkets plentifully bestowed about the persons of a woman and a young girl, who seemed of some property, were designed with even elegance. The lady—who was a *she*-merchant like the Honourable Company,—had brought down a yâk for sale, and the sight of the group that led the animal (a young one six months' old only) to our tents,—for "the official friend" purchased it,—was worth alone in singularity and novelty the trip to the Fair. These women were perfectly independent and self-possessed, picturesquely attired in blanket stuff, striped brown, blue, red, and yellow, a little dingy with dirt: their manner of lolling on one another, and their cheerful fearless laugh were most peculiar. I took care to learn the female merchant's name: it was *Kirchee Lamoo;* I sincerely trust that she may get over the present commercial crisis, and sell yâks, solvent, at many Fairs to come.

But were these all your Fair?—Abel, we had no end of folk—"Jews, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopo-

tamia"—horse-dealers from Cabul and Candahar—Hurdwar mares, and Bhoteea ponies—elephants from uttermost parts of the earth, and Goorkhas from Nepal—besides tribes from the hills with names it would take a week to learn, and all the soap in Calcutta to wash clean. I have been among the men of Sirmoor, of Gurhwal, of Bussahir, and well know the preference all Eastern mountaineers entertain for dirt, but positively these fellows more than abuse their privilege of filthiness. Even Kirchee Lamoo, should any thing uncomfortable occur to her in a commercial point of view, would be incapable of "white-wash," and would have to compound with her difficulties in some other manner. All these people had rather come to see what was likely to be, "with a little money in their hands," like Joseph and his brethren, than to do any business in their own goods; but the shop-keepers in the Fair profited no little by this, dealing for money, not barter, and drove a splendid trade. Some money laid out by "the offical friend," had a happy effect, and despite all sorts of mischievous opposition, by rumours spread beforehand,* the experiment not only prospered, but succeeded.

Meanwhile our party tried the country round for game, and likely cover does it give with intervening plain to ride a pig on that would do credit to Hurreesunker. But here again our usual luck befell us. The Surveyor General's camp was but six miles from us, and had been for some time about the ground we occupied: every jungle we tried but one had been, as the elephant tracks showed, most indefatigably beaten,

* A party of the Hill Rangers was magnified into an Army, powder for blasting purposes at Darjeeling into an arsenal, and the project of the Fair made to appear a scheme for securing hill men to carry stores and supplies into Nepal. It is by reports like these that the simple people are made to distrust the English, and it is only by assembling them, as at this Fair, in face of our authorities, for purposes of peace and profit, that they can learn to know us, or our power.

and neither deer nor hogs were to be found within any reasonable distance. One sounder of pigs we found late in the day, and very far from camp *once.* We killed pretty near all we saw; a cow buffalo, handsomely ridden and killed with the pistol (four shots) by friend Shylock, together with her calf, and a young bull were all the larger game we got. I, in my mooning way, was as much amused with the cutting up the carcase of that said bull by the deputies of two rival villages, as by anything I saw. The knives they used were the little sickles with which they cut the jungle grass;—the deputies were originally some fifty of a side, and every man of the hundred was spokesman at the same time; to these the carcase deprived of head and legs—but—stay—

To these gaunt naked hungry men
The carcase was delivered,
So warm, so fresh it seemed e'en then
The flesh with motion quivered!
Then screech and jabber—cut and slash,
And squeal and scold, and justle,
On the half-dead meat they greedily dash
Like vultures in a bustle!

You saw, oh! Abyssinian Bruce,
Steaks cut from living cattle
Which were then driven on for subsequent use
Should the owner survive the battle:*
But however long is the bow you pull
Your singularity ceases,
Before seven score black men round a buffalo bull,
All cutting him into pieces!

With which vivid picture I leave your mind filled, Abel, and go on to other things. Our own party bag-

* The gentleman Bruce saw with this ambulatory larder was an Abyssinian soldier, whose ingenuity should have made him Commissary General to the whole Hubshee army.

ged ten brace and a half of floriken in the grass jungle behind the old lines; and I was there, and elsewhere in the neighbourhood, very fortunate in a species of shooting entirely new to me, as to most of us I believe. This was, snipe, found in tolerable plenty on perfectly dry ground in high grass jungle! This peculiar location for a water bird was not confined to one patch, but was universal in grass of the kind I mention. Its peculiarity I explain by supposing good, but exposed, feeding ground for them in the vicinity (some of it indeed I came acros, empty of birds, which favours my view),—which they frequented at night to avoid annoyance from hawks, lying during the day time in cover which guaranteed their safety. Astride on the pad of a small elephant, I found this shooting very pretty, mixed with partridge and now and then a floriken.

The races meanwhile got on according as has been reported by the worthy Secretary thereof; and if the running were not much, there was a certain amount of *sky*, such as Englishmen always contrive to get up in connection with their great national diversion; and there were sporting men to see, and sporting men to meet, and you know, Abel, how pleasant that is on a pleasure trip; for a true sportsman is rarely, if ever, other than of an equable and joyous temperament,—full of anecdote, for his life has been passed in adventure—shrewd, for without observation who can learn to sport?—kindly, for if he loves to be happy himself he loves as much to see happiness in others. May my right hand forget its uses, if it joyed not to greet you, old acquaintance,—you, that as a youth, did most signally baffle the great ones of that day,—Wily Marjy, poor fellow, and sly Jemmy Barwell, and old Bob Stevenson, the last man in India, that fought a main and wore a pig-tail! "Return"* be your name and welcome, in the sporting world, a pledge you will

* Mr. Return, the Turf *nom-de guerre* of Mr. James Grant, the Civil and Sessions Judge of Dinagepore, an old and stanch sportsman.

never leave it! And you, Mr. Villiers, tòo! this is bringing old times back again!—do you remember when *Absentee*—but Mr. Villiers stops me, and tells me to look for the start—(I quite forgot I was on the race course)—and sure enough there it is, and a rum start too:—the race is a quarter of a mile for nags bought at the Fair, and there have Mr. Return, and "the official friend" got a couple of unbroken country fillies, and called, the one *Fleur de Lis*, if you please, and t' other *Dollabella*,—nothing less—and shoved a sort of native groom on the one, and a sulky looking suwar (on a *chuhar-jamah*) on the other, and run them one heat in the Heaven-knows-how style of racing,—bolt, kick, turn, stop, and hug-the-rails. This time, the second heat—the brutes won't face the race-stand, but see! *Fleur de Lis* bolted through the railings, by Jove! "Go along, *Dollabella*," screams "the official friend"—"*chulo, pidar-sokhtu* (*i. e.* you with the burned father, for, between ourselves, he's choice in his language); but the sulky suwar, uninspired by the alleged cremation of his immediate ancestor, either cannot, or will not keep the mare's head straight, and with the race in his hands, for he wòn the first heat, lets her swerve, the saddle turn, and himself to the ground—whack! with the emphasis of a decadent oatsack. Forth rusheth Shylock, good at need, picks the oatsacky, sulky-one from the earth, and chucks him on the bare-backed mare again, whence he, as in love with *terra firma*, falls—whack!—a second time, on t' other side: whereupon Shylock (it's catch weights) leaps himself upon the animal, and shakes her in handsomely, not however to win. What! was he that beat the giants of old to be ingloriously *done* on a Titalya Race-course! Perish the thought!—and lo! by what manner of intuitive readiness I know not,—*Fluer de Lis* lugged through the broken fence, the groom upon her again, steals upon friend Shylock, who thinks the race his own, but is beaten on the post. And now on this

farce, near followed something like a tragedy,—with a moral to it, warning us not to play the mad-cap in our sport. Shylock, in pulling up the round-barrelled, skittish, bare-backed beast he rode, touched her accidentally with the spur, and instantly after came on the back of his head heavily on the ground, about as bad a sporting fall for fifteen stone to get as I have seen.

It was all right in the end, although there was an anxious ten minutes or so for us after the tumble: but, bless ye, Abel! a sportsman has twice the vitality of another man, the evident result of his being always more alive, and wider awake; so that amid thumps and bruises enough to demolish the entity of any given number of tailors,—see the fellow! look at the cat and eelish tenacity of life with which he nods to you the next day as if the head were not nearly knocked off; and has the impudence to say it (that head) does not ache; and sits down to the ordinary, sore bones and all, as easily as you do: bethink you a little upon the amount of *pluck* required to do this sort of thing, and ponder, amid the rattle of plates and jingle of glasses, on the benefit of exerting this sort of energy, which positively effects a cure, aided by pru—"No, old fellow, don't be helped to boiled beef, more than three times to-day, and as to beer—" But the cloth is cleared, the Secretary's box produced, and my advice as to diet superseded by an anxious conversation of greater interest,—next year's races. Will there be any? Will there be a Fair even? Will you come? or you? or you?—But some one's tact has swamped the words of doubt—"Mr. Shylock's song!"—What did he sing? I forget really,—but if you *will* have a song, Abel, take this, and think you hear him troll it away, while Glee dances round the tent to the sound of it—

1.

Hold! till I season the glass with my ditty,
Nor crown, without meaning, the bumper to be;

Those that but drink, are mere tipplers I pity,
Too soul-less companions for you, boys, and me;
Give me the thought that inspirits the liquor,
And give me the feeling that flavours the wine—
And let hope in our pulses heat higher and quicker,
As I drink, boys, good luck to your fortunes and mine!
Yes, this is the toast shall go round at our table,
Nor selfishly fix on one name for its call—
And oh! happy are they that in union are able
To drink as one man—Here's a health to us all.

2.

Here's to the Chief! quick!—his glories are fleeting,
While clamour shouts praises that die in the sound;—
Custom alone 'twas, suggested the meeting
When butter-in-words with the bottle passed round;—
Here's to the Poet! poor soul! yon faint cheering,
Springs feebly from voices could never combine,—
For jealousy breathed mid the phrases endearing
A taint, boys, shall ne'er tinge your fortunes and mine.
Then quick with the toast let it circle the table,
Nor, &c.

3.

Here's to the Sage! thro' the whole world of science,
That laboured his life out obscurely and slow;
One cheer for pity! he's nailed his reliance,
On Fame for *one* cheer, ere the poor devil go;
Here's to the Statesman! for what to applaud him
That's changed his "fixed principle" ninety times nine?
We'll leave his own "lasting admirers" to laud him,
That ne'er car'd a fig for your fortunes nor mine,—
So quick, &c.

4.

Statesman, Philosopher, Warrior, and Poet,
Ye hunters of Honour, and shooters of Praise—

Weary's the work you must all undergo it,
That tardily brings ye the laurels and bays!
Wiser were he that should rather petition
His lot to be cast in less glorious a line,
And with Sport his reward, and Content his Ambition,
Stand his luck, the year round, with your fortunes and mine;
Then round with the toast let it circle the table,
Nor selfishly fix on one name for its call;
Brother Sportsmen alone are by sympathy able
To sing out as one man—Here's a health to us all!

Bravo! capital! well sung!—why, what uproarious applause! are they going to have the four verses over again?—No, it is not the song, its something else; what's the matter?—"Fifteen gold mohurs"—How much?—"All horses"—eh? there's such a noise I can't hear—"Master Mathew's purse"—my Purse! why, what the deuce!

Conceive my astonishment, Abel, at finding that this was "the official friend" broken out in a new place,—sitting at the other end of the table, giving purses and be d—d to him, and,—he really takes liberties with people, sticking my name, my evangelical simple-minded appellation on to a profane horse race. But mercy on us, what a row! "Twenty-five gold mohurs," cries Mr. Villiers amid renewed applause; —"Thirty gold mohurs" say the Purnea men,—but you've got it all down, Abel, in the Titalya race list, so why make a short story long:—Enough.—I was a good deal hurt, and went off to my tent to bed. In a short time, "the official friend" entered, smelling strongly of Manilla segars.

"Mathew," said the "official"—"I have been drinking a devil of a deal of beer."

"I should just think you had been," replied I, rather sulkily, as I tucked my silvery locks under my double cotton night-cap.

"But before I go to bed, or you to sleep, I wish to give you a few ideas on the philosophy of the race course."

"Oh!" *(aside.)*

"Do you disapprove of racing?" asked the "official."

"Very much—it's gambling,"—replied I, a little huffy still.

"But if men don't gamble?—running a horse you don't bet upon, is like having a billiard table where you don't play for money, so there's one objection gone, Mathew; and if you consider the political value—"

"Oh! Lord!" *(aside.)*

"The political value of bringing persons of certain stamp periodically together, even a profane race, as you term it, becomes an engine of government;—large frontier meetings—natives of foreign territories—diffusion of respect for our power—commercial intercourse—manufactures—shawl wool—piece goods—"

And so "the official friend" prosed pitilessly on, having started with "nine stone seven" and making his run in upon "grey shirtings," until what between sleep and conviction, I was compelled to own, that a race was not such a very bad thing after all.

And time thus slipped away, not without revels, for we had to show our zeal for the *fair* (this was the official friend's one joke—

"For God's sake, Abel, take it not for mine!")

and there were dances, and junketings, dances such as I like, where the heart dances as well as the heels. For there is a merriment that makes me melancholy, and you too, and many besides,—when a joyless-looking youth accosts a pale maiden, and they make themselves into a human sandwich (with angles both lateral and posterior), and bounce with grave faces violently round the room, insulting the laws of rythm in im-

possible endeavours at making *three, two,* until ichor exudeth visibly on the breathless nymph's bepearled shoulder, and the youth perspireth even as poets fable doth the bull;—if they looked happy I'd forgive them, but they don't;—they looked tired, like a figurante after doing a feat, (and this is one), not like young men and women amusing themselves. A Mofussil dance on the contrary is a hearty, jolly, real thing; and not less pleasant is a day spent under the green wood by some rapid stream with country games and sports extempore, with Villiers to cater, the Major to carve, and all to laugh and be happy. That mirth's infectious. *Aychew* and his party, *stravaguing* home in their idle way, see the white tents and hear the sounds of festivity; and there they are with the hoops that were green bamboo twigs but a while ago, and the rude-cut rods that fair hands honoured with their touch, and have but just thrown aside, playing *les graces,* the imitative rascals, with my cigars in their mouths!

But I tell this story vilely;—because this was two or three days after,—no—I'm in a narrative "fix": look ye, Abel, fancy that you had read what I am going to tell you two or three pages back, and then you have it all chronologically: this is an Hibernian method of writing history, but it has its conveniences, and I seriously recommend it to Mr Alison as preferable to the system of anticipating his events.

Well—it was one day we went out in force to beat some ravine ground covered with heavy jungle some three miles to the S. E.: no one knew this part of the country, but by the villagers' account it abounded with wild buffalo, and was frequently, if not constantly visited, by "the gentlemen in the striped waistcoat." There was among the party, a native gentleman, a zumeendar of Rungpoor, owner among other good elephants, of the well-known *mukna,* Sham Lall, which, when the late Mr. Bateman's property, saved William

Bracken's life when the tiger pinned him by the foot. This animal passed subsequently into the late Raja Kishennath Raee's hands, where he found himself in company with a fine-grown and singularly tractable young male elephant, called Jye Mungul. Against this companion, Sham Lall conceived the most violent aversion, and on every occasion manifested his dislike by attacking him in the most inveterate manner, without however doing him serious injury, owing to the want of tusks: he is the finest, and the largest, but one, *mukna* I have seen. These two elephants on the Raja's death, passed into different hands, and had not met for more than three years until this day I speak of. One of our party who knew both these creatures well, warned Sham Lall's mahout, the only man that can drive him, not to bring him near his ancient enemy who was in the field, but the warning was, perhaps purposely, disregarded, and at the passage of a small half-dry nullah, the *mukna*, bearing the howdah and guns of one of our friends found himself immediately behind the object of his ancient hatred, also carrying a howdah and four guns, both batteries being loaded. The banks of the little swampy hollow sloped on the approach side at an easy angle of declivity, that opposite, of coarse wet sand, being abrupt, and from five to six feet high. And now occurred an extraordinary instance of memory, rooted dislike, and vindictive cunning on the part of "the half reasoning elephant" in the person of Sham Lall, who waiting till his ancient foe was just embarassed in the slough, charged him, first on the quarter, and then with the impetus of a rush down the declivity, full on the side, so that *Hyder Guj* (late *Jye Mungul*, his name having been altered) was knocked completely over in the nullah.

Do you remember in our boy-days,—I do in mine at any rate,—the sensation of the rushing descent in a swing at a fair? I had not felt it for years, till that

day in the falling howdah, for I was its occupant, Abel:—I was standing up when Sham Lall charged, and of course did the first thing one does in a scrimmage of the kind, hold the guns from falling about, in which act, holding on to the howdah sides at the same time, my head and left shoulder came to the ground without my position being altered. It was a curious one then; for my guns were above me; so completely indeed that when one of them was shaken from my grasp, the butt of the falling fowling piece cut my forehead open. This however was not until Sham Lall had made two or three charges, retiring up the declivity for fresh impetus, then rushing down, and butting the ribs of my poor prostrate beast with the thump of a pile driver. It was a fine sight looking up, to see the great pink expanse of the *mukna's* forehead,—above this the mahout not half as active as he might have been with the driving iron,—then the cane howdah-front,—on it, a row of eight grim-looking muzzles depressed right at me as the elephant struck his blow,—and above all the handsome features of an astonished *griff*, temporary occupant of the *mukna's* back, holding on like grim death, and quite as uncomfortable as myself. As the gun fell, the front of my howdah began to complain, driven as we now were below the upright bank, and at the next charge, the crash of wood, and rending of iron, as guns and all were forced into the sand, warned me that "time was up." As the howdah fell away considerably to the rear, I still had handsome room between its side and the bank, to slip my not very obese figure, and in an instant, *i. e.* after one failure, I was out, and up in safety. Had I not thought the man in the *khuwass* behind me, whom I looked for, and barely saw under the howdah, were killed, I would, honour bright, have stayed to help him; but as it was, I retreated, lest Sham Loll should hate me for association's sake, and got behind the elephants that had crossed the nullah.

And now the assailant was at last thrashed off by bloody and effective punishment with the *kuncas*;—the prostrate elephant by degrees recovered himself, and regained his legs unaided, still bearing the shattered howdah, its strong iron rail bent like copper wire, its cross piece of sound timber snapped like rotten stick: my guns were picked out of the bank, one broken clean across nine inches below the muzzle, the other two and the rifle unbroken, but scored and knocked about, and *filled with sand to the breaching*, proof of how far and how forcibly we were driven. The man in the *khuwass* escaped as by miracle with a few bruises, the mahout utterly unscathed, myself with a cut forehead, and the loss of my hat which we found no where, it having doubtless been crushed into the swamp under the elephant. So ended an adventure which the by-standers describe, as having been a nasty thing to look at. One learns of these things, Abel, one learns;—the eldest of us are but students in the knowledge of great truths.

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we may."

The sport that followed this business was of too ordinary a character to need record, but the occurrence is of use, as a proof to young sportsmen in this country, of the value to a man of avoiding flurry, more particularly attempting to leave the howdah in difficulties too precipitately. This last affair, the mahouts with our party declared was a personal insult to "the official friend" and were (said to be) so determined to avenge it on the person of the Rungpore zumeendar, or his elephants, that lo! and behold, in the night the threatened man struck his tents, and in the morning, was not. And we too went our way and the place knew us no more. I would be tuneful on the occasion, but that *goodbye* rhymes to *cry*, and invites altogether much too dolorous a strain for me,

who by no means consent to abuse the use of song for melancholy purposes. You insist, do you? doggrel of the homeliest description are you doomed to—look here—

1.

Come, let us sup
The stirrup cup
Or e'er we get to horse—
Our march begun
Before the sun
Commence his westward course:
Let on this ground
The pledge go round
To make it plain and clear,
That every man
Do what he can
To meet again next year.

2.

The dues of life,
Or love, or strife,
Or Nature's common debt—
Perchance may fall
On one or all,
E'er through twelve moons we get:
To the living peace,
And rich increase—
To the friends that sleep a tear—
For this we're bound
On this same ground
To meet again next year.

3.

Then say, farewell,
Nor dread the spell
That makes the word sound sad—
A thousand things

Each season brings
Are lost as soon as had:
But hope lives still,
And lets not Will
Too confident appear,
But says,—"Please God,
On this green sod
We'll meet again next year."

Adventures, Abel, by flood and field might I relate, with more expositions still of the powers and values of *pluck*, but that I want to get home, and cannot even ask you to stay those two days with me at Dinagepore, however hospitably and pleasantly they were passed. We must traverse the wild country before us rapidly to our rendezvous at Maldah, coming all along the road into contact with things that always make me melancholy, the neglected remains of ancient civilization. Here you fall in again with the remains of the great earthwork road, leading from the ancient capital of Bengal to the foot of the Himalas, that has been bridged handsomely where required, with structures of squared granite and good masonry. The ruins of a very large stone bridge approached by a fine causeway, lie at Pathurgatha, on the banks of the Tangon, and I only met with one of these interesting structures in any state of completeness, not far from Parwah. Large tanks, or rather artificial lakes occur in this country, which is undulating, and where points in the highest ground being selected for the formation of these great reservoirs, a collection of water is obtained sufficient to irrigate an immense extent of rice land. We only found one of these immense works fairly surrounded by fertilised land in an inhabited country, and the magnitude of it may be estimated when I mention that on the N. W. corner of the bund, stand the ruined houses, and deserted vats of an entire indigo

factory. The high road (?) or track, or path of modern days repudiates all connection with the ancient bund, and makes its way through—

"Over the hocks, in he goes!—hurrah! fifteen stone in difficulties!"

Rolling and wading, Homo Barbatus, mounted luckily on an English horse of some power, pushes through and Master Mathew follows as he can. But truly this high road craves wary riding, and as we cross another of these shallow treacherous *latches*, (as they call them on the Borders,) yonder laden bullock, that shyed at my pony, is bogged to the shoulder, but a fathom from the *one* track. In the Malda district the country lies higher, and the road is well cared for, but would be better, *and always passable*, were the old bund repaired; while as you near Purwa, or Pundwa (Pandooa, seat of the old Pandoo Rajas), you come upon a curious causeway, broad as an ordinary road, composed of brick set on edge, of admirable quality, put together with the utmost regularity and compactness. The more distinctly it is determined, the deeper and denser does the jungle grow; or in other words, the more perfect it appears approaching the ancient site of the great city, the more is the traveller impressed with the sense of desolation "amid the high places that have been." There is a peculiarity in this interesting relic which gives one a hint as to the ancient mode of traffic of the country, in the fact that the ruts, sparingly visible, are evidently of modern times, whence it ensues that pack-carriage was of old the only method of transport employed, as, on this line, it is to this day, almost exclusively,—and for a good reason. The road here is like a channel cut through the densest kind of brake and thickest jungle. It is sinuous, offering most picturesque effects; and many and many a time as he turns a bend in the way, on his early morning march, will the sportsman see before him jungle fowl,

out in the dusty way, seeking for fallen grain, or carrion, of which all the gallinacious tribe of birds are very avid.* I observed in these jungles that the cock bird was oftener seen than the hen: with the pheasant every where, and usually where I have met jungle fowl, the hen is the bolder bird. She is—But let me suspend my disquisition, for here in the first opening that has for miles occurred in the verdant wall of bamboo that has hemmed in our narrow way, stands a lofty and most striking edifice,—it is the Adeena Musjid, alone left standing where a city stood, honoured by Rennell with a special place on the map of Bengal, though there it stands alone in the silent jungle.

It has been an oblong building of considerable extent, roofed with small domes, of which I think three or four complete the breadth of the structure; of these, the tradition is, there were three hundred and fifty, which means simply a great number. Both extremities of the structure are in total ruin, overgrown with tree jungle, and impracticably closed to the curious by rubbish, trees, and bramble. The centre (roofless) comprises the *kibleh*, or recess pointing towards Mecca, and the *mimber* or pulpit; the altitude of its roof has been much superior to that of the wings, and the entire wall on either side and above the doorlike hollow of the shallow recess, is loaded with ornaments of the most elegant character, and inscriptions, all texts from the Koran, in a sort of *toghruh* writing, most exquisitely cut: above the whole is

* Have you ever seen, near any preserve in England, the carcase of a deer that has died of the murrain close under the park palings where the poor brutes always creep to perish, without flushing three or four pheasants about it ? The instincts of the tribe are universal : I once, riding through the Mohun Pass (into the Deyrah Doon) flushed a cock and hen of the *kalidge* pheasant (the link between the jungle fowl and hill pheasant of India) *out* of the dried carcase of a dead camel by the road side. I could multiply instances.

an elaborate arabesque in which a certain sign showed that the skill of a Master Mason had planned it. The pulpit with its canopy, steps, and railing (broken and partly removed) is of a hard sandstone, cut into minute rosettes of a delicate pattern, all over the surface. The eastern wing, still roofed, has beneath it, isolated in the open space, a noble floor of black marble slabs, supported on low and very massive columns of the same, on which, connected by longitudinal rough-hewn beams of the same costly material, the platform lies. Here is another *kibleh*, with fresh ornament, and more inscription, and along the cornice, and in each of the little domes overhead, a profusion of decorative shapes is lavished in stucco, and terra cotta, for *brick* is not the word. On the exterior, the structure shows the basement of granite for eight or ten courses of stone, and then masonry of the most admirable closeness and finish, partly covered with fine stucco, and relieved with ornamental niches. Abel, this is rather a prosy account of the place, but as a sporting tour produced this, the only written description attempted of it, let the *Sporting Review* have the credit of the production, which subscribers are not called upon to read. He with the beard, and I fastened our horses to the ruins outside, and entered the desolate place. From a tree that grew, slight, and sickly, to a great height mid the central ruins, came a strange noise with shaking and rustling. It was a large old *lungoor*, that seemed triumphing, like the spirit of the forest, that the waste had reconquered the populous spot from man. "Owls shall dwell there," thought I, "*and satyrs shall dance therein:*"* it was a curious practical comment on the real meaning of a much disputed passage, for there was the satyr dancing. Brambles, and the hooked thorny bamboo called *byre-bans* by the natives prevented much explor-

* Isaiah xiii. v. 21.

ing. The marble flooring is much ruined having been plundered in masses: a gentleman who has been resident near half a century at Malda remembers it perfect: —a chokeydar could not be spared to protect the beautiful ruin, nor the Government that plans "schools of design and art" try to preserve this exquisite specimen of both! Don't be angry—we'll poetise instead—

These solitudes
Are vocal with the echoes of the past
To ears that hear aright. The creeping fowler
That threads their thorny brakes, pauses oftime
As sudden floats the moist fresh breath of water,
Gratefully, on that dense and lazy air:
This following, in the forest, at his feet,
Till then unseen, behold! a shapely lake,
Well worth the name, tho' man, not nature made it;
A tranquil sight, yet sad:—the idle fish hawk
So clamorous from yon tree, and waterfowl
That flap, and swatter in the mimic mere,
Are all of life he sees there:—and yet myriads
Sweated to delve this work, that myriads more
Might drink, and live.

What sound? a sound of home
And habitation in these wilds! 'Tis so!
For tho' the call be hoarse and low, 'twas thine,—
Gallant and gay, thou gentleman of Birds—
Bold Chanticleer!—The fowler turns,
Breaking brief meditation.

Braggart bird,
Like other biped braggarts—crowing too loud
And out of season, thou'rt thine own undoing—
Else not the patience of the stalking savage,
Stalking for food, not sport, had found thee lying,
Unwary, in thy haunts. No homestead-denizen
Is this, but of that race, which having lent
Its progeny to man, shamed of the act,
Flees him that slaved its offspring. Wild and shy,—

A broken stick, a falling leaf, a sound
That's unakin to habit, and he calls
His feathered mates, far scurring thro' the woods
That with their hooked officious hinderance grasp,
And hold pursuers back,—true guardians these
Of things that trust their keeping;—the hard soil
Favours the racing fugitives,—they're gone
Or ever they were seen! And yet, wild bird,
That soil's compacted of such elements
As erst made fanes, and palaces,—and thou
Waryest of creatures, crow'st where was a city!

There's only a village there now, a poor place, the seat however of a handsomely endowed *serai* for travellers. We beat the jungle with great perseverance on foot for jungle-fowl. I was well equipped to face a thick Indian cover having a shooting dress* for the purpose which I strongly recommend, but it was vain to attempt surprising this game in such lying. I heard plenty of them, but saw none. In more open and smaller cover, jungle fowl with a spaniel and a few beaters, give excellent shooting. We got some birds however though with considerable trouble, by stalking them when they came out in the evening to feed.

At Nuwab-gunj we found the camp of the young native magnate, whom the official friend had been so anxious to come up with. It lay commodiously located in a tope of trees along the bank of the Mahanuddee and consisted of between two and three thousand men. The "turn out" was unexceptionable, and the perfect order, quiet, and discipline that reigned throughout every part of it, edifying to behold. There was no straining for effect, nor silly assumption of grandeur, nor none of what the "official friend" (one day when he

* A smock frock of strong coarse dark tartan, girt with a leather belt: light trowsers with no braces, and loose leathern stocking gaiters: in the Hills, let a *loongee* supplant the belt.

unbent and became human)—called "the shabby-splendacious," about it. It was just a gentleman going out, as you or I would, on the scale *his* means permitted; and if he had fifty elephants instead of five, twenty tents for two, and paid his own escort, he was just as quiet and simple about it, as you or I under the single protection of Chor Bukhsh that smart fellow the Magistrate lent us, and who stole my seal ring. There was a small bazaar even established of country cloths, trinkets, and small groceries, and crowds of people from the villages about surrounded the camp to stare at the tents, the elephants, and most of all, the mounted troopers, until—happy people!—the youthful magnate himself came forth on his way to the shooting-grounds, and then those that saw him said they had had *burra bukht, i. e.* great good fortune, and back went they, happy, to their villages again.

There was an individual however, who, with the Hindoos somewhat divided popular admiration, and this was—the yâk. Immense care was taken of him on the march: he travelled chiefly by night and in the friendly company of two hill cows purchased also at the fair; it was astonishing how in a few days he acclimatised himself, and travelled loose although in so new a road, as tame and docile a beast as I have seen. His favourite dainty was *goor*, or coarse sugar; he knew those that brought it for him, and with the roughest tongue that bovine beast ever boasted of, licked the hand that fed him as though he would have flayed it in his gratitude, a troublesome sort of "skin-deep affection," Abel, which I eschewed.* Yet other trophies from the fair were no less ostentatiously exhibited;—a horse bred in the Usufzye country (he was called Candaharee, but the official friend denounced

* This poor beast died in less than two months after leaving the hills.

the imposition),—a skewbald cob (*yaboo*) of Candahar, such as the late Mr. Ducrow would have pawned Widdicomb to become possessed of;—a pair of camels that had "eaten three waters," *i. e.* passed three seasons in ungenial Bengal; *Dollabella* and *Fleur-de-lis*, those celebrated racers; an elephant of excellent shape *Tarun Piaree* for no reason on earth; and *tanguns* and ponies of all sorts, out o'sorts, and no sorts at all, completed the singular collection, the greater part of the latter being private property. But among the lot the strangest to me was a specimen of what Mr. Blyth would call *homo sentiens*, a poor Candaharee horse-dealer, that had lost at the fair by gripes, his last horse of three, all dead, unsold. "The official friend" was anxious lest this ill-luck should deter the loser's friends and countrymen from resorting to the fair next winter, and took him off with him under assurance of some such nod, sign, phrase, or expression as means a vast deal—to those that understand it.

He was a sharp merry fellow was this horse-dealer, of some thirty years old, cheerful and shrewd: he had nothing left but his clothes, his sword, and his servant, except a vicious dun cob, shrewdly suspected of an inclination to glanders, therefore *taboo'ed* from our camp. His clothes he carried for the most part about him, comprising under garments multifarious, of doubtful texture and decided dirt; trowsers *ditto* tucked into a curious laced buskin of half-tanned leather; his upper coat had been yellow with a fur binding, and over all was thrown a napless camel's hair *chogah* or narrow cloak. Thus, with a ragged turban of coarse flowered muslin to complete all, he stood before the magnate.

"Your name?"

He gave it.

"Your country and business?"

He answered to both.

"Your wants?"

"I am a Mussulman in distress—*Mooslim-i-muzloom*—in a strange land."

"What will take you home?"

The man sighed and was silent.

"If I may observe in the presence," said one of the bystanders, a confidential servant of the magnate,—"this stranger is in debt: he owes one hundred rupees in Poorunnea, and three hundred and fifty in Benares."

And Master Mathew spoke in surprise and said—"*Ay! Khanuh-bu-dosh*—oh! thou with house on thy shoulders, thou vagabond,—is this word true?"

And he answered, and others too; and the story was true every word of it, as appeared from information gained long previously: upon which the young magnate said in a quiet gentle voice, a little hurriedly.

"Pay his debts, and give him three hundred rupees to go home with."

Would I were born a magnate, Abel, to say such words! but you, vagabond aforesaid, what say you to them?—what say you who, to the utter shame of our commercial morality, are allowed to wander through the country, free, a Candaharee, with the way home open to you, and debt to leave behind you in Bengal, and Behar too? what say you?

"I will go pay my debt at Poorunnea, and pay my debt at Benares, and get to Shikarpore quick, and up the Bolan Pass before the heats begin, and go tell them at Chandahar there are great hearts in Bengal"—so spoke the grateful man with an energy not unpathetic

"And bring back a nag or two for next year?" suggested "the official friend."

"*Shayud*," answered the horse dealer with a relapsed twinkle of intelligence—(*i. e.* perhaps, *i. e.* won't I!) and so he made obeisance, and got to horse, and went his way.

We had in the neighbourhood of this camp, and at Peergunge in particular, some excellent sport with deer, partridge and buffalo, making a good bag. Shylock rode *Alchymist*, one day after a noble bull buffalo, and two cows, single handed; the jungle was heavy, the ground very bad, and the run long, but he ocntrived to separate the lot and despatched one of the cows that charged him with a single pistol shot:—he was lucky enough on the same day to get a hog deer on the open and spear him after a pretty run. The novelty to me was killing a lot of that splendid game commonly called "chicore," and which I have heard in the Upper India termed "Ghagra partridge," the word "chicore" being there more properly applied to the red-legged partridge of the hills. My impresssion is that this bird is not a true partridge, but the grey francolin of Col. Sykes *(Franc Ponticerianus)* which he describes as common in the Dukhun. The question merits attention, and should be decided.

Breaking up our camp we marched down the Mahanuddee, enjoying sport as good as could be had so early in the season, the grass jungle being too thick positively for game to lie in, and rendering it hard to see ground-game when found; I performed the feat however one day of killing a hare from the howdah at fifty yards with a single ball;—and then like a friend of mine, who once made the best shot at a rifle-meeting in Hanover,—took care not to fire at another. We had the excitement one day of a find of tigers at Rohinpore in excessively thick cover, an accidental rencontre in the jungle with a line of forty-two elephants, I say *tigers* in the plural, as I think we come upon a family going back to the forest from a nullah, "returning to town from a watering place," like tigers at home. The one we killed, and lost, lost I grieve to say by the misbehaviour of the best elephants in Lower Bengal,—was a young one, up to which after he was wounded,

and, breaking the line, ran back, we could not get eight picked elephants to move, until too late: they did not turn, but backed in the most strange panic, nor could either punishment, or encouragement make them move. I believe the mahouts really did their duty: they had no reason for not doing so, as we had been holding our guns very straight, and one of us at any rate was a known sportsman to them, as good with the gun as in the saddle: so that *their* fear had nothing to do with our failure. They said that the elephants had had not seen, nor smelled the rank scent of the beast for four years, and hence their hesitation: this at least was the opinion of Khyratee, the mahout for many years of the noble elephant, Secundur Guj, on which I was mounted, a fellow well known for daring coolness to our sportsman hereabout, and himself an excellent shot. I believe myself the instinct of the animals told them that we were shooting out of season, inasmuch as the thickness of the cover at this time of year exposed them to the dangers of an unseen attack from "our striped friend," which they were not willing to incur. This view is confirmed by the admirable manner in which they behaved in the latter portion of the year,* and is another argument against going out too early.

This jungle about Rohinpore and Chuppye, is I think as thorough *jungle* in the sense of waste and desolation as any I have seen in India. Moving along the line of march in my way, riding my own peculiar hobby, amusing myself with a thousand speculations, it struck me, fancifully, as though—but hold! here's what I mean—

* The number of tigers shot in the past season has been considerable: a well-known sportsman, Mr. Y——, 21; Lt. Col.-W—— and party 8 in *nine* days; Nawab Sufdur Ali and party, 18, are mere items in the list of sport. The last-named gentleman, although his left arm, shattered by a gun bursting, is amputated below the elbow, shot nine of his bag alone.

The jungle's waste, the jungle's wild,
The jungle's dark and dreary—
No sport our lengthened march beguiled
To make the way less weary:
A strange and solemn air hangs round
Of silence and of mystery,
As if we paced some ancient ground
Demanding wondrous history:

The grass is reedy, rank, and dry
That the coarse soil produces,
As nature in an atrophy
Were drained of all her juices:
Few green leaves still are green enow
To grace the sapless bushes,—
And stiff and stark the wild dates grow
Midst sick and sallow rushes.

The peepul, monarch of the scene,
Alone doth deign to flourish,
Proud in his melancholy green
That all sad thoughts doth nourish:—
With self-perpetuating shoot
Down speed to earth his minions,—
Like branch-usurpers, take new root,
And lord o'er fresh dominions.

The plashy margent of the pool
Is rank with noxious herbage,—
Food nor for insect, beast, nor fowl,
Mere vegetable garbage;
The deer frequent these wastes no more
The tigers have forgone it;
The hogs e'en vote the place a bore,
And turn their tails upon it.

The waters that there prisoned lay,
Dark, weedgrown, foul, and fetid—

(Like a hellbroth brewed of rotten hay
By suns unwholesome heated)—
Are liquor of uncertain birth
Nor of cloud, nor fountain daughter—
But the drainage-juice of that arid earth
That hath sweated unearthly water!

Ah! is this a piece of the world of old—
Of the earth antideluvian,
An extant example of what we're told
May be found in rocks Peruvian?
Of the wastes, and the grass, and the trees that have been,
(At least all the geologists say so)
Now preserved in nature's own magazine
'Neath the peaks of Chimborayzo?

It is!—for low! there's a beast of the time—
A Saurian! Buckland's own lizard,—
Asleep there digesting his crocodile chyme,
With his antideluvian gizzard!*
And lo! there's his hole 'neath that thorn clad bank
Round which the air is pregnant
With stinks so stercoraciously rank,
That my nostrils wax indignant;—

I'm right:—there's no modern smell like this—
So very fishlike and ancient,—
Coæval with Queen Semiramis
Who's by various authors mentioned;
'Tis the scent of the plague in the land of Kish,
So bad men scarce could go by 't,—
And strikingly like the smell of the fish
Whose liver was burned by Tobit.

* Mathew, Mathew,—this is very præadamite anatomy! —A. E.

'Tis a bit of Earth's crust that's been unexplored,
Nor by earthquake knocked topsy-turvy—
That's escaped the ken of the Revenue Board,
And the Trigonometrical Survey:
It bears no more, does this old virgin soil,
Than a virgin of forty-seven,
Who leaves dreaming of Hymen to reading of Hoyle,
While a methodist damns her to heaven.

There are two slip down from their elephants,
(Mammoths here were the fitter riding!)—
And creep stealthily up to the monster's haunts,
'Neath the sad-grey sedges hiding:
"Behind the shoulder,—and then you can't fail"—
Thus they aim at the sleeping Saurian,
Who lies making a true-lover's knot with his tail
In dreams fishily-epicurean.

Sharp fly the balls,—writhe goes the beast,
Snapping with vast jaws vainly,—
Plunging the pool into foamy yeast,
As it gulphs his length ungainly!
Hard hit—bad luck—he was our's by rights!
While thus they talk, and load, on,—
Mathew thinks them two Præadamites
Slaying an Iguanodon!

* * *

No, my dear Abel, I can send you no more, although we had excellent sport, for I only undertook to show you how I *went* to the fair, not how I came home:—So good bye, old fellow: I must leave off doing "the amiably-garrulous" on our good friend Mr.——'s excellent Serampore paper, and do a little of "the blandly-concise" on foolscap alas—for "the official friend."*

MASTER MATHEW.

* The "official friend" I may remark, perhaps unncessarily, was the *alter-ego* of M. M.

Shakspere as a Sporting Character.

Act I.

The conversation, my dear Mr. East, which we had some months ago, had, believe me, in no sort passed from my memory.

You now write to ask me why Falstaff, when he meets the "Merry Wives" in Windsor Forest should say,—"let it thunder to the tune of *green sleeves*;" and also what is the meaning of ancient Pistols;—"under which King, *Bezonian?*" You say truly that there is no explanation extant of these phrases, despite of infinite commentaries. Now, my dear sir, I have always observed that a clever man is the unconscious cause of much nonsense; and if it so be with one simply clever, how much more in the case of genius, which, not to speak it profanely, may well be termed divine? Yes—even Knight's edition tells us that the words to the famous tune of *green sleeves*, which it gives the notes of, are lost, and adds that Ellis in his English Poets gives "*a sonnet*" set to the air; but, would you believe it?—this *sonnet* is an old jolly rollicking ballad of nineteen verses long, beginning—

Green Sleeves was all my joy—
Green Sleeves was my delight—
Green Sleeves was my hart of gold
And who but Lady Green Sleeves?

in short, *the* very old ballad which was printed as long ago as 1584; and for the air, it is an old Italian tarantella of an erotic character, called *Panno verde*, or Green cloth,* and the exact tune, by'r lady, that

* See Hecker's Epidemics of the middle ages. (Art. Tarantula vol. II. the hysteriacs affected different colours, and those of a voluptuous temperament always *green;* hence the name of the air played to them during their fit.

the graceless fat knight would have had running in his pate when he foregathered in the forest with Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford!

And as for the word *Bezonian*, which is termed in Knight's edition (2nd Part, Henry VI. Act. IV. sc. II.) "a term of contempt of somewhat uncertain derivation," it is simply pure Spanish, from which language the marriage of her sister Mary, had caused the introduction and common use in Elizabeth's time, of many military terms in England. Pistol uses it as plain bombast, in his extravagant way, to a drunken foolish country gentleman; but it is placed in sad earnest in the mouth of the great Duke of Suffolk, applied to the 'longshore water-thieves that are about to murder him

> "——these paltry, servile abject dredges!
> ——————— this villain here,
> Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more,
> Than Bargalus, the strong Illyrian pirate!"

and then, with the natural, and I confess to me affecting, indignation of the gentleman mis-handled by a sort of snobs, he parallels his case with those great men who have died at the hands of common sworders, banditti, bastards, savages, and pirates—

> "Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians:*"

That is, hacked to death under the base blade of a *bisono*, which, as you look to your dictionary, my dear Mr. East, you will find to mean a raw fellow, unpractised;—or as we should say in these days,—a recruit, who stands necessarily lowest in the military estimation of soldiers.

These answers to your questions, good Mr. Abel, lead me very happily into the subject-matter upon which we talked some time since; for if as in these instances, and sorces more beside, the very words of SHAKSPERE have rested without a trushman or in-

terpreter,* what shall be said of the meaning and spirit of his phrases,—and *how* shall these be understood? So would inquire the world at large, but this is not the way you or I talk;—for the mode to put the query is not *how*, but *by whom?* If I were to pull a fellow up, and ask him categorically the meaning of every word he uses in what he calls English,—put the case, eh?—and in like manner, when he discourses in the words of him who is the King of all English, our Master, *Shakspere*—how would he reply? But, Sir, it is the spiritual, and not the verbal, comprehension, that is the pith of language with human beings; and in like sort do men of spirit understand, though they cannot explain, the verbal vehicle of our Master's intent, his, who more than any other human being hath spoken intelligibly to the human hearts of all men. I knew an actor, sir, and extant is he to this day, by'r lady,—who played you in the toppingest parts of tragedy with the most passionate and excellent effect, and discoursed divine poetry with emphasis and discretion, and yet he, beyond a general idea of the meaning of his text, and a correct ear that gave him the musical rhythm of the words, would have made a right sorry hand at a critical exposition:—nay, sir, I once knew another (dead, poor fellow now), who being stage-struck with the character of Macbeth offered to go, and would have gone, eight hundred miles and back again for the pleasure of playing the part,—and yet who, when he did play it, where he was, and not ill too,—coming to the words—

'I pall in resolution'

took a terrible tug at the empty air, and informed the

* *Trushman* is the real English word, as see in Sir Thomas Boleyn's letters (he was ambassador in Paris) to Henry the Eighth; *turcimameo* says the Italian—*turjuman* and *dragoman* the Persian, Turk, and Arab, and my friend the grammatical quarter-master of the 78th N. I., *mootarujjim*. Curious!—M. H.

audience that Macbeth then and there, did *pull in* resolution, doubtless as a stock for the stand-up fight with Macduff that he knew was shortly to follow! And yet that man understood Shakspere, being a man of energy and spirit—*his* way truly, but he understood him. For it is the power of sympathising in what Shakspere's men and women talk about that makes their language intelligible,—*their* language I say, for, "when do we hear," as has been well asked, "the individual voice of the man William Shakspere."* It is the voice of the world, and the sound of its passion, and the breathing of all animated nature that we hear, and who can interpret that pri'thee? A fellow that pores in some dull room of some dark house in some dingy town over stale dictionaries, emending printer's errors of past days by his present conjectures, preferring words and syllables to meanings?—an unsavoury fellow in mouldy linen with tea be-slubbered, bad black breeches, worn in the hinder end by the habitual abuse of easy chairs? I have studied the whole generation of such, good Mr. East, and declare with Dogberry that they are "most tolerable and not to be endured." Your scholar, sir, or he that calls himself such, Johnson included,—ay,—the whole lot of them from Theobald to Monck Mason, are not the men to understand or to interpret Shakspere; they began with him in former days at the wrong end, in so much that a recent clever writer doubts whether Shakspere is destined really to be understood until in days yet to come!† D'Avenant, who at the expense of his mother's honour, the scoundrel, called himself our Master's son—

(You the Sun's son, you rascal—you be damned! as Fielding makes Phœbus say to Phæton). D'Avenant, Sir, altered his plays for the stage! Dryden,

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* Notice on Titus Andronicus.—*Knight.*

† North British Review—Art. on Alrici's Shakspere.

even Dryden, turned the exquisite Tempest into a wilderness of bawdry! Colly Cibber re-wrote Lear! Garrick emended the Master's verses! and Goldsmith, a poet, Goldy sneered at them altogether; for the which sin he hath since been edited by Mr. Drinkwater Bethune; whereby the vexed manes of the King of English are at last appeased by the odour of that great sacrifice. But this hath been tardy retribution, and all the time the above outrages were going on, the band of closet-men were hard at work misunderstanding him with all their might. We are only now beginning to make men comprehend—*we*, I say, the men of action, active, or actors in short,—that the lively presentment of character must be read by the mind's eye of the world, not through the spectacles of a book worm; and that the explanation of natural things must be found in the book of nature, and not, Heaven help us, in the abominable thing, a dictionary, that great alms-basket of words, out of which the dry pate of solemn, unimaginative fools doth try to beg conclusions. In short, sir, we are now after some couple of probationary and purgatorial centuries, in a fair way to show mankind that our Master being naturally a gentleman, essentially a philosopher, and the First of Poets by divine inspiration, was also,—and was *necessarily* the moment *he* willed it,—as excellent in his character of a SPORTSMAN as he was in all else! We must take him out of doors into the fields to comprehend him—no closet work, sir, will do it—none, sir, none.

But here objects one of those worthy gentlemen in black breeches, whom I have termed unsavoury,—"what! do you give us no credit for our pains-taking labour of setting together the disjointed members of the great poet,—now falsifying the folio editions, now quarrelling with the quartos,—crossing the t's, and dotting the i's,— and putting the plays and the poesies legibly before you?—do you." But I arrest

the course of these queries, and answer, taking the gun gracefully from the hand of our friend *Asmodeus*, or *Mountaineer*, or *Hotspur*, or whosò it may be—and I say to the unsavoury one—

> One man invented this;—another mark me,
> Did put the parts together;—but a third
> Must understand, and use it. Of these three
> Which is the mechanician?

Watch that exit, Mr. East! did ever you see dumb foundered domini exhibit dumb show more eloquent? He pinches his lip, he looks at his shoe-string, (which is as usual untied),—he rubbeth his forehead,—nay, he would speak, but even his own dear words play traitors and help him not,—and at last he retires, musing doubtless in his manner, wherefore learning should not bring with it the faculty of apprehension,—and how it is that men of apparent careless habit should be the first to seize on dominant meanings, and the truth of things? What says to this the solver of all mental mysteries?

> The strawberry grows underneath the nettle:
> And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
> Neighboured by fruit of baser quality:
> And so the prince obscured his contemplation
> Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
> Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
> Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
> It must be so;. for miracles are ceased;
> And therefore we must needs admit the means
> How things are perfected.*

Now let me observe that this conclusion goes greatly in favour of the man of general action, the

* Henry V.. act 1, sc. 1.

sportsman so to say; for here our Master looks only to the vague attribute of *wildness* in Prince Hal, which might, but did not, disqualify him from high achievements; and Shakspere's Prince Hal is *wild* only, which we are not;—and he was no sportsman, whereas we—. I leave you to conclude the sentence. Prince Hal's highest projected exploit is the boast reported of him, that he would—

> "From the commonest creature pluck a glove,
> And wear it as a favour; and with that
> He would unhorse the lustiest challenge." *

The which act, even in the event of success, would have been ungentlemanlike, and therefore not that of a sportsman; while it is remarkable that amid all the endless play of wit, the varied allusions, the inexhaustible fun current in the society of Hal, Falstaff, Poins and their companions, our Master does not introduce one sylvan idea, one conception of the country, one reference to heart, hawk, or hound, crammed as his dialogue among gentlemen is usually with such modes of illustration. The horse is with them a mere roadster; their fight is highway-robbery, or brawls about the inns of court; and Poins the prince's friend, has but the bully's excellence, that "he is a tall fellow of his hands." It is truly much to conceive a latent noble spirit drawing good out of all this, and learning even wisdom: but yet Shakspere shows us how 'twas done, its process and result; whereat let us who would, and who do, comprehend him, rejoice greatly; as the hidden meaning tells us—if from action and resolution of mind such things may be deduced in the impure purlieus of an impure city, how much more not from the action, the spirit, and resolution of a like man in the country, nature's field?

* Richard II., act 5, sc. 3.

that is, from a sportsman whose pursuits are sound and wholesome, not an idle debauchee? With his usual exact truth to every circumstance of life, when he does set Prince Hal to advantage as a manly fellow on horseback, it is only as a manége rider, an accomplishment which, as is well known, formed in those days a great part of the whole education of a man of rank; and in the extravagant way in which his admirers speak of his feats, being said to—

Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.*

—— in this I say our master slily lets *us*, who twig the thing, into the fact that Prince Hal, living in London always as he did, had taken lessons from the Ducrow of his day, and in a manner which has always appeared to me snobbish, takes the opportunity of playing off these mountebank tricks just as he is going into action; there is an incongruity in this nowise akin to the feelings of a gentleman. Indeed Shakspere makes us sensible throughout of this tendency to the incongruous in the Prince, long before he lets his father, in Act 4, of the Second Part, sketch the youth's character to that effect. What sort of a fellow is it, who, hand and glove with a set of roaring boys, says of them directly he is alone—

"I know ye all; and will awhile uphold,
The unyoked humour of our idleness."

—which he does by going out directly after to cut purses, the maddest of the merry; and then directly

* Henry IV., part I, act IV., sc. 1.

he is king, draws up, harsh, cold, and heartless on his old companions,—dashes them from him without a word of warning—taunts one of them in the language of his own jests, and won't even let him be witty (a cruel act) in reply—

"How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man
But being awake I do despise my dream."

(This is, Mr. East, pure snobbery.)

———— know, that the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men;

(And now mark the cruelty)

"*Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:*"

(After which one feels the sequel as nothing)

"———— I banish thee, *on pain of death,*
Not to come near our person by ten mile:
For competence of life I will allow you."

—— or, as the servants say at home, "you shall get plenty to eat and drink," another insult, as if *that* were what wit wanted: had Falstaff a grain of real dignity in his character, he would have rejoined, like Coriolanus,—"*I banish you;*" but, Sir John is a sycophant; I'm very sorry for it, but 'tis true; for even after this manifest and public discredit, he is content to think when Hal is gone, he will still be sent for in private, when—who's this? My Lord Chief Justice!

"Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the fleet;
Take all his company along with him."

The king, after gratuitous insult and unfeeling contumely, in which I cannot help thinking Shaks-

pere makes him revenge the secret sense of mental inferiority, which he has undergone for years in the society of his witty companion—the king but turns his back to break his word!—an act worse even than sending an old friend to prison for nothing, but that he is a clever man. I have played all Prince Hal in the two parts of Henry IV., Mr. East, and I can vouch and assure you that, to a gentleman, it is as uphill a bit of business as Joseph Surface. No—our Master made him, as he was, no gentleman and therefore, no sportsman. How different this picture!—

" ——— In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them un-noted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were
His equal had awaked it; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obeyed his hand; who were below him
He used as creatures of another place,
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks
Making them proud of his humility—
In their poor praise *he* humbled; such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times:
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward."*

It is in such exquisite creations as the above that Shakspere introduces the gallant element of sportsmanhood; as in his Hamlet—

* All's well that ends well, act 1, sc. 3.

" The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword ;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,—
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers ! "—

With him the ordinary phrase is a casual term of the chase; he calls to his coming friends as to his hawk; his very illustration of his society is borrowed from his favourite sport,—he " knows a hawk from a hernshew" (written in the play *hand saw*, a vile error);—and his conviction of his uncle's guilt is expressed in the simile of " the stricken deers." Again he is an actor; and never was the art so consummately treated as in the immortal direction to the players, applying his skill and knowledge, where need is, with an easy and affable unobstrusiveness, that bears an infinite charm about it. But with all that, when he is called upon to exhibit in manly exercise, we have no flourish, no " feathered Mercury" skippings and jumpings, nothing of the mountebank about *him*, nor false modesty either; he knows and estimates himself as a gentleman should do, as far removed from the sneaking inward conceit that deprecates all approval, as from the bluster of the braggart. The verity and total absence of humbug with which Shakspere invests, so truly to life, his real sportsman, is one of the pleasantest portions of his portraiture. Hamlet chances to be a scholar, and speculates upon things in heaven and earth beyond philosophy; but listen to another gallant spirit and in his confession, study the manly truth with which, when questioned, he disavows all pretence save to the things he truly knows.

" Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which had the deeper mouth—
Between two blades which bears the better temper—
Between two horses, which doth bear him best—

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw." *

There speaks a fellow I could make a companion of for ever! The cheerly manhood of this frank confession assures you of an honest daring temperament, one that loves action and adventure and abhors deceit and treachery. It is in this character as a confessed and accomplished sportsman, that our Master introduces the great Earl of Warwick, the arbiter of England's destinies for thirty and six years.

" Proud setter-up and puller down of Kings; "†

So that when this man, in action, ranges the field, cowing the most renowned enemy by his very challenge—

" Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!‡
Proud northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms!"

we find the feat a natural one; and so when, after the desperate wars of the roses is once commenced, Warwick shifts from Henry to Edward and from Edward to Henry, bearing victory with him, it is all in his character, not as a man changeable or treacherous, but as one incapable of supporting or siding with the weak mind and the base; even as our Master makes him tell us (Henry VI. part III. act III. sc. III.) He is wholly impatient of humbug too, and the thing that is vulgarly termed *gammon* is utterly foreign to his nature. Richard of Gloster, for instance, who boasts that he can

" Change shapes, like Proteus, for advantages,
An' set the murtherous Machiavel to school—"

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* Henry VI., part 1st, act II. sc. 6.
† Henry VI. part III. ‡ Henry VI. part I.

sees objection, like a dreaming scheming scoundrel that he is, to adopting the title when offered to him, as being ominous; when Warrick puts him down in his manly way.

"Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be Duke of Gloster,"

after which one feels that a man of action has spoken, and that the thing must be. In the same spirit, when ambassador in France, he finds the king has shallied with him, the noble heart says roundly—

"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long,"

a fair warning and a true, which we all know was as roundly executed as uttered. Warwick bears dominion, as being born to it, proudly and, to the rogues, offensively; for they feel that he indeed hath

"—— eyes as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the earth."

wherefore all conscious of such, your Somersets and Clarences, hate him infinitely,—marry, sir, not without *tremor cordis*, the internal heart-quake of the lying snob when a gentleman judgeth him: and yet they'll say—

"No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens at thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war."*

Such, good Mr. East, is another specimen of the real sportsman, careless of quillets of that law, and

* For all the above, see Henry VI. part III.

contemptuously impatient of foolish observations, true as long as men are true to him, observant of good, resentful of evil, hardy and proud when forced into public life, and a right good fellow when left to himself.

We have now gotten insensibly from the talking of our Master to our Master himself, he being, as an individual, only approachable through the medium of his own creations, a sort of translating of that Prometheus out of his own fire, which tells us something of the nature of the vivifying principle whereby he made men. We have possessed ourselves of the idea of his sportsmanhood, his that has made many sportsmen, and the natural next feeling is a longing for his sporting biography: how did he steal the deer at Charlcote? did he stalk 'em,—or hunt 'em,—or pot 'em with a caliver,—or shoot 'em with a bow and arrow,—or snare 'em,—or poach 'em with a lurcher of a dark night;—or try the quarrel from a cross-bow, like the princess—

"Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in.
—— Hereby upon the edge of yonder coppice
A stand where you may take the fairest shoot.
But, come, the bow.*

And we had just settled it *was* the bow, Mr. East, and had figured him out in such a hunting morning as he describes, when—

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,†

when out of his closet rushes our unsavoury critic, breathless with ecstacy and information, to tell us

* Love's Labour Lost, act IV. sc. 1.
† Titus Andronicus, act. II. sc. 2.

Shakspere never did steal deer at Charlcote at all! that it is a libel of infinite flagrancy to say he stole venison and rabbits! that Rowe says this, and Davison says that, and Mister Thomas Jones of Tarbick says t'other on the authority of Mister Thomas Wilkes, preserved by the Reverend William Fulman of Corpus, Oxon,—and that they are all wrong, from top to bottom—

Bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos—

as the Latin Grammar says:—that our Master never made ballads "to be sung to filthy tunes" on Sir Thomas Lucy who punished him for robbing his park, for there were no laws to punish him by;—that it is all idle tradition—vulgar rumour—common report; that there were not even parks to be robbed in Warwickshire, but that, I suppose, the red deer ran about the country ready for killing as they do in the pages of Mr. Macaulay's History of England:—that our "*unlucky poet*" is not to be mixed up with "*tales of profligacy, meanness, or ignorance.*"

Hold hard, sir, hold hard! you speak to one who has gone out deliberately poaching for the fun's sake,—ay, and in a postchaise,—ay, and with a fellow, who never did so witty a thing, nor will do ever, in the whole of his right honourable existence again: I'll stick to it, Shakspere poached; his mad prank of Falstaff's in the Merry Wives is the proof of it,—"*Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer and broke open my lodge*"—(and if he hadn't a park, my critic, how have a lodge in it?) I'll back tradition's word as Hamlet does the Ghost's, for a thousand pound: I'm in a conviction Shakspere poached, and I'm very certain I've done so myself, and moreover that I am not thereby profligate, mean, nor ignorant, but rather the contrary; whence I conclude that my Master may well have done the same without being a worse man than I am, and there's your

answer. Oh! you linger, do you? you want to hear about the postchaise school of poaching? Why, to show somebody knows something beside yourself—listen.

Late i' the year when the stubble is thin, and its not a turnip country, you may see the covey as you pass along the road at such an elevation as a carriage gives you: this being sighted, a word arrests the professional saddle-bump of our post-boy, a withered lively stripling of fifty-five, and lo! from either door of the vehicle, technically termed *a yellow-behind two*, protrude the gun-barrels, and finally emerge the persons of the profligate poachers; a glance windward, a mute sign or two, and these, passing the hedge, diverge to walk their game up, very profligately but not at all in ignorant fashion as to what they are after: but the covey has run, crept thro' a bullfinch into the next field, and the profligates are floored; but not for long: they brave a further distance from their ark of refuge, *the yellow*,—turn the hedge at either extremity, and take their game in flank, as Lord Gough did not do the Sikhs: the covey meanwhile have cowered down in a cosy sheltered patch of buck wheat (left doubtless to feed the game) close below our obstacle, the bullfinch, and thither we, having them between us, step up with steady stealthy tread. A flash! and off they go, strong wary birds,—four brace and a half together as if they had but one pair of wings among them; going to my right, I miss in my flurry with the first barrel, but make a clean shot with the second,—while my friend, banging into the midst of them (all's fair out poaching you know), drops a brace and then a single bird, for he holds his marking-iron uncommonly straight, does my friend. We bag our game in a chuckling way, talk of the shots, and are reloading, when, lo! the Philistines are down upon us! Alas! like the Duke at Waterloo, we not only have failed to provide for our retreat, but find an impenetrable forest, (the bull-finch) in our rear.

"Them domn'd chaps from 'Varsitee" (*anglice* University)!

"Where's your licence? Stop you!"

"Hoa—hilloa—shoot'n, kill'n!"

"Knock their bloody yeds off!"

All very fine, gentlemen;—*Siste per fidem*, screams the Proctor—*curre per Jovem*, responds the Undergraduate; let me only get this Westley Richards loaded, and you shall see a pretty specimen of "fight and run"—we can do both at Oxford. Up they come, two chaw-bacons, a rusty-looking keeper with a hare in his pocket, and a stout old snob, on a punchy bay cob; of these two last, the one can't run, and the other can't ride, as the country's too close, which reduces the matter in the first instance to a case of *pace* between us and the chaws, and accordingly away we go, footing it, handsomely, Hoby *versus* Hobnail. Hobnail comes up hotly, but running in a smock-frock offers no small impediment to what my fencing master used to call, the liberal action of the limbs,—and bellowing all the time at the pitch of the lungs, has a tendency to aid that illiberal action in pumping a 'fellow's wind out. We meantime, keeping our "bloody yeds" cool and collected, traverse the stubbles as though they were a lawn, and having outrun our pursuers, Hoby having it hollow, commence a more deliberate retreat towards the ark of refuge, whence the withered lively one makes signals as to the direction taken by the enemy's cavalry and artillery, that is, the cob and the keeper, whom our admirable manœuvre has separated from the main body. This now approaches, much blown, delivering tremendous volleys (of damns) with little effect, upon which the foe, who has thrown away his accoutrements in the pursuit (his smock-frocks I mean) endeavours by every description of taunt to engage us in single combat—to detain us skirmishing until the arrival of his support in fact. But, conscious of the immense

superiority which our possession of artillery gives us, we treat these idle demonstrations with all the scorn they merit, nerving ourselves for the last and most difficult portion of the retreat, which consists in waiting to thank the gentleman for the sport we have had while we keep his infantry from the nags' heads of our *yellow*. An exquisite exhibition of judgment,—the true military estimate of time and distance enables us to satisfy the rules of courtesy, even while extricating ourselves from our perilous position; in this we are aided by our reserve (the withered one), who opens with liveliness a fire of *sells*, that affords considerable diversion (to us) and tells on the enemy, whose ammunition is exhausted, and who is as nearly reduced to retreat as other armies have been from a like reason. But now up comes his cavalry, the cob, charging at a hard trot upon our square the yellow, when we with the grave courtesy of the French officers at Fontenoy, salute him, (having stepped nimbly in at either door), and thank him heartily for the sport he has given us. A feeble attempt to close is followed by no effect, and indeed with beaten infantry and his artillery in the rear what could he do? or rather *with* an effect; for our post-boy giving either nag a lash enough to cut a donkey in two,—sets us, bowing to the old farmer from either window as if he were a Lady Patroness at Almack's, at a round gallop on our way back to happy 'Varsitee.

Mr. Abel, see! see and if I have not made the critic smile! Yes, my dear sir, this act of profligacy, meanness, and ignorance was enacted one day coming home from an ineffective attempt to find snipe in the meadows at ——, even as Prince Hal took a purse on Gadshill in his salad days, once for fun. And don't you see here fresh proof of the undoubted fact that none but a sportsman is capable of understanding Shakspere? To us what more simple than that in the effervescence of hot youth and early daring, he

should kill the deer, beat the men and break the lodge, but not, as he makes Falstaff answer, "But not kiss the keeper's daughter;" *his* outbreaks are all fun, but no vice; whereas a fellow of the unsavoury school, predestinate to black breeches, would have avoided the profligacy and meanness of *sky*:—the deer he has not the spirit to follow, the men he has not the courage to face, and so far from breaking the lodge, he contents him with the heart of lodge keeper's daughter, whom he has seduced—and nobody the wiser. In after days, when he takes to spinning biography and writing notes as they make buttons, by the gross, poaching is represented to him in the act of some professional desperado, your—

My delight
Of a shiny night,

gentleman, who has figured in the county paper under the head DREADFUL AFFRAY WITH THE DUKE OF BUMBLESHIRE'S KEEPERS—A MAN KILLED,—and which he has read copied into the *Times;* and poacher is to him a something compound of Bill Sykes, Will Watch, and the rat-catcher round the corner. He labours, poor creature, to prove Shakspere could not have been *like that!*

You will thus see, my good Mr. Abel, that this unhappy man is victim to a rooted power of incomprehension of what our Master was in his early mind and action. He sees, because he cannot help reading the words before him, that Shakspere hunted, hawked, coursed (without observing that he also fished and shot, of which hereafter) but he cannot comprehend him as a sportsman because again he is himself no sportsman. The very allusions to sport in the plays, he misunderstands where he does touch on them, or attempt to lend them explanation; and where I say *'he'* I mean the class at large, although more immediately alluding to

the Biography of Shakspere in the latest or Pictorial Edition, published by Knight. Any effort at illustrating so material a portion of our Master's way of thought from his *Poems*, these critics and biographers hardly have thought of! See the great Johnson's absurd remarks upon the vexed passage, which the latest critic has almost equally misunderstood, but which to a sportsman is simple English—

"A hound that runs counter, but yet draws dry foot well."*

—referring to the cast of hounds at fault, and their drawing when the dew is off. "There was harmony in every sound of the ancient hunt," says this latter gentleman, who has evidently never heard fox-hounds if he means there is none in the modern: "we see" (in Shakspere's description) continues this gentleman, "the cunning of the hart causing the *dogs to mistake the smell*" (Oh! Unsavoury, what say'st and what suggestest thou!)—"Hawking was the universal passion of his age, especially *for* the wealthy,"—(this is the English in which to criticise its Master!)—"coursing was for the yeoman, such as Master Page. THE LOVE OF ALL FIELD SPORTS LASTED HALF A CENTURY LONGER"—that is after Shakspere's day, and then I suppose it ended!†

Now is it not, as Hotspur says, enough to make one divide oneself and go to buffets over Black-Breeches-ism of so intense a nature? Was there ever evinced in the words of any man a deeper stamp of mental cockney than in these? Need we wonder that his deductions as to fact are folly after reading this stuff? Coursing was for the yeoman forsooth, because in the

* Comedy of Errors, act IV. sc. II.

† All this sad rot is in a so-called Biography of Shakspere in Knight's Pictorial Edition—excellent in text and beautifully illustrated, but befouled by this melancholy biography which is antiquarian doldrum of the dreariest character.—M. H.

first scene of the Merry Wives of Windsor there is an allusion to the running of Master Page's hounds on Kotswold,—as to which miserable stuff I need hardly remind you, good Mr East, that hound and hawk were the having of a knight—

> Down in yonder green field
> There is a knight slain under his shield.
> His hounds lie down at his feet,
> So well they *their* master keep;
> His hawks they fly so eagerly,
> There is no fowl dare come him nigh."*

But in free England, hawk and hound were all men's right that could keep them, and Black-breeches may as well assign the gun, as the grey-hound, "for yeomen," because in the same play Page is gone "a birding," and the chimney is no place of refuge for the fat knight because "there they always use to discharge their birding pieces."†

And now I must beg your pardon, good sir, for having detained you so long with this unsavoury person, but being as impatient of foolish observations as Warwick himself, I cannot help exposing the exceeding nonsense of learned men, and setting sportsmen right as to the superior measure of their own capacity to truly comprehend the great poet of nature, their brother. Yes,—he poached at Charlcote. This conviction entered my soul as it seems to have done in that of a greater than the poor actor, on entry into that beautiful old mansion—(I mean Washington Irving). I was never there but once, and that at night to dinner with the Sir Thomas Lucy of the time,—years, years, long years ago, when I was down in

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* Ellis—Uncertain Poems of Mary's time.
† Act IV. sc. II.

Warwickshire, studying and pilgrimising to Shaksperian shrines. Some folk might say, "how comes this sorry player at a great man's board?" Marry, sir 'tis *you* know how in other lands than this, a man's brains are his recommendation; and that in the country with us players, as Sir Thomas Steele says in the *Spectator*, "Candle snuffers turn kings, and message bearers rise into heroes;"—so that I perchance, who was doing Fifth Senator in Venice Preserved a short while before, might be playing Jaffier to the O'Neil's Belvidera while she is *starring* it at Leamington. My host asked me to the house, but I had to leave the country, and could not do what much my heart desired; stay at and study the old place and its environs. That evening however sufficed to satisfy me on one great point. I felt I was in the presence of a man whose lands had had the honour of being poached upon by Shakspere, and the united nonsense of a score of critics shall never shake my sense upon this head, gathered that night intuitively. The principal traits in my kind host's character were that he was newly-married to a fair wife he seemed very fond of, and that his claret was of undeniable excellence, proving him to be a gentle and cheerly man, worthy to own the ground the Master shot over:—And ho?—Marry *thus:*

> "Under the thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
> For through this land anon the deer will come;
> And in this covert will we make our stand,
> Culling the principal of all the deer."

Now this I hold to be as regular a poaching speech as ever man made, and it is the veriest evidence, not only that Shakspere poached, but how he did it, by his knowledge of the country and the haibts of its wild animals, and, in true Warwickshire style with his companion; for, to this day or the day I knew the

land in, every man has his *butty* or pair labourer; who in this instance observes—

"I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot."

But Shakspere objects to this, like a poacher as he is, and, true to old habit, won't let the *butty* work alone, because the principal of all the deer, that is the fattest and strongest bucks that lead the herd are, in plain terms, to be best *potted* from the place he has chosen—

"That cannot be; the noise of the crossbow
Will scare the herd, so my shot is lost
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best."*

Will any one tell me the man that wrote this, wrote not from his own experience? and as we know he had no lands nor forests of his own, it must have been either by another man's permission, or at another man's cost, that this experience was gained: but tradition and the internal evidence of his own writings show that the Lucies of Charlcote, whose shield bears a *Luce* or pike, furnish "the three white houses" of justice Shallow's coat of arms, he that threatens Falstaff for poaching; *Argal*, as the grave-digger says, Shakspere poached at Charlcote.

The race of men of whom he was, has not been enough studied in the attempt to estimate his character, nor the sort of personal opposition in which this race placed itself to the knightly class. Half the fun of Shakspere's ridicule of silly country knights "dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration†" as Sir Toby Belch has it, lies in the dislike these men, the English yeomen, had to this description

* Henry VI. Part 3d, act III. sc. I.
† Twelfth Night, act III. sc. IV.

of distinctive rank. Froissart has recorded the repeated refusals of knighthood by English yeomen, offered on the most flattering terms; and an unknown author in the truly English play of the Pinner of Wakefield, has preserved us the sentiment of the refusal.

> " Kneel down, George—
> What will your majesty do?
> Dub thee a night, George.
> I beseech your grace grant me one thing.
> What is that?
> That I may live and die a yeoman still;
> So was my father, so must live his son,
> For 'tis more credit to men of base degree,
> To do great deeds than men of dignity."*

This is the same spirit that lives in the inimitable Faulconbridge of our Master. Bred in hardy country life in a class of the better yeomen, he accepts court preferment but as a means to distinguish himself, not a distinction: he dallies with his new honours, and laughs at them,—glories in his base birth—and while he heads armies and counsels kings, turns round upon the mere aristocrat, and crushes him by a word.† This is the sportsman turned soldier.

And here it is time to drop the curtain on a subject hardly begun to be considered,—the individual sporting character of our master on which, should all this prosing not have tired our good friends with me, for I have indeed emulated MASTER MATHEW in such " brevity" as Polonius effected—I will in due time set the scenes for Act II.‡

MASSINGER HISTOFF, GENT.

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* George a Greene, Pinner of Wakefield. Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. 3.

† King John. Act IV. sc. 3.

‡ Never executed, I am sorry to say.

Part of the Lost Book of Turuth.*

(*The sentences in this strange fragment are numbered as in the original.*)

* * * * *

16. So Albeejoc wrote that letter saying, suffer me to go forth to hunt with Melekafreedoon and to eat of his flesh-pots; and his young men took the same, and bowed, and girt their loins and went, and ran, and came and stood before the man Tarun.

17. Now the man Tarun (which is being interpreted, *one that carrieth across*) answered quickly—"Am I his servant that thou askest me?"

18. "Also for this past year men do know well, that I have proposed to hunt in the desert, not Melekafreedoon, which hunteth himself: natheless, for that thou willest, come; thy seat is spread, and thy place is empty."

19. But Albeejoc wrote another letter and called other young men, which bowed, and girt their loins by reason of the letter, and went, and ran, and came, and stood before the man Tarun:—also the letter said, "By reason it is only thee, lo! I will come with a troop."

20. Now the man Tarun was even as a cony, very fearful for the fear of the Philistines, a great people: and he said, "What is a troop?"

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* This will only be thoroughly understood by those who were of the hunting party recorded, of which Mr. T. was the mover and the Tarun of "the Book." Albeejoc was a gentleman who gave offence by notifying his intention to be present and to bring company with him, when he understood that the party was not given by Melekafreedoon (the Newab Nazim of Bengal) but by Tarun. Moshmon, the "sleek man" was the editor of the Serampore Journal, and his introduction and the part he is made to play seem to indicate, that some one "smelt a rat" in this hunting party and "found a mare's nest." The humour of the writer will be appreciated by all readers.

21. So Albeejoc wrote yet still again another letter, and called a young man that runneth continually by his name Doc, and said, "Take yet again this other letter to Tarun."

22. And Doc ran so swiftly as he could, never resting, even as a snail that carrieth herself her own habitation, until he reached the desert, and saw Tarun there, sitting in the sand, very hairy.

23. And the letter said—"In the name of God,—peace!"

24. "For that thou art an Arab of the tribe of Brix, therefore take no account of the troop that I shall bring; neither fear at all, nor hate any man without a cause."

25. "Be courteous also, and generous; so those shall wish thee well that were thine enemies, and their sword shall become thy reaping-hook."

26. "This much have I written, and more were not needful:—farewell."

27. Now when Tarun read this letter, the light became to him as blackness; and he shivered, and laid his hand below his fifth rib as one had smitten him there; and he cried "In very deed the Philistines be on me!"—and he looked at his feet and was silent.

28. And after a while he took up his song very lamentably and said: "Wherewith shall a man measure himself, and how shall he weigh his estimation?"

29. "Alas! men invade me as I were of no account, and the bitter time is come when I am teached in courtesy of Albeejoc."

30. "Is not my tent mine own, and shall any one usurp it over me;—also my bread and my salt to whom to give and to whom to deny?"

31. And Tarun, which was of the desert, a wild Arab, wrote a letter as he could, and answered, "Neither thy troop, nor thee?"

32. But Albeejoc, a man that of himself meant no harm, replied gently; and Tarun answered him not a word.

33. And again, Albeejoc of the many letters, being vexed, wrote—"Neither do I know thee, nor come I to thy tent."

34. And Tarun smiled grimly, and said in his beard—"Also for that let him tarry till he be bidden."

Chapter VIII.

1. Now Melekafreedoon had said to the man Tarun,—"Like as I love thee, so is my house thine."

2. "Take therefore of the beast which is called Behemoth, and of my tabernacles so many as thou wilt, even all; and go forth to disport thee with thy friends, so will my heart be happy."

3. And Tarun bowed courteously; and he arose, and he slew a bull; and he packed the flesh thereof cunningly on the backs of she-asses.

4. Kids also and goats, and birds of the air set in cages for provender; bread, and pulse, pot-herbs, barley cakes, sesamun, and galingale for purification.

5. Many things else also sent he forth, together with chicory water, and small salted fishes.

6. Also he took counsel with a physician which was called Yon, a mighty hunter, and these two set up the tabernacles in the desert; and Yon said—"If the young men come to hunt, it were good to give them to drink."

7. So Tarun dug a well close to the tabernacles, and he called the name of it Sherri-beer.

8. Then came many men to the tabernacles all of the tribe of Brix,—Dalroy of the Hunting-place, and Saltuma of the Wolds; Dalrooj, too, from a far land, which was a duke, and Nefoo, whose bowels yearned toward him.

9. Kamil, called of the saddle, by reason that he adhered thereto; and Kamil called of the spear, by reason that he struck with the same.

10. (Also owned he, Alchim, the good horse, which fell upon the unclean animal, and was slain, for

that his chine was unloosed; so that men grieved for the horse much, and for the man much, although the last died not.)

11. Deveril also, and Jafri, Robo and Batizbi and Makloo with others, exceeding good, of those which grow sassafras:—Jayoos, a leader in war, one of jovial complexion, and Stokos and Girdo, sturdy centurions.

12. Simei and Lingmo, worthy scribes, striving anxiously to purge the land of the unclean beast, that thereby they might look comely in the eyes of those which rule the country of Bung, and Harkwee, the little soldier, and Yon, the physician, riding upon a speckled horse; and the good merchant Josto, the king of spears.

13. And for the rest that came, and went, and gathered about the tabernacles that Tarun had set up, lo! are not their names written in the chronicles of the tribe of Brix, even so sure as none was there which was not numbered upon them?

14. And the man Tarun arose while the day was yet asleep, and he waked the dawn, and called to the morning with a shout.

15. But lo! all his company had gotton up earlier than he, and stood pleasantly talking, in their breeches.

16. Then Tarun numbered the beasts that he called Behemoth, and he found the tale was two score, and ten, and five.

17. Also got he upon a little one, and took arrows to smite the roe-deer of the desert, also the grouse; and he called to his company, and his heart was lifted up, and he took up his song, and said—

18. "Verily, the morning air is sweeter to me than the savour of a prince's chamber."

19. "Come forth, ye young men;—mount your good horses, ye champions of the hunting grounds?"

20. "Purge we the land of the beast I do not mention;—ride hastily to thrust him in his uncleanness!"

21. " Lo ! he boasted himself in his brushwood that he is strong, neither that his lair can be forced; lo ! he champèth with pride, and acteth unseemlily with much disdain !"

22. " But I will drive him forth;—I will contund his strong hold, so that his heart shall be abashed—do ye also slay him in the desert !"

23. " Tread tenderly across the sassafras-field;—hinder not the hope of the husbandman: so shall his heart sing when the scourge of the land is struck low !"

24. And all the company found the song exceeding comfortable; and they buckled their prickles to their feet, and took their spears and went forth.

Chapter VIII.

1. Now Tarun asked council of Jafri, and Dalroy, and set the beast that is called Behemoth of a row, to his full tale, even two score and ten and five; and his company stood watching in the desert.

2. Then the beasts advanced, and shook the brushwood and the reeds also, with much shaking; and the men shouted, and a goodly noise went up.

3. And the unclean beasts, even those whose names are forbidden, wallowed in slime and much filth, and laughed in their mud, saying, " We be safe."

4. But Behemoth went on, even two score and ten and five went on, like to a man of war in his rank with great majesty.

5. And he smelled the uncleanness of the beasts, so that his stomach rebelled; and he smote the earth with his snout, and he squealed as with a trumpet, and trampled, and roared greatly.

6. Then the unclean beasts took counsel, being abashed; and certain of them being mothers (even dams) and little ones, fled away into the desert; and the young men followed them not.

7. But when they spied to see plainly that one tusked, having tushes, even a male beast, came forth by reason of Behemoth, they rushed at him swiftly to thrust at his uncleanness with a sharp spear.

8. But the beast fled as with the wings of the morning; hardly would he tarry at all till he was wearied.

9. Then did he fiercely encounter the horsemen with a snort;—Then did he strive vehemently with them; then did he run cunningly to plant himself by the pools of deep waters.

10. And the young men smote their horses with prickles, and griped their spears, and either rushed at the other till the beast was stricken with spears; even like unto the porcupig which casteth his spines at whoso hurteth him.

11. Thus they slew many, riding valiantly, and their hearts were greatly exalted; and Tarun said "let us go on—let us smite this generation greatly throughout the land;—let us follow them even to Tarbil of the thick rushes, and down to the reedy waters of Mirpur in the land of Poben"!

12. And lo, as he spoke, a horseman skirring along the plain;—and they looked, and behold! it was Robo, which was seated in the land of Poben, even at Mirpur, being the lord thereof;—and he riding towards them.

13. So Tarun greeted him, and said—"Peace to you, brother, and welcome": and Robo answered "Peace"; and he gazed on the men around him sadly.

14. Then said Yon, the physician, (which rode upon a speckled horse.)—"The rain hath fallen, Robo, and it hath profited thy sassafras; also have we slain mightily of that beast we came to vanquish;—why therefore art thou sad to come among us?"

15. And Robo answered:—"Because ye cannot come further, neither to the reedy waters of Mirpur, nor to Turbil of the thick rushes: another hath been there."

16. And all the men, when they heard these words, looked on one another, and held their peace.

17. And Robo said—"Ulbeejoc came to the thick coverts over against me," and he said—"I pray thee, come,—Let us slay beasts therein;" but I answered "nay—I am promised this year past to another, even Tarun."

18. And Ulbeejoc answered—"What is Tarun, and what is a year? let us now kill unclean beasts to our pleasure."

19. But I answered,—"Nay: whoso hath set himself to a thing, let him not be thwarted unfairly,—neither call that gain as a hunter, which thou robbest unduly from another, which reckoned on it."

20. And the men regarded him steadfastly, and said with one voice: "Verily thou art indeed of the tribe of Brix."

21. So the man Tarun waited till the sound passed away; then he asked mildly—"Hath Ulbeejoc brought a troop with him?"

22. And Robo answered—"Assuredly not so: he hath but certain young men with him."

23. Then Tarun laughed, and said:—"The troop was for me!" but men knew not what he meant.

Chapter IX.

1. Now there were chronicles written in those days in the land of Bung, and the things men did were reckoned therein.

2. So when Tarun turned him round with his company, and set his face no more toward the land of Tarbil, by reason of those that were there, men wrote in the chronicles, and said:—

3. "Melekafreedoon hath taken tabernacles,—Behemoth also, and a mighty host; and he hath called to him all sorts and conditions of men to slay the unclean beast:"—

4. "Scribes, Dukes, Centurions, and those which grow sassafras;—these be all with their loins girt, and spears in their hands, very ready, and they have come to the calling of Melekafreedoon."

5. Now when Tarun and his company saw these vain words, they laughed with exceeding laughter; also rested they in much joy, thrusting vehemently at those unmentionable ones by day, and at night they feasted sweetly.

6. Bull had they, which Tarun had packed on the back of she-asses, and kid also, and much mutton; also curious fish, sturgeon's liver, barbel, and lampreys stewed in oil.

7. Sliced lettuce, and honeycomb, and rabbit's paps steeped with green ginger; fried locusts, and poppy-syrup with carroways:

8. Also they drank much water.

9. For the well of Sherri-beer which Tarun had digged was known to many men; and they drank like thirsty-water birds, which dip their beaks deeply in the cool stream; and he that digged the well was glad that they did thus.

10. Now there lived in those days one which was called Moshmon, a sleek man; and he dwelt in a peculiar city, and he endited a chronicle.

11. And he heard the rumours of the things that were written touching Tarun and Melekafreedoon; and he was confused, and said—

12. "Peradventure if I might take that wild Arab, even him of the tribe of Brix,—as in a toil, very cunningly; and carry him, and lay him as at the feet of Fredoc Kallidad, which ruleth Bung, surely shall I not fail of my guerdon.—"

13. And he counselled against that Ishmaelite some while, and bethought him well how he should compass the matter.

14. So there was in the desert, one that dwelt beside the tents of Tarun, and his name was Tubal

Cain, a worker in metals, and also learned; he was of the masters of intelligence, which cared for the truth and feared none.

15. And Moshmon bethought him of Tubal Cain, for that he was true and fearless; and he wrote to him even a missive, in a sleek fashion like as was his wont; and the words were these—

16. "Beloved, I greet thee."

17. "For all thy concerns, and labourings in the desert, my bowels are greatly moved; also hope I that thy time may be soon accomplished."

18. "For that thou canst tell me, so I ask thee, what be these tabernacles of Tarun that men talk of?"

19. "What is his Bull? which also is his Lettuce? And wherefore be his Lampreys glorified?"

20. "Furthermore, what is the well Sherri-beer, and of what kind? whose likewise; which fain I would know to tell to a friend that I have, which is curious?"

21. "Also hath not Melekafreedoon gone forth to purge the land of pigs"—(for being ignorant he used unseemly words)—"and this being, why is mine ear, and why is the ear of my friends hurt with the talk of Tarun?"

22. "To which questions answer I pray thee of thy great discretion; and so God keep thee ever."

23. So Tubal Cain took scissors, and a reed, and paper; and he cut the paper for a letter and thought.

24. And when he had thought, he wrote; and said—

25. "Brother, health.—Even as the Essenes say, to the pure all things are pure, even so out of the filth of his own eye doth man see dirt."

26. "For only those which the Hebrews call *Snobbim* capable of ill themselves, can imagine evil in others which existed not, nor can do so;"—

27. "Inasmuch as men be of different natures, in their blood and breeding inherent."

28. Thus why talk ye to me of Bull, of Lettuce and of Lampreys, as of a mystery; when they be things which openly are packed on the backs of she-asses?"

29. "Also why speak ye ignorantly, of a follower of the Prophet which followeth the unclean beast!"

30. "Go to: I beseech ye therefore cleanse your bosom of foulness, and purge yourself thoroughly."

31. "For what is this world if the honest be compassed with gins; and pits be digged for men of the open hand?"

32. "Yet shall he not fall in; but rather the cunning man shall be catched in his own toils; and who so darkly seeketh privy information, thinking evil of men, shall be rebuked."

33. "And for the man Tarun, even let him be; for he is a wild Arab, very simple, sitting in the sand, eating dates and drinking water, hairy:"

34. "Hurting no man, nor doth he wish the ill; nor to any one; only if men needlessly hiss at him, he shooteth arrows, for he is an Arab."

35. "And so God make thine heart straight; and keep thee to endite a goodly chronicle to profit men."

36. Now this was the letter that Tubal Cain wrote unto Moshmon.

37. But when Moshmon read that letter, he scraped at his ear, even as if there were a flea therein; neither did he in any wise put that letter in his chronicle.

38. Only inasmuch——

(*Here the original, which is in a dialect cognate with the Hymaritic Arabic, becomes totally illegible.*)

Sport from the worst Station in Bengal.

BY (ON COMPULSION) MASTER MATHEW.

"APTLY to chronicle in prose, or verse
Things which a Pindar would of old rehearse,
Who reared the Locrian steeds, who tamed their pride,
And nerved their action for the racer's stride"—

and so forth, takes,—or to give it you in a couplet for the more euphonious conclusion, failing the rest of the original,—

Takes, Abel East, a precious deal more time
Than I can find for reason, much less rhyme.

Hence you will understand the compulsory character of the ensuing paper, which is a thing forced out of me by imperious mandate and the sternest resolution on the part of the Off-ci-l Fri-nd. He knows, and no one better, how my natural timidity increases with my age; how my adoptive and acquired faults, with years for their magnifier, increase to positive palpability; how, in short, that garrulous propensity, which my best backers at my best time said I possessed, groweth upon me,—ay, Abel, ay,—even till *I*, even myself, have arrived at a horrible consciousness of my own powers of boredom!

All men, with years, in India, become bores. It attaches to the country doth this moral disease—it is a local necessity. Just as one gets a goitre in Switzerland by drinking snow-water, so one becomes a bore in India by the re-absorption and re-production of the only nine ideas one is ever possessed of there. Most men (happy men!) do not know, like the *crètins* and the *goitreux*, that they are at all worsened by their ailment. The Off-cial Fr—d does not; and yet

he is the most pitiless and im—(no ; don't mind ;—he has these papers written, but never reads any thing "*so low*,")—pitiless and implacable of bores, I was going to say, well nigh extant. In this quality he is impervious to external impressions as touching his individual self. The most pointed sneer, the finest edged satire is unfelt by this hard and horny vanity; a very Armadillo of a man, he innocently provokes the whole ant's nest of popular dislikes, and if these sting him, just feels a little titillated, rather pleased than hurt.

But I, and others like me, wretchedly conscious of our own weakness, yet drawn on by a fatal instinct, or impelled by an Offic-l F—d to * * * * * help me to a misery analogous to ours by way of a little comfort, do, dear Abel, or I must break off, let *him* say what he please! Liken me to something, as the Hebrew Poets do themselves, as a diversion in grief, and suit me incontinently with some owlish idea to that intent, that I may be a little happy. Know you not that all our school-boy tales are found out to be *types*, and will you let me linger for want of one? A gentleman named Prometheus, who was chained atop of the Hindoo Koosh with a vulture pitching into his epigastric region, is the mere type of a fellow swamped with debt in India, and having the liver complaint! An unhappy individual called Sisypus who had in regions, fabled to be as hot as India, to roll a stone uphill, merely points out the position of a public officer engaged in correspondence with the M-l-t-r-y B—rd. One Damocles that used to sit down to tiffin with a regulation-sword hung over his head, point downwards, upon a horsehair, was the mere antecedent of a frowzy inefficient Lieutenant Colonel enjoying the fat of full allowances under the impending steel of Napierian anathema. The —— I could go on for an hour, but I cannot resurrectionize any body, classical or other, that was ever so wretched as *a conscious Indian bore;*

and you, uninventive Abel, smile imperturbably, and heed me not, because—I say it bitterly—because thou 'cannot'st!

And in this state, with these feelings, I was launched into general society the other day, finding myself inflicted upon a mixed assemblage of men, in tents, gathered together from all quarters for a great hunting party! It took place after our races, you must know; and, according to the fitness of things, being the worst station going in India, we had races to correspond; only, with the usual perverse spirit of humanity, the folk, and the women folk especially, choose to be exceeding well amused; so the nags ran, and the ladies danced with distinguished intrepidity:—our most important race was run after a night of rain, the course being about hock-deep, in a thunderstorm!—and even our balls were conducted with equal spirit and determination in spite of the difficulties interposed by a number of successive nights equally wet; and then we all went out pig-sticking to Ramchunderpore.

The Official Friend gave the party, the object of which was to take the best known beat (out of Tipperah) in Bengal, and try it right through from where we began near Jellinghee down to Tarbeel in Pubna, through the famous Hurrisunkur country; and this with a commanding number of elephants (there were more than fifty), and a meet of the best spears that could be gathered far and near. Various circumstances prevented the full accomplishment of what had once been hoped for in this last matter; indeed, in India, who is master of his time? But we did very well, although the Tent Club sent us only their champion, and accidents and press of business kept away some of the best sportsmen in the country.

On the 9th of March, some of us having come eighteen miles that morning, sport began in the afternoon by an exposition of the unerring truth of the maxim which I have always endeavoured my best to incul-

cate,—*you cannot march and hunt the same day.* The jungles of Ramchunderpore are long strips of thick reedy cover, lying in hollows about water, and scattered about an immense extent of alluvial plain lands, the cleared portion of which grows indigo, which has formed at the confluence of the Jellinghee and the Ganges rivers. It is called, I believe, in the local dialect, a *dher,* and being covered with water in the rains, is, at dryer seasons, not unhandsomely provided with *pankh* or *p'hassin* as they call it up the country, that treacherous amalgam of bog, morass, and quicksand, which is none of these, yet beats them each and all in abomination. Luckily a practised eye knows how to steer clear of these rotten sites below the old bank of what has been a river channel, or even the main river itself; and, save some three or four rolls in a quicksand legitimate, in attempts to ride pigs across the old bed of the Jellinghee, there was not much to chronicle in the way of mischance on this account. The open ground between these covers across the new-sown indigo lands, afforded excellent riding; but there was no want of variety, in this respect, in the neighbourhood, where virgin jungles self-sown on the new alluvial lands, (which we call *churs,* observe you, in Bengal), afforded to the curious in equitation every obstacle combined that could tempt a man, even with game afoot, to "hold hard." Now miles of thick-set, cane-like reeds, semi-impervious to appearance, rising above the head of a mounted man, and covering an expanse where every eddy and counter-current of the tumultuous waters that formed it, had left its individual fosse and hollow in the now indurated sand; or else ragged scrubby brakes of ill-conditioned attempts at low trees, which being unable to lift their heads as high as they would like, stretch their meagre arms abroad, as mean fellows do in this world of ours, to stop those enviously, who would give them the go-bye; or else coarse grass, so thick,

that the boar before you is only traceable by the *wake* his rushing progress leaves of shaking stems; and hence let me observe, that in windy weather it is idle to ride a pig *here* unless close upon him, which, when it is remembered that the cover conceals all inequalities of ground, and that this grass grows almost invariably on lumpy uneven soil where the subterranean labours of Sir Rat have favoured its spreading roots—(this is a tremendous long sentence!)—which, that is the keeping close to the boar under the circumstances, is exactly one of those things that *one always tells one's friend to do:* and yet again there is a variation in the reed jungle above-noted, which deserves mention; and that is when growing in thick strong tufts, it has forced up, with and about each, a tussock or little hammock of earth, from a foot to eighteen inches high; these lie close together, and when the jungle has been partially burned, offer alternately the bush of half-scorched reeds, or the stumps of those fully consumed, hardened with fire, and sticking out from the tiny knoll of blackened earth like a vegetable hedgehog; exquisite facilities are hereby offered for stumping a horse, and the gallop of a determined rider across such ground is a queer thing to see, as he goes pitching and tossing along like a rocking-horse run mad: but this again has its antithesis just outside the cover, where the sudden heats of the coming summer have drank deep—(and there is no toper like your Sun!)—into the moisture of the treacherous saturated soil: this, which would have swallowed you alive a month ago, hath hardened into treachery of another form by this time, being reft into cracks and chinks that yawn lovingly for the leg of your best horse; this you, cautious man, would pick your way across, but way there is none save slap through it, for the ground before you is as intricate as a map of Germany, where you can't make out the different states for the boundary lines that divide them.

This graphic account of what are technically called *null, rose-jungle, coosseeah, burned null,* and *dry pankh,* will occupy the time I should have taken up in telling you about our afternoon's sport. There was scampering and hallooing, lots of pigs, and but two killed. Never travel and go out for sport the same day. The rule is a golden one.

But, however, better luck to-morrow, and perhaps a little better management to boot; devising which under the able counsel of one who could have threaded the wild country like a borderer of old, blindfold, we regained our encampment, pitched on the bluff bank, beneath which years ago had rolled the Ganges. 'Tis a pleasant cheerful sight the canvas city of a sporting camp, the tents dotted picturesquely here and there, as the fancy of each individual *clashee* has been taken with some particular "coign of vantage," suited especially, thinks he, to his own particular tabernacle. But with that there is no straggling, no isolation, no attempt at dignified seclusion even, in the order of the woven houses. They occupy a somewhat extended irregular line with the scene of the morrow's campaigns stretching miles away before them in the distance, which the fall of night renders every moment more and more indistinct. They impinge firmly upon their centre, where—oh! best of centres!—standeth THE MESS TENT; while directly in the rear thereof, at a convenient interval, and snugly placed below the shelter of an indigo vat, is—so telleth us the glare of many fires, the pleasant clattering of pots, the hum of men and the hiss of meat—the KITCHEN—no Marshal, Field or other, in the science of social and culinary tactics could, I think you will allow, have taken up a fitter position.

We were a large and merry—I may almost say, jovial—party, in a virtuous and proper sense; a hearty dinner earned by exercise, and a hearty laugh at it and after it, are things which send a man to bed, under

canvas, with the prospect of sound sleep to-night and good sport to-morrow, in a singularly, happy state of mind; nor were we altogether alone in this respect,—for appropriately planted in a modest corner close to the horse-tents, was another minor camp whereat and wherein Messrs. Yerberry and Pennington, the one like Mr. Vincent Crummles, "of provincial celebrity!"—the other attached to the stable of H. H. the Nazim—did the honours of the jungles to their brethren, Messrs. Joy, Duncan, Barker, Creé, &c.—whom the Official Friend had also bidden to the sport. Two days or so were all they could spare from professional duties, but these they did enjoy, riding like devils, as jockeys should do with their own spurs and other men's horses; and although no first spear is recorded as falling to their lot (the which I attribute to it's being, when they had a pig to themselves, the double of the old hunting story,—"First comes Forester, then the fox")—they contrived, I fancy, without being often in any body's way, to please themselves, as one of them would say, "enthirely." This is, I think, the first recorded instance of jocks, as a body out pig-sticking. The first case I ever heard of one of that estimable fraternity out tiger-shooting, was when George Bacon and Bere (16th Lancers) killed a large tiger in a field of green wheat within the sight of Meerut Steeple, and Robert Ross held on like grim death by the pad ropes, when the elephants were *three* times driven out of the standing crop before the beast was knocked over. Pardon me, gentle reader, but you know I like to tell of old tales in my garrulous way:—that was twenty years ago when tigers, crossing from the Jumna *Khadar* to the bed of the old Ganges, would this-wise lose their way not unfrequently, owing to the clearance of the *dakh* jungle through which they used to travel: little more than twenty years before *that*, tigers were frequently killed at Hauppore where now John Kumpanee breeds horses; it was then a

sporting meet for the officers of the 23rd Dragoons, when Meerut was first a station. I may mention that after the carcase of the tiger above alluded to had been paraded in triumph through the station, an officer of the 4th Cavalry, going into the loose box where his best horse was, found him sniffing at a piece of carrion-like meat hung in one corner! The syce explained; it was a bit of the tiger, which being eaten—*("sub khaega, Sahib,")* would be certain greatly to increase the courage and powers of the favourite charger!

I had the honour myself of introducing Messrs. Y. and P. to their first tiger about a year ago, and as I like to hear "first impressions," got in Mr. Y.'s way after he had padded him of the striped waistcoat, a bare half-mile from the Titalya race-course. Mr. Y.'s ideas were, to his honour, solely and purely professional, even then and under that excitement.

"Good job, sir, that."

I intimated, with a glance at my best ball gun, that I did not altogether think it a bad one.

"No, that it ain't sir; for you see that fellow," pointing to the huge brute we had just shot, "might have come and took me and Little Wonder any morning as we were going round before daylight."

A contingency, the probability of which there was manifestly no disputing.

Well, sir, we began next day in earnest. The spears told themselves off in parties to ride together, and there was a mighty muster of elephants to raise the game for them, amid which were some six to eight howdahs, occupied at pleasure by those who were out simply to see the sport and shoot; or by riders who had a reason for not over-taxing the powers of their stud. For my sins,—as at my time of life what is called *the retributive action* comes in force, and a man has, in a thousand little ways, to pay for past "cakes and ale," —for my sins then, says the Official Friend to me—

"Mathew," in his solemn way—"Mathew, we have assembled our guests, and we must show them sport; for which purpose some body must keep the line of elephants, and beat the jungle carefully and patiently; for, sir, your Bengal wild boar *(Porcus Bengaliensis Sylvestris)* is by no means an ordinary animal; his game, strength, and courage in the field are only equalled by his gammon, (I speak figuratively,) by his skirk and craftiness in cover; and to you, therefore, Mathew, we depute the duty of seeing him what is vulgarly called "roused out;" *porcus contra porcum*—one bore against another, Mathew; I shall attend to my guests, and amuse myself, and you, my dear man, may do the best you can:"—and with this speech, smiling at the twaddle which he thinks facetious—

"As honest dulness ever loves a joke,"

—he leaves me at the head of some fifty great snouted beasts, (on the average more intelligent than himself,) and fifty men sitting on the necks thereof, each engrained with his peculiar modicum of obstinacy, stupidity, and perverseness.

"Now then, line *bussao, o! jee; o! burra myan,* make a line, do! *suff lugao bu khoobee,*—not that way; *urree murda admee!* this way, *poorub ko!* that will do, *bhula, jee:* now then, *ek dum se,* with one breath, ten paces distant, set your faces well to the east, thrash the jungle well, *maro, jharo,* but go gently *khoada ke waste!*"

And away goes the line of noble beasts crashing through the thick and tangled mass of rushy rank vegetation, like a grenadier through a spider cobweb! Some of the spears are away at the extremity of the cover; one or two small parties hang on either side in advance of the line of elephants; some three or four steady hands again linger behind under the impression

that the oldest boars double back and break cover to the rear; and there are not wanting eager sportsmen riding ahead of the elephants in the jungle itself in order to see the boar roused from his lair and force him out themselves with the spear at his haunches:—and let me mention in the interest of true sport, that this last practice should be specially forbidden, causing, as it does, more game to double back than any other method that could be taken for baffling *the break to the front;* and for this reason, that the wild pig, one of the wiliest of animals, being surprised by the single cotemporaneous advance of a line of beaters, may, unless he be a very stout and savage old boar, usually decide upon getting off from the annoyance that threatens him, by *breaking away;*—whereas, if he be forewarned by the approach of horsemen, *who pass him to the front,* he will not rush, by the advance of the following line, upon that certain danger; but rather turn the flank, or charge through the line of beaters than encounter it. Put this case only where the line of beaters, or beating elephants is of undoubted sufficiency to sweep the jungle unaided: should it not be so, the spears should ride *with,* and not *before* the line, if they will ride in cover at all.

But, heavens and earth look at that! just look at that gap in the centre, a vacuum of twenty-five good yards in our line at the critical point of the strip of jungle! and why? because, Syfoo mahout, who owes Peer Bukhsh mahout two rupees with interest, finding himself next his creditor, tries to mollify him in respect to the four annas of what Shylock calls "usances," and appeals to Mungloo mahout on P. B.'s further side for arbitration, and so the scoundrels jam their elephants, and—there I knew what would be the case!

"Look out!" cries one.

"Noble boar to the left!" shouts another—

"A whole sounder a head!" roars a third—

"Tally ho—Tally ho, away!"

And away indeed go a lot of sows and young ones, seducing after them two or three spears eager, *optantes aprum*, "on the look out for a boar," like young Ascanius, among the lot; while—now do just look at those blessed gentlemen ahead! They close in, jealous for the start, on either side the cover; some are already in it and before us; the elephants roar and rush, and squeal, announcing the detested beast before them: mahouts cry to them, *lugge, lugge, lugge*—and crush goes bush and briar at the sound; and in the midst of all, Syfoo (d—n him) goes on talking to Peer Bukhsh about two rupees, and will *not* fill up that gap in the line! Master Mathew shrieks, he raves, he apostrophises in the vigorous and idiomatic vernacular the elbows of Syfoo's mamma and the earrings of Peer Bukhsh's daughters; but that appeal, strong as it is, comes too late, even supposing they could have heard it,—they being in the centre, Mathew on the extreme left, and every intermediate individual infested with the disease of shouting about something or ordering somebody, to the creation, what with roars and trumpeting, of an elephantine Babel! This however will not avail to force forward the crafty boars, headed back by the horsemen and trotting hither and thither in the jungle with that air of piggish irresolution, which is at once so obstinate and so undecided: some one gives that big grey fellow a distant tingling charge of shot to make him break, whereat he turns, perceiveth Syfoo's two-rupee gap, and fairly, with some followers, breaks the line and gets back to the beaten cover. Two boars and a venerable sow rush along the line, and break cover to the left, dodging in and out of the jungle; all are hotly ridden in spite of the cries of "sow, sow!—*madeen!*" which, if attended to, would save one party the bucketting their nags for nothing: but stop them who can? the men are wild for sport,—ay, and are riding jealous too. Look there at those two

fellows grinding yonder boar through wet or dry, thick or thin, rough or smooth, sand or sludge, and a third well-up with them going hard ('tis the Count, by Jove, one of the O. F.'s house inmates for the nonce)—those fellows are riding, or racing for the spear, not hunting for the kill, and the chance is that with the bed of the old river to cross—as I speak, the men and horses seem to vanish and there is no trace of them! The boar, too, hardly pressed, has fairly braved the dangers of the sands which *he* knows, but *they* not, and trails himself through the smooth and glittering surface that tells not of the fathomless depth below without a foothold,—and our friends have disappeared below a sandbank it is true, but *in* the quicksand whence men and horses extricate themselves, severally, by plunge and flounder, how they can. So much for riding jealous!

And now the spears drop in from here and there, each with his story;—how too many rode one boar, and only one another; of who came to grief, and lost his horse; of who rolled as aforesaid in the quicksand; of who lost spear and pig together; while that, more distant party lounging jauntily along with caps a wee bit a' one side, sitting loose in their saddles, like Robinson coming to the scales,—that, sir, is "the kill." In the midst of the various tales, *Homo Barbatus*, best of physicians, recommends a general washing of the eyes, (the blowing sand on these churs being very liable to produce ophthalmia,) with a simple preparation for which he had cautiously made preparations himself beforehand, the prescription for which I am permitted to give:—

Alchol. Holland. quant. suff.
Aqua. pur. secund conscient^{m}.
Cap. quomodo plac^{t}.

and then patiently we re-commence our beat back through the beaten jungle,—*Bismillah!*

Bless that line, it will be the death of me! The French gentleman there on the big elephant, who labours under a passion for sport (he has just lamed one of the Doctor's horses with hard riding, at the same time that the Count has stumped another of the O. F.'s,)—who hunts and shoots "every thing, madame," as Sir Archie McSarcasm says—"from the elephant i' the forest to the flea i' the blanket,"—collects specimens in Natural History as well as————

Jhulo, barra hathee!—do keep up!

(*Bang, bang* from the howdah and elephant stops altogether.)

"Oh! *Khyrattee mahout*, why don't you"—

(The whole centre in imitation of their mark, the noble head of the big elephant, Secundur Guj, lingers, sways, and stops entirely: French gentleman with much gesticulation sends two elephants to the rear: French gentleman in a paroxysm of excitement hears nobody: French gentleman climbs out of the *khuwass*, and casts himself to the ground.)

(Fr. Gent. running.) "He is, he is!!"—

"*Au nom de Dieu, Monsieur*"—

But not a bit of it, he has got his game, which was a large *khuttas*, over the acquisition of which, he, who with his friend, had killed *to their* own cheek four elephants in Ceylon, and three rhinoceros in Java, was as much excited as if he had bagged a whole menagerie of tigers! The excessive and amusing enthusiasm of this ardent sportsman was easily mitigated so soon as he thoroughly understood that we on the elephants were not there for our own fun, but to find game for others: thus if allowed to take a gun, we may shoot, and get our game how we can, and if we can, or not at all; but must never attempt to do it by stopping or delaying the line. Mons. N., possessed of this conviction, became not only wholly amenable to discipline, but very useful. The Count and himself were both excellent shots with small shot, or with

ball, trained early to use the carabine in the forests of Normandy and Brittany. The former was the eldest hope of one of the old French legitimatist families; a man of property, who, scorning to serve under any but the *real* Bourbons, had wandered forth with a travelling companion to see the world in the days of his youth, as he could not serve his country. These gentlemen formed a very interesting and agreeable addition to our party.

But more interesting still to me was another guest of the Official Friend's, an English traveller of like calibre with our French visitor, who, in the first prime of manhood, having seen his world as one does at home through the kaleidoscope of drawing-rooms, and dragoon regiments, had come out to judge what kind of thing that same life was in the jungles. Buying four or five elephants, and tents, and a good stable of horses, such as became a Yorkshireman, the adventurous voyager, with one or two companions new as himself to India, betook himself to the lower Maldah country: I think it was with such results as might have been anticipated in the matter of sport. A letter from Calcutta apprized the O. F. of this gentleman's entity, as of his whereabout, whereon he limed twigs, and caught him as directed.

Oh! my dear Abel East, if you could but know the benefit which that catch conferred on the O. F.! the new man it made him! the expansion of mind it conferred upon him! the conviction it afforded him—that there *were* other white men who spoke articulately and walked on their hind legs, and who could come to India, and be independent of any body! He was in cruel doubt about this gentleman in the first instance, whom he addressed—

Mister P——— S———

to mark the proper distance between an interloping

European, and the true *Huzoor:* but I got him to alter this on the strength of an old Army List in which I produced his intended guest's name as cornet in a dashing hussar regiment.

"But he is not in the army now," observed the mystified man; "nor in the service; nor in a good Calcutta house; nor with letters from Sir L——e P——l; nor even in an Indigo Factory; to be sure, B. writes about him, but I really don't know."

"No," observed I, "he's simply an English gentleman."

The profound remark placed the matter in a new light. This rank, *per se*, is a thing which the true *Huzoor* has infinite perplexity in comprehending. It is one perhaps that his early position has hardly enabled him, for obvious reasons, rightly to appreciate, and once in India, he soon learns to classify mankind as consisting of—

1. The G. G. (for the time being).
2. The M—m—s of C—c—l (for *ditto*).

2½. The S-cr-t-r-s to Government (for ever), these being the Glendowers of his system.

("I am a blessed Glendoveer,"—
"'Tis mine to speak and your's to hear.")

3. Himself.
4. The other true Huzoors.
5. His Sherishtadar.
6. The Com—r-in-Chief (whom he treats mythically as something in a red coat that gives orders, being unindividualized.)
7. Intelligent and obsequious Baboos.
8. The Off—s of the Ar—y; and the C——t of D——s.
9. Mr. De Mello, his head clerk.
10. Unorthodox Huzoors, S. Aumeens, Moonsiffs, and Deputy Magistrates.

11. Natives of India, not being Christian.
12. Europeans, Indigo-Britons, Blueskins, and others, of sorts, in India.
13. The rest of the world.

The wisest thing the Court of Directors could do, would be to establish travelling premia for the encouragement of adventurousness in the squirearchy of England, as respects a voyaging into H. M.'s Eastern Empire. I do not want Peers, Abel; the Huzoors all bow to a Lord; for they think there is a brotherhood between them and him; it is a sort of self-worship; "*we*," say they, "are the aristocracy of the country." But give me your plain independent Englishman of property, who, being without "descriptive roll," Indian position, or a handle to his name, comes out here like Harry Wynd, "for his own hand," capable of reading a great practical lesson to the Official Friend and others like him. The Hon'ble Court's Prospectus might run:—

"West of England, to wit,—To country gentlemen of £1,000 a year in land and upwards!

"The Court's India-Residence and Travelling Premium!

"N. B.—All expenses paid for not more than two years to certified applicants."

And so take the counties in succession, and inundate us in this way with men of general information, being ordinary and un-huzoord English gentlemen.

I promise you, Abel, that let the premium (which I leave to the Court) be adequate, we shall have notable results out of this matter! But woe's the day, whither I have wandered? I am set to tell a tale, and lo ye! after what fashion is the thing done: —I am possessed of a digressive devil, Abel, which I am afraid some folks would wish might have been a dumb one.

Ah, here they are, all of them in a cattle-shed at breakfast! the elephants are off to water, the men

to food and rest awhile: 'tis early in the year to be so hot,—but 'tis one o'clock and a grilling day. Breakfast—pleasant word that tastes muffin and smells tea-pot,—after those two hard-boiled eggs and dry bread washed down with a glass of beer at six this morning, thou oh! breakfast will be acceptable: but, marry, in what fashion dost thou come? On four or five elephant pads, or scattered on heaps of dry residuary straw, sit, lounge, lie, a score of fellows or so, demolishing relentlessly fids of cold meat, and the *disjecta membra* of sundry fowls, together with bread in fragments that did belong to loaves that once had shape. They receive me with flattering attention, which the O. F. hardly likes: one offers me his shoulder (of mutton),—another the use of his knife,—a third the reversion of his glass,—a fourth the remainder of his bread,—a fifth leaps from his seat and pushes me thereinto by main force: the O. F. sees jockeys well cared for in an adjoining hovel, where stands for the nonce while he is rubbed down, Alchemist, a well known Arab in our parts, one of the staunchest and best horses that ever was foaled for strength, courage and endurance: he had lately passed into the hands of an excellent sportsman (C of K) who was of our party, and many were the remarks made on his condition. Before sunset that gallant horse fell over the boar C. was riding, turning a complete summersault, and breaking his back! his rider got a bruising fall, but, luckily, the ground was soft —and;—'twas well 'twas no worse:—but indeed it was about as cruel a vicissitude of luck in the field as I have heard of, let alone seen.

This day we roused out the jungles well that we did beat: the game was very numerous, and bold; a servant, going from the sheds where we breakfasted to drink water, was charged by a boar and cut, though fortunately, with no bad results. Our score was this day *six;* and though I call to mind no particular run,

except I think one,—when C. of the saddle and C. of the spear killed a boar very well on the sands in full view of the line—I must note that this day our friend from Yorkshire got a first spear, *and killed.*

As over-anxiety had the day before perhaps robbed us of some pair of tushes we might otherwise have had, the spears told off on the eleventh as they chose; and some favorite lying ground on each side a long *jheel* was sedulously beaten. Two of our best spears (Y. and L.) being posted to the left never got a chance all day: the pigs all broke to the right over open ground, giving beautiful runs in sight of the whole line, and the score at the day's end was *fifteen.*

The twelfth gave excellent sport; the elephants worked well, and the men rode clippingly, but the score was not beyond *seven.*

We marched next day to Hurrysunkur and on the way beat a small but likely patch of jungle, out of which we got three boars, and three excellent runs they gave. L. to make up yesterday's bad luck, got one;—the king of Spears, as somebody calls him, another;—and the third, after a long run, in which he was well and closely pressed by S. (C. S.,) H. D., and our friend from England, took to bamboo jungle and was lost. This made *two.*

And so we slept at Hurrysunkur, the classical hunting ground of Bengal;—and to tell you the truth, my impressions were of a melancholy character;—great things pass away in East or West: there is no vestige left of Troy,—and the Gilbert mile* is under water! a bank, or *chur* has, it appears, formed across the mouth of the nullah that used in the rains to drain the waters of these lands into the Ganges, and the result is a swamping of the best ground. The

* A famous run from the Great to the Little Hurrysunkur Jungle, so called from him who ran the Afgans to Attok with the spear in their haunches.

Little Hurrysunkur occupies about its former extent, and is as thick and difficult to beat as ever, but there also the water was too deep for game to lie. We beat the cover with super-human patience and our immense line; and honestly, I believe, there was one old boar whom we could not get to break, beat we ever so cunningly. All the rest were well ridden and handsomely disposed of as usual, but we scored only *five.*

Next day to Soonacoorie; and here again, I suppose from the same cause, too much water, the expected big jungle was *not.* We beat the smaller one however, extensive enough in spite of its name, consisting of a sort of tamarisk growing with here and there patches of broad-leaved reeds in deep and boggy ground. It seemed to me the most difficult to beat of any that we had yet come across. The day was discouraging; we had perhaps come too far, and it was a question "as to how much day-light we had to burn," to get home before night-fall. There was some hard riding in the jungle in which all the spears out equally participated: word being brought by one of our party, that our English friend was at a stand-still with his spear broken, and a bore at bay in the jungle far to our rear, it was a pleasant and a sporting sight to see J. with two spears on his shoulders pushing the inimitable Badger through brake and brier, marsh and mire best pace, to the aid and relief of a brother sportsman; —and I need hardly add that the boar bled for it. After infinite trouble we scored but *three.* It is a strange land this same Bengal and its gallant and justly-famed game boar is a strange generation. The country we were hunting was a year or two ago the head-quarters of all that is porcine, and at Jenada but two miles off in June '44, four spears, of whom three were of our present party, killed in nine mornings thirty-four boars. And 'twould be of as little use now going there, as staying here talking about it. But the truth is we were all not a little disgusted. R. of Meerpore had

come in and told us that two gentlemen who had been asked to our party, and another from Calcutta, had cleared the Meerpoore jungle in anticipation of our coming, and were going on to secure their own sport and spoil our's. The act was deliberate, and the plan of our party, laid a year previous, was destroyed by it. I observed with malicious pleasure that the Official Friend's sympathies with *Huzoor*-ism sustained on this occasion another severe, and I almost hope fatal, shock; and I believe he was heartily ashamed at the thought that his visitors would tell the tale of how they do things in India, unlike certainly all other lands. However he decided that it was better to try back to our old beat with dignity, than to attempt in the character of "very ill-used gentlemen," covers whence the game had been driven; so, back went we to Ramchunderpore, whither, it appeared, all the pigs in the country had migrated. The next day we scored *fifteen*, having excellent sport. An occurrence perhaps unprecedented in the annals of pig-sticking took place this day: three boars had broken in different directions, and were all ridden simultaneously; they circled so as to make the same point, and arriving there hard pressed, charged indiscriminately, as the spears came up, the nearest horseman, fighting hard. The sight was seen from the whole line of elephants, and as may well be imagined, was one singularly curious and animated. These porcine *Curiatii*, I need hardly add, shared the fate of their classic prototypes. The last boar killed also afforded an adventure: he was sighted as we were going home, stealing away across the indigo lands, meditating a night march to a distant cover. L. was off the elephant, on horseback, and after him in an instant, rode him till he charged, and gave him the spear; at the same moment he jinked in front of the horse and threw him just such a fall as poor Alchemist's. The rider, horse, and boar rolled over, rose at some

distance from each other, and stood, as who should say "what next?"—in this brief pause, there was no lack of getting to horse among such as had a nag up. The boar then charged our dismounted friend, in spite of the near approach of one or two elephants that being ahead could scuttle up to disengage him; when before he could make the charge good, L.'s Arab ran either at or before the beast, and he turned, and chased the horse. A minute or two after he was a dead pig, but the escape was a narrow one. And last of our events, J. after having his horse cut badly by the last boar he speared, was obliged, amid one general chorus of regrets, to leave us; he rode from our camp in true sporting style of travelling to Kishnagurh, leaving us with a score of *fifty-eight*, out of which he had himself taken twenty "first spears!"

We found next day that we had at last roused out the Ramchunderpore jungles, and that the adventurous boar whom L. stopped decamping, was by no means the only one of the species that attempted, while the rest effected, "a moon-light flitting." Our score was only *three;* so we broke ground and marched on the 19th to Bunamashia, resolving, that as we had been stopped out of the Pubna jungles, to finish in our own country at Acragunj; but it was an eight-and-twenty mile march to get there, no joke with a heavy camp. Beating some jungle on the line of march, we saw in the distance making towards it, best pace, a thumping boar; and he was running for a reason he had in the shape of D. of Shikarpore, who riding to meet us, spear in hand, had met this gentleman also going across country, and who had headed him our way. The "Tally-ho" was given, and one or two other spears rode at him, but he came down gallantly on the elephants, broke the line of some fourteen only (as we were marching) and gained the jungle. This seems to me part of the tactics of the experienced boar,

when ridden at a distance from the beaters,—to come back upon, and through them, and thus baffle the immediate pursuers. The present tactician however boasted but of a momentary triumph: we tried back in the patch of jungle, he had taken to, but ere we had half beaten it, the boar made a spontaneous and sudden charge upon one of our friends who was pricking for him in the cover, and literally knocked him and his mare (a celebrated animal termed *Poglee Mudwân*) over, cutting the latter badly, and obliging the former to *cut*. He then I think was speared; and immediately turned out, in a little patch of open, a noble boar, and took soil at the edge of a small deep *jheel*, settling himself in the water till little else but snout, ears, and eyes were visible. It was found impossible for horses to approach him after various attempts, without getting bogged and cut, when *Homo Barbatus* on foot, spear in hand, insisted on trying conclusions with him. This project being suppressed by much bawling, in the very act of execution, I brought up the elephants through the jheel-edge, dislodged my friend, charging and threatening on all sides, and he was speared in the open aforesaid;—fighting to the last, insomuch that with five spears sticking in him, I saw him make an effort to charge still. This boar could hardly have been surpassed in *game* and *pluck* by any thing on four legs; and when at last he fell, one could not help feeling there was no "give in" about the fellow even then, so unconsentingly did he sink to the earth, over-powered. He was our score this day, *one*.

Next day an eighteen mile march to Acragunj, which brought us back to our own country but twenty-four miles from the Worst Station in India. We crossed an off-stream of the Ganges the following morning, not more than four foot and a half deep at the ford, to the Jinjree *chur*, where our shooters got some hog-deer, and pigs were plenty, but the ground

was cruel: burnt *nul* jungle, and an up-and-down-ishness of surface that might have made you think the place had been the practice-ground of a young earthquake. Here reinforced by friends from the Worst Station, we had a capital day's sport and scored *seven;* during this day, I observed a curious instance of the peculiar porcine tactics already alluded to; a boar broke back round the flank of the line, and went away running strong with three spears after him: I halted the line, jumped from the small *chuhar-jamah* elephant I use on such occasions, and walked down the line, pitching into the mahouts in classical Hindostanee as to their infamous bad beating; I was standing right opposite the centre of them when the boar, having doubled on his pursuers after running a mile or more, came back, so right upon the centre of the elephants to the rear, that, as he broke through them (sustaining sundry kicks) he was face to face with me; I had my gun in my hand, so that a charge was of no consequence; but the fellow passed within three yards of me to the left, thinking only I doubt not of how cleverly he had *done* the horsemen. He was killed for all that.

On the 22nd we scored again *seven.*

On the 23rd, the jungles being reinforced, I fancy, by arrivals by Ramchunderpore and elsewhere;—for to the migratory pig a shift of quarters of forty or fifty miles is nothing—we made our greatest bag of all, having then about ten spears riding, *viz., nineteen.*

On the 24th we had a recurrence of the mysterious number, equivalent to a notice to quit, and scored *three;* whereupon the sporting being deemed at an end, there was a variety of *sky,* irrelevant to the serious subject of this memoir, and the party broke up.

The result of it, although the plans originally devised were interrupted, and there was not such a gathering as had been hoped for, was:—

In eleven full hunting days, killed ..... 90 boars.
One afternoon's sport, ditto ..... 2 „
Two morning's marches, ditto ..... 3 „

Total... 95 „

The following table may, I think, prove of interest, my dear Abel, to our sporting friends, giving as it does a variety of details as to the first spears of the meeting, the number of days each man hunted, his number of horses, his weight, &c. &c., and without further preamble, here it is:—

Rider.	Weight up.	Horses.	Days out.	Spears.	Horses Cut.	Remarks.
J.....	12 10	5	10	20	3 1 speared	1 horse speared in the belly by kicking a spear out of a wounded pig.
Y-g.....	15 7	5	meet	18	2	1 slightly; 1 ridden at his *first* pig, cut and died of lock-jaw.
S.....	10 12	3	12	14	2	1 rather severely.
S.*	11 12	3	meet	12	1	Slightly.
C.....	11 7	3	9	9	1	Grazed by a jumping pig.
L.....	12 0	4	meet	8	2	1 Badly.
D. of Sh.	13 0	4	7	4	1	
C. of K.	12 0	2	6	4	1 killed	Broke his back falling over a pig and was shot.
R. J.....	11 7	2	8	2	1	Badly.
H. D.	13 6	3	12	2	0	
R.....	10 10	1	5	2	0	

N. B.—This does not represent the number of riders or of horses at the meet; but shows how weight and other considerations tell upon the first spear.

I leave you to make your own remarks on the above; but it seems to me to come to the old story, that he who can afford the best horses, and can afford not to spare them, being at the same time a good riding weight, and a clipping rider, must lead the field.

* Philip Saltmarshe, Esq., of Saltmarshe, Co. York.

The taking the spear, and the killing the pig, are different things, but you will see that it has been no "touch and go" work, with our most successful first spears even. I am happy to mention with respect to R. J.'s badly wounded one, the *Poglee Mudwân* herself, that when a few friends went out, and wound the season up with *seven* more, that indomitable animal carried her master, a bare month ago, at a boar, the largest killed for many years, whom he singly slew: so much for pluck!

You ask me for a few general remarks on our sport. There is but this to be said, that it is indigenous, as practised *in* Bengal *to* Bengal; and that no other country that I have seen either affords the animal, or the ground to ride him upon. I have seen it attempted (when I was with the Official Friend,—he was an assistant there,—at Delhi) on the banks of the Jumna in a long strip of tamarisk jungle below Bullubgurh: the first year it was tried, the pigs broke inland from the river, and there were some good runs; the second season they were more wary; the third we were to do great things. A sister of the Bullubgurh Raja (a minor) was to marry the Bhye of Khytul, chief of one of the Sikh protected States, who came accompanied by a very handsome deputation from each of the other States; and from beyond the Sutlej some families sent their representatives. Poor Blake, who was murdered at Jeypore, Trevelyan, now a Treasury Under-Secretary, and ourselves were there, guests in the Fort of Bullubgurh; also Suyud Keramut Ali, who is now at Hooghly, and a friend of his, a Persian physician. We found the Sikhs uncommon good fellows, and passed four or five happy days there; but on departure verdantly communicated our sporting intentions to our friends, and rode off to our tents near the jungle. Long before dawn the Singhs had turned our position, gained the jungle, shot, speared, and slashed doubtless as many

of the pigs as feed in the open, as they wanted; *for they left three very sufficient soors at our tent-doors*—so deposed a fellow who pretended to have been on guard; but there the pigs were. A little abashed, we nevertheless essayed the jungle, on the first attempt to beat which, the whole porkery of the country swam the Jumna in our faces! Whether any one hath since attempted to revive this miserable sport, I know not. It is a trite remark to say the up-country pig is of a different race from the Bengalee: there are even two distinct distinguishable races in Bengal, and to one of these the boar of the Punjab assimilates. He is a larger and a bolder animal than the pig of Hindostan, and I have seen one charge, and cut an elephant severely. I saw them while out shooting with Shere Singh with the O. F. in former days, when the sport was to see them dodged in an about the *dakh* jungle they frequented, by his *ghor-churras*, who disabled them with a matchlock shot always, before finishing them with sword or spear. The bigger beasts were brought up to the chief and there was an invariable trial by a sword-cut of the depth of fat on the ribs, which proving satisfactory, it was very fine shikar indeed. The Sikhs eat them of course: indeed I have seen a Rajpoot gentleman of high family ask for the carcass of one (of the three above named), ay, and for two bottles of brandy to wash it down with. But all this does not prove that you can ride pigs, my dear Abel, as we understand it out of Bengal; and indeed you cannot.

As to sport in our party other than I have attempted to describe, it was of course a very, *very* secondary matter. Some hog-deer were shot, the jungles cleared of the few black partridges this part of Bengal affords, and a good account given of hares, of whom I saw the Count one day bag *five* out of six in heavy jungle. I was lucky enough to get the only florekin of the meeting.

Of the tiger party which was formed a few days ago after our return to the Worst Station in the World, I can say nothing, for I was not of it, having a presentiment, and being awfully superstitious, Abel, as you know. So I braved the Official Friend, and refused positively to go and show his guests a tiger. *Homo Barbatus*, however, took them across the Ganges, Maldah-wards, over the ground just beaten by a well-known Calcutta sportsman; *he* told them as he passed through the W. S. in the W., that it was idle attempting sport there; but they went nevertheless, and by way of commencing sport, *killed four tigers in one day* (12th April). I have now on my knees, a journal by one of the party, which I will not spoil by extracting from, but ask him to send you. Their bag was—

9 tigers, (all they saw, one 13 ft. 7 in. by 8 ft. 6 in.)
9 wild buffaloes, (4 killed on foot.)
4 Sambhur deer.
42 spotted and hog-deer.
Peafowl, partridge, chicore, duck, hare, &c. &c.

N. B.—Two boars ridden, and killed, showing excellent sport; one horse badly cut.

Homo Barbatus had his elephant pulled first *down*, and then *over* by a large tiger (12 ft. 6 in.), shooting the doctor and guns into the jungle: he luckily escaped. Had I been out, it would have been me. The Count's elephant was knocked down, and pitched into by a buffalo bull; but the little French brick held himself and guns in the howdah, and when the elephant righted, despatched his assailant with a single ball.

One word before I (gladly) conclude. I have used the term *chicore* above;—I trust our sporting friends will henceforth discard the meaningless appellation, and call the bird by his proper name, Francolin, for partridge he is not. I am a wretched naturalist, but I know just about as much as that comes to; and I venture to suggest that the Francolin of our Maldah

jungles, (not found below Chappahee) is the *Francolinus spadiceus* of Sykes. It is time this stupid nomenclature should cease; for the Ghagra partridge, the painted partridge, and the red-legged partridge (just that of France) of the Himalya, are all called *chicore*. I trust therefore that as far as we are concerned, a more appropriate and euphonious name for *our* bird, will henceforth grace our game-books.

Now, oh! Abel,—

"Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose!"

MASTER MATHEW.

A Wood-cock-and-a-bull-Story.

FROM THE PURLIEUS OF THE WORST STATION.

January 5, 1851.

DEAR ABEL,—Happy new year! it's a form to say so, and so I say it; but for all the good it has done me or my friends for a mort of years past, it might have been left unsaid, just as well.

One of them,—the friends aforesaid, and need I add, the official?—has set me down to tell you, what he, in his style of stupid pleasantry, calls a wood-cock-and-a-bull story, being, in truth, a story about a wood-cock. One of the family of the *Scolopacidæ* of the rarest kind did indeed announce his arrival in this district, about the time you received the C.-in-C. in Calcutta. The local sensation here among sportsmen far exceeded the feeble military ferment of the Ditch. The stranger was indeed *Scolopax Rusticola* (and

probably the σκολοπαξ of Aristotle,) being, I need hardly add, the *Becasse* of the French; *Beccacia* of the Italians; *Waldschnepfe*, or wood-snipe of the Germans; *Holt-Sneppe*, which means the same thing, of the Danes; *Morkulla*, which you may translate as you please, of the Swedes; *Blom-Rokke*, *Rutte*, and *Krog-quist* (from which the Lord preserve us!) of the Norwegians; *Przywieksza Pardwa*, or great snipe, as the dictionary tells us, of the Poles; *Cyffylog* (odd!) of the ancient British; and in fact, *Wood-cock* of the modern British. I would have described him as a naturalist, had not the exquisite beauty and simplicity of the description given of him by Christian Frederick Ray in his *Ordbog* or dictionary, superseded all other possible mention of the bird: he calls him *en Trækfugl med et lange næb*—a passage bird with a long neb, nib, or beak, which indeed he is.

He may be well called "passage bird," being noted by naturalists as occurring in Western Lapland and Japan, while nobody found him, or thought of finding him in Bengal, till Mr. Blyth did in the Soonderbuns; the present specimen of *Scolopax R.*, probably selected this district for his residence, as being the next healthiest site to that preferred by his predecessor. He showed good taste, however, in taking up his quarters, close to Shikarpore, whence Dalroy or Dalrymple is called "of the hunting ground," and seems to have travelled comfortably, with his family, as a brace were said to have been flushed. One only has been accounted for, which should have been classified by himself, and named in your honour, dear Abel, but, that he was so remarkable, as an Irish friend observed, for being his own likeness, or (in translation out of Hibernian) was so very veritable a wood-cock, that a Hodgson or a Blyth would have failed to establish a difference.

The bird was flushed in some low ground near the factory at Shikarpore, lying in grass among a scattered

grove of small babool trees. The party were out looking for hares, when the unexpected vision flashed on their astonished eyes. *Scolopax* seems literally to have taken their eye out, for he was four times flushed, before he was brought down, winged, by Mr. L., whom I shall briefly describe in the words of an admired ancient rhapsody, or cantilenal fragment, as "one of the tribe of Brix." Be it the peculiar flight of the bird, or the anxiety of sportsmen where the bird is rare, I have seen wood-cock oftener missed by good shots, than any other game. At a battue in Norfolk, with eight guns out, I saw a wood-cock missed *five* times, and get away! I never was near finding but one in this country, and he was missed by one of the best shots that ever put gun to shoulder, Mike Childers. The rarity of him in some English counties, leads to the commission of artful dodges sometimes: I was out in a battue in Warwickshire, when a wood-cock crossed the line out of shot, and went down opposite me. I griped my gun with eager hand and beating heart, when one of the shooters (I don't say *sportsmen*) came from his place to mine on the extreme left. He had not spoken to me before during the day, and being a man of some note, and I a youngster, his courteous—

"How d'ye do?—glad to meet you:—how's Sir Mathew?"—required response according; the which while I was, like an ingenuous youth (*ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris*, as the Latin grammar says,) verdantly making, d—d if he did not shoot my wood-cock!

> He shot my wood-cock, bowed with easy grace,
> Shouldered his gun, and vanished into space!

To return to our *Scolopax Shikarporiensis*—the bird being bagged, and living; winged only; what d'ye think Mr. L. did?

"Killed and ate it," says Spooney—
"Took it home to his wife," says Domesticus—
"Examined its intestines," cries Medicus—
"Stuffed even into his own," bellows Gulosus—
"Reserved the creature for the cause of science," exclaims an ass of a Philosopher, in black breeches—

Gentlemen, he being a sportsman, did none of these things; but having chanced some time ago to come into the Worst Station in the Universe, with his right shoulder dislocated by a sporting fall (the ball had been out of the socket six weeks), unaware of his exact injury, *Homo Barbatus*, even the physician, Yon, who does *not* ride upon a speckled horse, because he has sold him, detected of course the harm, and undertook the remedy: the strength of fourteen men, and the anxious lapse of nearly two painful hours, tested the skill of the surgeon, and the fortitude of the gallant patient—with success; so Mr. L., having by a lucky chance a sportsman's rarity at his disposal, sent it in "to him,—without whose aid, the arm that brought the bird down, would never have fired another shot:" in some such phrase ran his friendly well-turned note, a thing pleasant for a sportsman to read.

WOOD-COCK you may understand, dear Abel, is, and always has been, gastronomically speaking, a very serious bird indeed; even in Massinger's time, the climax of gluttonous deprivations to the thin-gutted hungry justice, was that of—

"Buttered toasts *and wood-cocks.*"

And in the full sense of the solemnity of the occasion, *Homo Barbatus* sent his bird to the official friend, who is, for fault of a better, the very petty magnate of the locality. There was convened a solemn breakfast at the solitary mansion I am doomed to inhabit with him, a lonely place; the cook was gravely and

gravyly counselled: the board was spread plenteous, and grateful to the eye and nose,—and, in first place, THE WOOD-COCK. I, who serve in the house as the carver, or *bread-giver* according to the Anglo-Saxon (*leof-da*, loaf-giver, or *lady*)—had the carving of the bird. It was a solemn moment. The official friend, being of the race of the demi-gods, θεογόνοι, divine men, or civilians who rule the land, received, like the gods of old, only the fumes of the sacrifice; we, humbler and more material persons, consumed it. And first to the Colonel assigned I the central equally-divided breast: a wing then to one, whose brother has explored Nebuchadonozar's back drawing-room, and found, in cuneiform clay, the love-letters of Queen Semiramis: the corresponding portion, in honour of a great staple of the country, falls to the lot of one who understandeth silk, and something beyond it: the remainder I divide modestly with *Homo Barbatus*. "The bird served with the trail in is a delicious dish," says a distinguished naturalist; while, says the undistinguished proverb—

> "If the partridge had the wood-cock's thigh,
> 'Twould be the best bird that ever did fly."

Of course, in my distribution, I thought of neither of those sayings; but have only to record, that the bird (a 13-oz. wood-cock) was of rare excellence. We ate silently in true classical form, and poured a devout libation (of beer) to *Diana Scolopacides*, or whatever deity it be, that presideth over the shooting of wood-cocks.

The habit of the bird in India is curious: it is found most plentifully in Nepal. The most constant *find* in the plains of India, is at a spring six miles from Dera in the Dhoon of that name, where after a fall of snow on the lower hills, a pair are always to be found, or used to be. I have known the wood-

cock shot on the stony top of a hill near Simla; snared as I have said, in the Soonderbuns; and found in the arid plains of Rajpootana, six hundred miles from the Himalayan ranges, lying wounded by the road side, by a dâk traveller* going on duty through that parched region in the hot winds. And yet I have shot at various times through the likeliest wood-cock cover possible, at distant different portions of the Himalayas, and never but once been near a bird!

My dear Abel, to please the official, and other friends, I have said my garrulous say; and I do not think that, apart Mr. Gibson the tailor, another man in Bengal *could have made so much out of one long bill.*

MASTER MATHEW.

P. S.—I have not been out this season yet; nor am I likely to go: the infirmities of advancing age press upon me: the first or Christmas meet of our pig-stickers gave, at Akragunj, thirty-one boars in three days, to a field of ten spears. Mr. L. (he of the wood-cock) got eight first spears off three horses, one cut: a visitor, a tyro at the sport, but a bruising rider, got eight first spears also, and five fair purls, showing how he rode in cruel ground; one horse cut I believe of three—he is currently called *Ready Money*:—Yon, the physician, with one horse, got four spears, which is fair for 16st.

M. M.

* Col. John Low, now G. G. Agent there.

Something and Nothing.

[AFTER THE NIEHTS AND ETWAS OF CASTELLI.]

WHEN I a ditty make of Naught,
Still out of it I make a Something—
There's many a poem that holds Naught,
And yet one still cries out for Something—
While against others one says Naught
Though out of such one may learn Something—
Praise,—Blame,—in this are to me Naught,
And every day I sing of Something.—
Example teaches he's worth Naught,
That sudden comes from Naught to Something.—
God made the whole world out of Naught,
And think'st thou, Man, that *thou* art Something!—
Be thou poor, and possessing Naught,
And not a soul will give thee Something—
On the other hand, if you want Naught,
Why all the world will offer Something—
Then do you hope from friendship Naught,
Though stout and sturdy Friendship's Something—
Were I to Louise more than Naught,
Her friend, for instance,—that were Something—
She is so fair—oh! that is Naught,
She is so good—yes, that is Something!—
Better than Goodness goes there Naught,
Than Friendship at the best—yes—Something—
Depend upon your friends for Naught,
And for yourself still lay up Something—
I mean not gold, for that *is* Naught,
But lore, and science, these are Something—
Who holds all else beside as Naught,
And Virtue all alone as Something,
Him troubleth and him vexeth Naught,
While yet within him whispers Something—

" Of ill here if thou should'st do Naught,
Of good thus doing ever Something,—
When once here thou too turn'st to Naught,
Know that beyond there is a Something!"

Goethe on Ariosto.

(FROM HIS PLAY OF TORQUATO TASSO.)

ANTONIO (*seeing a garland on Ariosto's statue.*)

But tell me, who was 't, set this flower-wreath
On Ariosto's brow?

LEONORA.

'Twas this hand, did it

ANTONIO.

And it did well! the wreath becomes him well,
The laurel's self, would not beseem him so.
As nature hath his inward teeming spirit
Clad in fresh weeds, still bright, and many colored,
So doth he include all, to man alone
Worth honor, which may make man worthy love,—
Within his fables everblooming pale.
Experience and Content, and Understanding
And mental Power, and Taste, and the clear sense
Of what is truly good, show morally
Through all his song; while to the bodily feeling,
It is as t'were to rest 'neath flowering trees,
All covered with the snow of late born blossoms,
Enwreathed with roses, strangely circle-deck'd

With wanton magic pranks of tiny Lovelets.
The fountain of exuberance brawls 'neath us
And lets us spy strange varied shapes of fish.
The sky is full of rare unwonted fowl,
And mead, and brake with beasts of other lands.
Sly Roguishness lurks half hid, 'neath the green leaves,
While ever and anon, her lofty saws
Doth Wisdom from a golden cloud sound forth,
E'en while to well-tuned lute, wild Fancy-flight
Hither and thither still seems gushing forth,
But yet conformably keeps still her time.
Who-so should risk himself beside this man,
Merits the wreath, and 'twere but for his boldness.
—— Forgive me, if I feel myself o'er spirited,
And like a man possessed, nor time nor place
Nor e'en my very words can calmly think on;
For all these poets—these poets with their wreaths
The rare, the joyous union of things beautiful
Puts me beyond myself as in far lands.

A Tale for Grown Children:

BEING THE STORY OF PRINCESS TURANDOT, AND OF HER THREE RIDDLES.

THERE was once a Princess of China,* and her name was called Turandot, the fairest and the proudest, and the cruellest of women. She looked down with con-

* One Zotti, an Italian, and a certain German named Schiller have preserved, dramatically, traditions touching this lady's history, of which I have condescended to avail myself in their proper places: mine is however the only veracious version of the real story.

tempt upon all of her own sex; but if she despised them, her bitterness therein was as nothing compared with the abhorrence which she manifested for the coat-and-trowsers section of humanity. Being an only daughter, she was allowed her own way of course, and the Emperor, an easy man of after-dinner habits, who cared for little else on earth, except shark's fin soup and shamsoo, thought the waywardness of the youthful beauty exceedingly amusing from the age of eleven up to eighteen. At this last-named period, however, the subject ceased to be a joke; for as was naturally to be expected, all the smart young marriageable princes over Asia had heard of the beauty of the heiress to the throne of the Celestial Empire, and each and all of them did, as the *Morning Post* has it, "aspire to her hand."

Now her father's old grey-headed ministers who ruled the Flowery Land—while its head gardner, to continue the metaphor, was in a state of shamsoo, which was four days out of five,—saw from afar the shadow of impending dangers. They were the strangest *omnium gatherum* of all talents you could conceive; for the Emperor in his younger days was what was called in Chinese *'Al Lmy 'i* or a patron of merit;—that is, he laid hold of any plausible smattering fellow who had taken a good degree in the science of non-contradiction, and made him a Privy Councillor, or a President of a Central Board, or a Lord Chancellor, as the case might be without reference to other qualification than the Imperial opinion. The result was such a congregation of clever unscrupulous vagabonds, —— such a knot of useful serve-the-time expedience-mongers, that the Emperor, whatever he did, always found he did right: a comfortable conclusion as to himself, arguing infallible administration as to his ministers, whose opinion was the only one to which, like a wise man, he ever listened—

"Clever were they! what such a set of ——"

"Hush,—pray! not but that I expected you to say it; but listen, and be wise, hearing the answer of the great Con-fu-tzee to that which was said to him."

"Master," asked one of his disciples, "how came that muddle-pated idiot yonder to scrape together ten thousand a year?"

"Scholar," replied the sage, "you wrong him; for having done so, *depend on it he's no fool.*"

This explains why the Emperor's ministers were clever fellows after all; especially the Lord Privy Seal, who, strange to say, was an Italian! a Venetian was he, one Piantaleone by name, who having a vague idea that he could do something great in the East, set off like his great countryman Marco Polo, or the late First Lord of the Admiralty, or Mister George Grievance Thompson, rambling away from occident to orient, thinking perhaps, like two at any rate of the above illustrious wanderers, that he might some morning get up so very early as to catch the Sun asleep, or perform some equally wonderful Eastern juggle. Now, without having seen a unicorn, or ruined a youthful Ægypt, or slackjawed a Chuckerbutty, Piantaleone with a friend of his, a Milanese vagabond called Brighella, contrived to work himself upstairs from Yellow Button to Peacock's Feather, until at last, owing to a peculiarly oracular shake of the head he had, he was made Chief Mandarin! You now know why all the Chinese figures are made with their noddles shaking!—(N. B. Instruction is a noble thing!).

* * * * * * * * * *

Piantaleone was it, whom the Council deputed to Princess Turandot to tell her she must marry, or worse would come of it.

"Your Highness," said the astute Venetian, "is the most lovely woman on earth."

The beauty smiled a small smile.

"Your Highness," whispered he more softly, "has turned the heads of all who dare think of you."

The beauty frowned a feeble frown.

"Your Highness," suggested Piantaleone more gravely, "owes a duty to your country."

The beauty pouted, and hunched her pretty shoulders; some authorities go so far as to aver that she muttered *Sha Pish*, which means when translated—"the country be whipped, and you too. (Chinese is a very expressive language.)

"Your Highness," continued the Lord Privy Seal, "Your Highness must choose a husband."

"Sir," said lovely Turandot, turning round on him with her fallen angel's face all tears and passion, "Sir, I'd sooner drown myself in my own Tea Pot!"

Now this is in China a very terrible declaration—at least it was in those days. It is equivalent to a lady's saying—"I will have my rights," which every one knows means, "I will have my own way," or "I won't hear reason," or "I will be a woman:" people translate it differently, but it comes to the same thing in the end: so directly it was known in the neighbouring countries that Princess Turandot had made *the adjuration of the Tea Pot*—as this dreadful vow was termed—nine and twenty independent princes, sent nine and twenty protocols all to the same effect,

PRINCESS TURANDOT OR INSTANT WAR!

This caused considerable consternation among the ministry, who had got to the end of their expedients, and were literally at their last shift—"*la nostra ultima camiscia*," as Piantaleone observed to Brighella. So as they could do nothing else, off they went chopfallen to the Emperor. Now it so happened, that His Imperial Majesty had shamsoo'd himself up to just the ingenious point of inebriety, when a man gets very cunning, and jocular withal, in the sense of his

inebriate superiority over common sense; so when the Secretary of State had undone the twenty nine red tapes that tied up the twenty-nine protocols, and the Venetian had commenced with a piece of oratory of the species which Men call *doldrum*, and Gods *balderdash*, His Majesty exclaimed—

"Look ye, old fellow!—twenty-nine protocols to one Princess are out of the rules of proportion, d'ye see? if she marries one prot—prince, I mean—we must still fight the other eight and twenty, old chap, with only one to help us! think of the odds!—let her have her own way, and we'll fight the whole of them!—and, I say open a loan while you are about it and double the taxes,—and now fill t'other glass!"

So that was the way China went to war with all Asia! The Emperor and his ministers had three hundred million of souls and bodies to fight and pay taxes, and so they met the nine and twenty independent princes with immense confidence. It happened, however, that whereas there are two conclusions to fighting, *fight and beat* on the one hand, *fight and be beaten* on the other, and whereas these Chineses concluded unluckily on the latter (losing three of the three hundred million afore-mentioned), the remaining two hundred and ninety-seven million observed that they thought this was rather too expensive a method, both purse-ically and personally, of procuring Princess Turandot the luxury of celibacy, and that for their parts they had had enough of it. On which astounding intelligence, the Princess ordered her Tea Pot to be filled, and prepared (how I don't know) to fulfill her dreadful intention. At this juncture Piantaleone ———

* * * * * * *

——— "You're so clever," said the wily Venetian.

"Pshaw!" answered she,—as if all the while though she thought she was.

" And you write such lovely verses!"

N. B. They were one degree worse than Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's,—and fancy that! in Chinese too!"

" And your admirable charades are so ingenious! You would run no earthly risk."

" Do you really think not?" uttered the pretty blue stocking.

" Do I really believe you to be the fairest, the wisest, and the wittiest of women?" rejoined Piantaleone,—an admirable put off,—but it nearly failed:—he looked so much too sincere, that she began to think he must be cheating:—however luckily the flattery saved him.

" Here they are," said she,—" the three last and best I've made."

" With the solutions?"—enquired the Lord Privy Seal.

" With the solutions;—but you won't betray me?"

" Will I live!"

" And you'll only trust them to the Chancellor?"

" Have I not sworn!"

" And you'll ——"

But Piantaleone was gone, and that same hour nine and twenty ambassadors extraordinary proposed as many truces to a corresponding number of belligerents on condition that the Princess' suitors repaired to Pekin, when he that solved the three riddles she proposed should win her hand!

* * * * * * *

" There are thirty come," said Brighella.

" You're a blockhead," remarked the Privy Seal,—" you've made one too many."

" *Corpo de Caio Mario!*" swore the Milanese in a pet,—" you'll tell me I can't see next!"—there are the nine and twenty belligerent lovers and Prince Balak, the expatriated, alone, on foot, and in seedy galligaskins!

Piantaleone started at the news.

" What ! a real Prince ? "

" An actual réal Prince, expatriated by Hoolagoo the Man-choo Tartar (a cannibal I should say by his name)—with his pedigree on parchment secreted next his skin like a wash leather waistcoat, and the crown diamonds in his galligaskin-waistband:—otherwise penniless as one of our own Principi in Italy."

The Lord Privy Seal bethought him.

" Brighella," quoth he at last—" this is the fellow for us:—screw him out of the diamonds first, and he shall have her : the others are none of them worth getting into one's hands: so ——"

* * * * * * *

He was a handsome fellow—I must own—a handsome fellow with a face of the most engaging inanity,—just what the women like, and they had got him up very well for the occasion,—not too smart, you know, but graceful, interesting, somewhat melancholy with an expatriated look about him, as if he were not quite at home. There he stood, in rags no longer, fronting the Princess, and the assembled court, with the nine and twenty belligerent lovers, floored utterly by the riddles, standing by, biting their nine and twenty thumbs in nine and twenty separate corners.

Piantaleone stole a look at Brighella as much as to say " that's the ticket," (in Italian of course—whatever it may be), and Brighella winked back a rejoinder (in the same)—" and no mistake."

The court were delighted at the demeanor of the gallant suitor.

The Emperor wondered if he were as jolly a fellow over his shamsoo, as he was handsome.

The Princess wiped her nose with a square bit of rice-paper (they use it for pocket handkerchiefs, you know,—a clean custom enough)—to hide her emotion.

The trumpets blew, and the people shouted, and Piantaleone led Prince Balak to the foot of the Princess's throne.

"Don't you forget," whispered he.

Prince Balak smirked out a confident assurance to the contrary,—too confident I am afraid. Alas! he was a sad blockhead, to be such a pretty fellow.

The Princess Turandot, having thrown away her nose-paper with easy dignity, rose, and for the thirtieth time, but for the first with any thing like emotion, uttered the following words:—

"The tree, on which the children
Of mortals fade away,
Stone-old, yet not the less for that
Still young and green alway!
Upon one side it turneth
Its leaves all to the light,
But coalblack is the other
Nor sees the sun so bright.

Still sets it a new circle,
Each time it buds, about.
The ancient time of all things
Doth it to man point out.
Upon its green bark lightly
A name impressed may be,
Which when 'tis dried and withered
You'll seek, but ne'er will see.

Now tell me can'st thou fathom
What likens this same tree?"

There was a dead silence. On a sudden the Prince hemmed, turned up his moustachioes, and with an easy jauntiness of air replied in blank verse, as a Prince should do:—

"Your slave, fair Princess, is too fortunate
He has to deal with no dark mystery.

This ancient tree, that still herself renews
On which man's race doth grow, and fade away,
And all whose leaves on one side seek the sun,
And on the other shun him,—on whose bark
So many a name's inscribed which only lasteth
So long as that same bark be green,—this is—
This is the Year with all her Days and Nights."

The Princess screamed and fainted! The Lord Chancellor declared the reply correct! The Emperor in delight called for a glass of shamsoo! and the trumpets blew, and there was the deuce and all to do! * * * * *. After a delay of an hour and wetting a whole quire of paper pocket handkerchiefs, the Princess put her second riddle in these enigmatical words:—

"Knows't thou that delicate picture whose power
Lends to its own self Life and Soul?
Which other and other is still each hour,
Yet ever is fresh, and is ever whole?
In narrowest space confined, 'twill prove ye
That smallest frame may best beauty enthrone;
Yet the mightiest emotions of all that move ye,
Know ye but through that picture alone.

And can'st thou name the crystal to me,
Which no earthly gem can even in worth?
Flashing, yet flameless, its beams shoot through me;
It drinks in the surface of all the wide earth:
Nay Heaven itself reflected beameth
Its circlet so rich, and so strange within;
Yet the richness of that which from it streameth,
Is oft-time richer than aught it drink in."

Again a dead silence. The Princess leant back exhausted, but still with a sort of proud air that

seemed to say,— "*that*, if you can, my friend!" The court was all attention, when Prince Balak again stepped forward, but this time with so impertinent an assurance, that it doubled Turandot's annoyance, and made Piantaleone dread that he had overdone it in his choice of a fool this time: He trembled as the smiling coxcomb lisped:—

"Resent it not, oh! most exalted fair one,
That I am bold to solve your deep enigma.
This delicate picture, which in tiniest frame
Encompassed, makes us free with boundless space—
The chrystal too on which this picture's painted,
Which beams back fairer still than is the painting;
This is the eye, in it the world-stamp lives,—
It is thine eye, when it looks on me in love."

The Lord Chancellor leapt, in spite of his ninety-two years, from his Tea Chest (they use it instead of a Woolsack in China) and stumbled breathless to the Emperor's throne, where he *chin chin* ed, and *chow chow* ed, till they were obliged to stop him lest he should knock himself to pieces.

The answer was correct! Who'd have thought it! every one was astounded, but the astonishment of Piantaleone and Brighella beggars description,—so how can I describe it,—or the scene?

The Princess was carried off in hysterics, and had her feet plunged (by the best medical advice) in a strong decoction of Pekoe, and green chillies,—to obviate determination to the brain.

* * * * * * *

Two hours afterwards the beauteous Turandot reappeared,—Prince Balak having all this while stood, the Cynosure of myriad eyes, in the midst of the enormous assemblage. Like a true fool, he was intoxicat-

ed with public notice, and his bearing consequently was the reverse of what women like, in the Princess's position; for with a confident leer, a sort of satyr-simper he seemed already in anticipation to possess his prize. The sight of this revived some spirit in the heart of the beauty, betrayed, poor soul! by her counsellors, and forsaken by the cunning of her mother wit;—she felt a comfortable contempt for the fellow; there was an offensiveness in his very good looks; indeed could the expatriated have guessed how much he was despised instead of admired, it might have diminished even *his* confidence in the solution of the third enigma. With scorn and something like disgust showing through her vexation, the fair Turandot propounded in these words her last charade, and with it her latest hope in one:—

"How is that called which the lowliest treasure,
Which yet might well grace an imperial hand:
'Tis made to wound; and in the measure
Of kindred next the Sword doth stand.
Blood-guiltless it thousandfold doth wound,—
Makes rich,—though none doth it rob in strife;
The globe hath it vanquished in all earth's round;
And soft and even maketh it Life.
The greatest wealth hath it created;
The oldest towns first by it were made;
Though still the blaze of war hath it hated.
Hail, man, whose trust on it is laid!
Stranger, an you name not this thing,
Give way from the blest realm of our good king!
Look here, and then be master of thyself:
Die, or else name it me!"——

With that she whisked away the veil she always wore (precautionally lest men's hearts should be broken by their looking at her), and in all the blaze of her

beauty burst upon him! He was however too much occupied with himself to be overcome by it, and retained under the brazen ægis of conceit, an immense amount of foolish self-possession. It was not fair though this, in the fair Turandot; she had promised but three riddles, and lo! she gave a fourth—herself —a woman being according to common consent the most obscure of riddles extant. Wiser men would have seen the dilemma, and would have tried to read any mystery, rather than her words; but alas! Prince Balak had his lesson by heart, and like a presumptuous blockhead, stepped forth at all hazards, to go through with it; thus answered he after having simulated an unreal hesitation:—

'Twas, heavenly Princess, but thy loveliness
Which on the sudden blindingly surprised me,
Encompassed me with light, and for a moment
Robbed me of sense. For that am I not vanquished.
This thing, of iron, which the least most prize,
Which e'en the imperial hand that China rules,
Holds honouringly to greet each year's first day;
This implement that, more guiltless than the sword,
Subdued earth's globe beneath its pious energy—
Which merged forth from the wild and wasty steppes
Of Tartary, where now the hunter roams,
The herdsman pastures, to this teeming land,
And saw the seedfields bourgeon all around;
And towns arise life-peopled by the hundred,
Still blessed and fortunate with the laws of peace,—
Yet honoured not the pompous pride of state—
What worked out all these blessings was—the Plough!

* * * * * * * * *

And did the Princess take him?—Not she:—how could you conceive aught end happily which commenced in Caprice and Vanity, moved on in Roguery and Double-dealing and concluded with Conceit and Stupidity? I do not know the sequel of the tale—but this is the Moral.

The Way to Brecheliant.*

I.

It is the way to Brécheliant,
That devious winds o'er wold, and lea,
Through upland wastes, by lonely mere,
Whose breeze-born ripples silent be;—
It is the way to Brécheliant
That through this voiceless region lies,—

* Robert Wace, the author in the twelfth century of the Romance of Rou or Rollo, and of some eight or ten other historical and poetic works of great merit, records in the Romance aforesaid his visit to Brécheliant "*to seek the fairies.*" He gives most honestly the estimate of his attempt, and its results in language which I have attempted to follow;

> "Là alai jo merveilles querre,
> Vis la forest, et vis la terre;
> Merveilles quis, maiz ne 's trovai;
> Fol m'en revins, fol i alai,
> Fol i alai, fol m'en revins,
> Folie quis, for fol me tins."

The connection in early ages between imaginary disembodied spirits, and the Druidic rites, the Saxon and Northern polytheism, the wood dæmons, and pastoral demigods of effete Paganry, has been often noted in prose and verse. Goethe in one of his innumerable minor poems, (*Die Exste Walpurgisnacht*) instructively sets forth the effect produced upon an early superstitious Christian populace,

So still that to the traveller's song
A lazy echo scarce replies;—
Wer't not the small bird on the spray,
Wer't not the wild deer in the brake,—
The Land of Dreams might lie this way
Where naught doth wake.

II.

The sun hath ta'en his downward course;
The traveller toiled since early day,
Yet still untired with sturdy force
Plods on his way:
Three days—and still he wanders on
By tower, or town, through wood or fell;
The burghers bade him stop, and tell
Why, cloister-bred, he left his cell,
The outlaws in the wilds that dwell—
The robber lord that thieves as well,
The priest,—all vainly,—would compel
By gentle phrase or menance fell
Like answer:—"Go churl!"—and he's gone!
"No one of all yon curious throng
Shall force my secret heart from me,
Nor why I wend to Brécheliant
In distant Brittany."

---

by the sounds of rites celebrated to their gods in the silent woods by the ancient pagan remnant in the land. Hence the origin of most popular superstitions. The only explanatory note relative to the pagan allusions in these rhymes which appears needful, regards Hertha and Faul; in the former the ancient Saxons worshipped Earth as the mother of things; the goddess was supposed to exist in a particular vehicle drawn by cows, and covered with a garment under which she dwelt: Faul was the evil principle whom in their exorcisms they adjured not to injure them. (See Sharon Turner's Anglo-Saxons, Vol. 1, c. III.) The mysterious Orpheid or snake-worship, of which such strange traces are found throughout the world, is I believe recognized as part of the Druidic system in the remains at Carnac in Brittany,—to which a *Punch* critic might add,—"and if it isn't it does not much matter."

III.

So said the man; and on he strode,
His monkish frock girt short about,
(As monk beseems that takes the road)
With scrip well-filled, and cudgel stout;
A man of,—say,—some thirty year
With honest, earnest, trustful brow,
Too broad for guile, too bold for fear,
With simple speech of "thee and thou,"
With simple face,—yet fair enow,
A Landward monk he was, I trow;
And as he went to wile the time
He sang some quaint monastic lay,
Or chaunt that drives the fiend away,
Or verse such as he dared essay
Of pious song,—or carol gay
In latin monkish rhyme.

IV.

In Brécheliant 'tis, that fountain lies
Deep hid amid its leafy glades,
From which the wondrous waters rise,
Charmed to call spirits from the shades,—
To renovate the aged frame,
To raise to life the love that's gone,
To light in iciest breasts a flame
That what they loathed, they'll doat upon:
In Brécheliant lies the last true haunt
Of that unblessed unearthly crew,
Which Holy Church with bell, and chaunt,
From Christian lands hath made avaunt;
Tho', lingering still, they vex and taunt
(So fable says, and old romaunt)
The race that erst their influence knew.
For these were fauns, and demigods

In ancient days of pagan Rome;
Dryads, that when the old oak nods,
And dies,—die with their parent home:—
Or Hamadryads, acorn-born,
Or the loose god that watched the corn,
Or lonely Echo, maid forlorn,
Or goatish Pan with sylvan horn,—
Wet Naiads of the sedgy bourn,—
Silenus, drunk, with vesture torn,
And wood nymphs laughing him to scorn,—
All make these wilds their home.
Nor these alone;—for thither crawl
The Nameless Snake-types;—thither bore
Hertha her sable Saxon pall,
With Friga, Hilde, and evil Faul;
And northern Odin's blood-stained maul,
And once-resistless Thor.
These—(say they) "be what men do name
The Fairies;—Pan is Oberon,"
And hobgoblin, what way did game
Sly Hermes erst, now gambols on;
And Nixies some—the water elves—
Small Owphes that dance by tens and twelves,
Where thymebank to the brooklet shelves,
Or swart Dwarf in the mine that delves,
And sweats to forge the steely helves
That war-gods erst would wield themselves
While men would such adore.
So dreamed the poet-monk,—that Wace
Who sang the old *Roman du Rou*,
And wrote of Normans' ducal grace,
And all their deeds of derring-do:
In firm and earnest faith thought he
That Brécheliant was Faerie!
So, pilgrim-like, he wends to see
The wonders in those woods that be
From Caen where in fair Normandy
He earned such goodly lore.

V.

Dark was the night, and thick the rain
That with the set of sun poured down,—
And chill the earth on which he's lain,
And scant the poet's threadbare gown:—
The beech moans wildly overhead,—
Swift scuds the cloud-rack 'cross the sky,—
As like a wailing o'er the dead
The sighing gusty blast sweeps by:—
O'er fen and swamp the marsh-fires' light
Flits fitfully,—the darkling owl
Loud chiding at the moonless night
Hoots 'gainst the wolf's long howl.

VI.

Cold welcome this to fairy land!
A cheerless night,—a sunless dawn,—
A tangled brake on every hand
With crag, and pool for park and lawn!
No fairy voice to fill the air,—
No charmed horn to guide the way,—
Nor hospitable elf to share
With venturous wight his woodland prey:
There's rain-swoln brook, and streams that brawl
'Gainst cliff and stone in bubbling strife,—
And mere and tarn, and water-fall—
But where the Well of Life?

VII.

The poet-monk has climbed the hill,
And loud he calls the fairy king.
Hark!—elf-bells?—no,—some mountain rill
Drips tinkling faint its watery ring.
The poet-monk has crossed the waste,
And shouts for sprites to show the well.—

Hark!—'tis the stag in plunging haste
Flies scared by such unwonted yell.
Weary and worn the poet-monk
Upon the cold stone sits him there—
For day is o'er—and the sun hath sunk,
His very soul within him shrunk,
Is hopeless to despair.
He sat him there the livelong night,
His burning brows between his hands;—
What thoughts were his ere morning light
He that dares think, best understands.

"It lives,—but not in things extern,
That Well of Life and Love;—it lives,
He felt, but not to sense;—we earn
The immortality it gives
In spirit, and in mind;—and those
Deft half-material æthera,
The sprites, are fond ideal shows,
The flecks on Fancy's retina—
There is no poet-world on earth!"

The disenchantment of a life,—
Or that his life's but now begun,—
He knew in that fierce mental strife
That passed 'twixt sun and sun.

VIII.

The morning dawned, the monk arose,—
His heart was cool, his head was clear;—
These few deep hours, those moral throes
Eldered his mind by many a year.
He rose, and wrote,—and this his lay

E'en simple as the monk would say.
"There went I marvels to espye,
The forest, and the land saw I:
No marvels found I, search was spent;
Fool I came back, as fool I went;
Fool did I go, fool back I came,
Folly's well mine who sought that same."

IX.

Let him go forth, yon simple man,
With plastic trustful yielding heart;
His truthful earthly course he ran
When art was not *all* aft;—
When something still remained for faith,
When men their trusting took on trust,
When "yea" meant "yes," and when, "he saith,"
Implied—"he says,—he must."
So pass him by;—but not with scorn,—
For all his plain simplicity;
No mortal creature that was born,
But has e'en thought as he.

X.

Who has not dream't of fairy land
Where Sense and Honour reigned supreme?
Who have not thought they've won the strand,
Or e'er they'd struggled in the stream?
Or trusted every man that swears,
Or hung on every lip that smiles,
Or loved the face a courtier wears,
Or, guileless, fallen in love with guiles?—
Sleep in peace, poet-monk;—thy pall
We'll wear,—e'en as we've sung thy song
Insensibly;—alas! we all
Have been to Brécheliant.

Sonnet to D. C. Aylwin, Esq.

Oh! man of Rags, and Railways*—greater now
Than ever erst,—altho' thy fine brain hatches
Gold out of frowzy clouts which Cooly snatches
Off dustheap,—gold from schemes we can't avow;
Rails like the bales, "a thing of shreds and patches"—
Oh! Railway-Ragman, thanks! they piercing mind
Filled with philanthropy surveys thy kind
Calcutta-wards,—the poor molunghee watches
With all the Salt Board sitting on him,—sees
Saline-less Hindoos gape for salt—(Oh! sin
Of Government that fosters wrongs like these!)
"SALT," cries he!——lo! tall ships with salt within
From disint'rested Cheshire cross the seas—
Oh! may what's Salt to them, to him be Tin!

Thoughts on Aylwin.

Say, thou,—by whatso name thou 'd'st be invoked,
Tatterdemallion-philanthropical,—
Oh! Aylwin, Seebun Chunder Doss and Co.,
Or Aylwin, Doss and Co., of Mirzapore,—

* Mr. A. was an experimental shipper of rags overland, and the local representative of a Railway Company that made a great stir in the inception and went out in a Town Hall dinner.

How shall I greet thee? Oh! my country's friend,
Let me in fancy clasp thee to my heart!
Thou that wend'st home through sandy Araby,
Toiled'st down the dull stream of the lazy Nile,
Passed'st the Sphynx in spite of her enigmas,
(But thou, my Aylwin, art a conjuror!),
Rushed'st through the blue Ægean, didst confront
Stromboli, Ætna, Scylla, and Charybdis,
And custom house inspectors at Blackwall,
To give my country SALT! She knew it not
Ere thou wast, Alywin.
True, some stuff there was
That men called NIMUK, *pungah* some,—some *kurkutch*,
Or laboured out near tiger-haunted streams
In the dark Soonderbuns, where sadly chaunting
A lay of woe the mild *sajooniah* boils
His little pipkin; sudden shakes the wood
With tigro-feline roar—he's snapped up like
Apocryphal Munro of mangled memory:—
Or else by far Orissa, or Cuttack,
Where the surf-shaken sands their salty store
Yield up unwilling; hardly-won, and costly
This produce which the Company *call* salt,
Fabling it feeds a million manufacturers,
Who else might starve, or, worse, not pay their rents.
Idle imaginings, my Aylwin,—idler
Than even those which at Hidgelee,
Or Jones-belauded Chittagong, Tumlook,
Or where the Salt Association work
No more,—leads men to dream the stuff they make
Is wholesome, real, palatable, sound,
And fit to sauce my curry, or your chop.
Bengal is savourless;—she hath no salt
For you, nor me: nor is what Bombay gives,
Nor Juddah, Muscat, nor Marseilles, nor Nantes,

(Which Capitaine Gabelon of the *Saliére*
Brings hither)—or a Rustomjee imports,
Or Aga Mirza, Curbelai Mahommed,
Ezekiel,—Agabeg,—a hundred else
Afford,—no naught is salt that is not Cheshire,
Nor is aught salt which Aylwin says is not.
Go on, free trading friend,—what tho' free trading
For Liverpool alone? 'tis not Monopoly
That beats down sub-monopoly;—oh! no,—
It takes my Aylwin out of all his rags,
And puts him safe in pickle—for his life!

The Lament over Aylwin.

BY GEORGE GRIEVANCE THOMPSON, ESQ.

1.

I was looking for a grievance, I was looking for a yoke,
I'd exhausted all the English, found the Irish all bespoke,
I was hunting an oppression up that might be made to pay,
When a kind friend whispered "India," and at once I steamed away—

But the treasure-mine of gammon,
I avow it,—'twas my fault,—
I had quite forgot to *cram* on,
And 'tis Aylwin's turned up—SALT!

2.

I inspired the Chuckerbutties, I beworded the Town Hall,
But the wise ones shrugged their shoulders, and the gain was none at all:
The boys and fools applauded, and I got but their applause,
And their answer when I named the cash, was, " Think, dear sir,—the Cause "!
Oh! 'twas humbug's Eldorado
At my feet lay, ne'er o'erhalt,—
And that Aylwin!—what he may do!—
It's a fortune is that Salt!

3.

I have got (a mere reversion) the Satara Raj to do,
(The proceedings all in Persian, and the man a dreadful screw),
Bengal landlords proved a failure, and my business very dull,
So for wont of aught more gullable, I took the Great Moghul—
But I missed the real ticket
Like a chap concerned in malt,—
And there's Aylwin gone to stick it
Into MANCHESTER (!) for Salt!

4.

With his piecegood plausibility, and rhetoric in twist,
With his sugar (in a paper), and his cotton (in a list),
His statistics, and his cyphers set in columns long and tall,
And he flaunting at the top of them, the greatest one of all—
'Tis enough to set one frantic
To see such a what d'ye call't
Take *my* line, the true romantic,
In his pamphlet upon Salt!

5.

But 'tis done! I'll give up business, for a sharper chap than I
Sweeps me out of my profession, like a wiper, on the sly—
And no more my words, Oh! Exeter, shall echo through thy hall,
For an Aylwin beats the Thompson,—aye—and smiles upon his fall!—

Oh! the rich Peru of humbug!
Yes—I missed it—all my fault—
Voiceless henceforth — tongueless-rhymeless—
Tears are—drat it!—Aylwin!—SALT!

(Sobs, weeps, and ultimately dissolves in brine.)

Song.*

AIR—"*Georgy Barnwell.*"†

SING old Rose and burn the bellows,
Let's be jolly while we're here;
If your star burn dim, old fellows,
Wet him with a pint of beer.

* This song (and the one that follows) was written *currente calamo* to improve an *Extravaganza* called *Mesmeric Facts*, the work of another pen. I may mention that Mr. T. was a firm believer in the reality of mesmerism.

† This interesting melody having no second part, requires skill in the management of eight lines, for a tune that only does for four. Ingenious vocalists sing the first half of the verse *forte*, the second *piano*, the chorus *fortissimo* with an *accompagniamento* of *fisti* on the table; this with the addition of *pewteripotti* when available, has a very noble effect.

Bright he'll twinkle round his axis,
Just as mine, whose moistened clay
Shows us, steeped in glorious taxes—
What's the real milky way.
Sing old, &c.

2.

Yes, we've brought it to a science
(Let's get glorious o'er the fact)
Nought that's wheeled shall roll defiance
To the winch of screwlike act;—
Cow-cart, drag that ponies lug, is
Taxable, like small like great,
Ay—crib grease from fellows' buggies
All to oil the wheels of State.
Sing old, &c.

3.

Tax we all the gay palentiums,
Gigs, barouches, office jaunts
Spare not one (our maxim's Bentham's)
Tax the very shandy dans;
Tax their bodies, seats and bellies,
Tax their side sweeps, slants and shaves,
Tax their axles, spokes and fellies,
And oh mind it, tax the naves!
Sing old, &c.

4.

Tax the chap with *takkas* fifty,
Tax the cove with thousands five,
Tax the flat who scarce though thrifty
Keeps himself (and tat) alive;
Tax in earnest, tax devoutly,
Wise ones preach and poor ones pray,
Heed we not but answer stoutly,
We will tax and you shall pay.
Sing old, &c.

Song.

AIR—"*The Dey of Algiers.*"

1.

IN the core of the heart, in the innermost part,
When the essence of entity lingers,
I aspire to control the whole human soul
With the sensible tips of my fingers.
I engage and I please, I assuage I appease
With the action of what are called passes,
Wherewith we can prove we the universe move
And that all disbelievers are asses.
In the core, &c.

2.

See here with what power I can alter each hour
All the sentiments of ye and in ye,
I come up on the sly, and you cannot tell why
Just one pass, and my faculties win ye:
Yes—you tremble to sleep and soft lethargies creep
Over each independent sensation!
Just one whiff of my will—e'en the Council stands still
Like the course of its own legislation!
In the core, &c.

3.

To a maiden beguiled or a lady with child
Who're distressed by their doubtful position,
'Mid fidget and fear, why, 'tis I that appear
Like their own transcendental physician.
With my passes I calm every pang every qualm,
That the heart or the stomach distresses,
And send each of them out to their ball or their rout
In their very best gossamer dresses!
In the core, &c.

4.

If the Court were in doubt or the Judges put out
With a question *ne capias ad urbem*
Call me in—just one sweep, and the Bench is asleep
All so fast e'en their snores won't disturb 'em.
Then to counsel I go if you'd wish me to show
How my strength such strong intellect thickens
And I'll throw in the dark e'en our friend Longueville Clarke
And then mystify Theodore Dickens.
In the core, &c.

5.

Having done this, what more? why when wise Judges snore,
Ladies reason, and Counsel are speechless,
There are signs in the land by which men understand
That the wise (!) may learn more when they teach less.
Let them wait for the time when the *coma* sublime
Sweeps from mankind their every confessed ail;
Why the time's come! 'tis true! so without more ado
Go witness the proof with an Esdaile.
In the core, &c.

The Neophesians.

SOMETIMES a Voice lived with me.—Who,
Or whence, or what it was I could not tell—
Save that it was not earthly; for 'twould dwell
Unasked, unsought as heavenly visitants do
An instant, or an hour—now by my side,
Now clasping me, as doth the ambient air
On which seraphic echoes ride:—
Oh! Voice, my hope, my blessing and my pride,
Thou teached'st me wise things,—and oh! that e'er
Thou leftest me to sin, to sorrow, to despair!

'Twas like the sighing of old trees;
A calm and pleasant sound—all quietude
And peace. It spoke of chastening—not with rude
Objurgative correction, as do these
Of earth, who think their calling is to tease
And scold man into virtue;—but 'twould please,
As it pleased me, itself (so seemed it,) when
Of Truth, of Love, of Time it spoke, and men
That live before their time,—of Thought that frees
Mind from material yoke, and care, the ill-at-ease.

Wisdom it was, made vocal;—Soul
That lived in sound,—yet as that passed away
Lost not its sense, the sense that makes to-day
A part of all eternity, a whole
As that is, universal—and makes Time
A thing of naught before man's entity,—
"How can," I said, "the mortal spirit climb
To mysteries so high?" The Voice sublime
Replied—"All was, and is, and all will be,
On earth (as now) immortal, reproduced in these and [thee.

Time shakes not human error;—no—
Time eats into all things, except the mind—
That indefinable, as undefined
Rests still, as 'twas on age's age ago
Prone to the dark, mean, plodding, petty—slow
Or to believe, or let believe:—like sight
To one new seeing who dares not see, 'twill go,
Oppressed with its own sense to depths below
Where darkness dwells congenial;—Truth's too bright,
It pains, it jars, it kills,—shut out, shut out the light!

Ye speak of miracles;—then ye say—
"What is not now hath never been, the thing
That is,—can be, by but one law;"—and bring
A cable coil of provings that essay
To tie down nature by herself—and yea,—
Ye speak of miracles! Go forth, and see
That ALL is miracle! the light of day
Beams forth miraculous,—for when none can say
How 'tis, nor why,—who is there shall decree
By it the cause of things that dark and dubious be?

Time shakes not error. To be wrong
Is still man's right, and now, e'en as of old
Self-love, and Prejudice their wonted hold
On him, with dull tenacious clasp prolong!"
— Sighing, it died inaudible;—the sigh
Pained as it melted from the vacant ear,
That longed to drink in more, and ached to try
For sound amid that stillness; the mind's eye
Gazed on the reflex of old Time,—as near,
All ancient as he is, for man, as 'twere this passing year.

Its gaze fell on Cayster's bank,
And Selinusia's plashy marge, as erst
They were, when Dian's favored city first
In old Ionic league maintained her haughty rank:
Piles, in columnar pride, with arches bowed,—

Tower, theatre, and temple—all were there
Filled with the old Greek, selfish, curious crowd;
Priests preached vain words, and sophists jangled loud
And wanton Lais smoothed her glossy hair,
And Cynics scorned them all with sour contemptuous air.

Meanwhile (me seemed) the mass in vain
Sought after somewhat,—wandering up and down
Like queenless emmets in their earthy town,
And with vague eye gazed up as men in moral pain;
"They seek for truth! and know not what they seek"
The Voice said—"Union would they, whom no tie
But interest binds;—peace long they for, and speak
For peace to those that know it not—guides, weak
And blind—Lust deified their Deity;
With foul and troublous Gods insulting yon pure sky."

It ceased.—And lo! (me seemed) a pang—
To some pain but to all astonishment,
And ecstacy to many—came and went
Throughout that mighty multitude: a clang
Of sounds, prayer, blessing, praise and rage in one
High-canopying vault of voice arose
Above that town: some bless, some doubt, some shun,
Some curse those strangers who persuasive won
Such power, that foes were friends, and friends were foes
At words half-heard amid that tumult's blatant throes.

"Truth have they that they sought"—so said
The Voice—"truth, charity, and love,—and sense
Thereby to know themselves, without pretence,
To be more than they can,—but bow the head
Submissive to the Will whereby alone
They are:—yet see—the patient ministers
Of that Truth spurned—and those that serve the throne
Of old-world art,—of creeds, and things their own
Whereby they live,—cry loud that man prefers
To be earth's slave than own the love that Heaven avers.

This is the crowning ministry
Of love, and mercy's essence upon earth,—
Mother prolific in continuous birth
To myriads more, all miracles that be
After their sort:—for as the world grows old,
And men do grow in knowledge, with it grows
Suffering:—that tenement which the mind doth hold
Is sensitive through it, and as unfold
The mental powers, so mercy mitigant, throws
Her balm on wounds which, self acute mind adds to
mortal woes.

Wake up imagination—see
How much lives real in the aroused brain
That was idea;—dullards feel small pain,— [be,
Thought makes a straw-touch torture:—Those there
And will be ever who deny to mind
Dominion over matter, and the world—"
It ceased once more, and sweetly-wailing pined
Once more in sighs away, as pitying mankind.—
O'er Ephesus a misty dimness curled, [furled.
And slowly like a shadowy sail the ancient town un-

Man's toil on earth,—it's sequence—Art,
Science, and Nature's study, Government,
Philosophy's true dawn, the earnest bent
Of mind to know itself,—these are a part
Of ministers whose culminating height
Ends in the Faith of Love. Faith of the free,
Too admirable art thou for thy light
At once to be all known! a moral might
Hath vexed the world, 'mid which these Powers that be
In art, in state, in all, deny man's right to see.

Yet are all equal:—yea, ye say't—alas!
Ye say it:—yet as in Athens' vaunted state
Republicans crushed down the Mental Great
Do we not so e'en now? look in the glass

Of Time for Athens;—see great Pericles,—
Lest learned Aspasia die for that she's wise
As well as fair, weep low on suppliant knees,—
Doomed Anaxagoras cross the Cretan seas,—
Plato enchained,—while Aristotle flies
Outcast, and Socrates the hemlock drinks, and dies.
These acts were freemen's acts, ye say,
Yet free not of our freedom:—look again—

See Christian Europe, while with fear and pain
Mind, in opinion, struggles into day,
Emerging out of forms:—Giordano fell,
Philosophising, by the doom of fire,—
Bacon was banned for necromantic spell
'Neath his Franciscan cowl:—who could foretell,
Ramus,* thy fate? while hostile sects conspire,
Victim, great mind, thou diest, to their insensate ire!

Last,—saddest too perchance—the fate
Of him that was at Avignon arraigned
As infidel,—Vanini;—when he deigned
At first reply to his accusers,—straight
The rubric-lessoned formalists outpour
Their proofs of why God was:—"did I?" he cried,
"On your proofs hold your creed, Him I adore
Were not:"—a rush he lifted from the floor,—
"This was not self-made—their God is!"—the pride
Of doctrine still prevailed; condemned, in flames, he [died.

They erred—yet erred not in intent,
These early Hussites in philosophy;—
Stern-struggling rose they 'gainst the Dagonry
Of Rome, as did their co-reformers,—bent
All to assert the truth; in vain; mind still

* Ramus (Pere La Ramee, so latinised in the learned language of the day) was killed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew: Giordano Bruno was burned at Rome in 1600, and Vanini at Avignon in 1619: these men were the real revivers of true philosophy in Europe.

Quailed at the triply-crowned tiara's nod—
False Joshua of the Vatican, whose will
To fix a dogma makes the earth stand still,—
On that fixed earth bids men brain-shackled plod,
Lest Galileo show them in his works their God!

"These were the pioneers of truth,"—
The Voice conversing said—"her martyrs, who
Perished like settlers in strange land; for few
Of such 'scape scatheless; green and stalwart youth
Consumes in slow disease which marsh and fen
Give forth uncultured, while the elder kind,
The hardier Pilgrim Fathers, savage men,
Lords of the waste who'd win their own again,
Strike down:—like fate those daring spirits find
While forest-growth of error shades man's turbid mind.

Truth never died on earth; it dwelt
And dwells, with mercy hidden for a time,
Until her time be come,—precepts sublime
Enunciating unheard, because unfelt
Their worth; yet days shall be when Punishment
For crime shall change to penitence,—Belief
Refined take place of dogmas,—Force, that lent
Her strength to matter for man's government,
Yield it to mind—to mortal ailments, chief [relief.
Of mortal ills, a power unseen, mysterious send

Faith, that moves mountains, lends her hand
That marvel to accomplish:—ancient art,
Dull-dealing with old rules, men set apart,
And bid the germ of science take command
Where Esculapius blindly served:"—a yell
Broke sudden out in dissonance as fell
As when with envy mortal fear combines:— [thus
"What, I asked is't?"—"why cry they?"—sighing,
The voice,—"Thou art again at Ephesus
With vexed Demetrius shouting for his silver shrines."

Verses.*

BEADON o'er seniors bounds away,
And back to naught doth thrust 'em
A most uncustomary way
To reach the Board of Custom.

"Nay," says the *Friend*, "I must beseech—
Don't blame (for 't 'ain't his fault) him—
The rule has always been to reach
The Board of Salt, *per Saltem*."

"Well," quoth some superseded elf,
"Don't mind, I've got one hope, I am
Sure e'er all's done, he'll be himself,
Beadon,—the Bored of Opium!"

Rhodope and Menduophis.

IT was a lovely Thracian maid
Dwelt in an old Ægyptian city
Alone, and fearless had she strayed
From home,—but good as wise and witty:—
From home?—she was a slave,—her act
Of flight was but a slave's, just able
To feel that freedom is a fact,
And woman's slavery a fable.

For she had served with Æsop,—he,
The crook-backed quaint philosophiser,

* There was a great hubbub in the papers about the appointment of Mr. Beadon, the present able Secretary to the Government of Bengal, as Secretary to the Board of Customs, Salt and Opium, on the ground of supersession of seniors.

Who of the emmet and the bee
Steals parables to make men wiser:
Cased in illshape, he held that mind
So cased, unmarked to naught would dwindle;
But wit and beauty both combined
Should seek a crown, but scorn a spindle.

Then gathered she her slender store
Of gifts and gauds, of gem or trinket;—
The very bracelets that she wore—
Ah! little did their donor think it!—
Proved wings to speed her on her flight,
Not chains that weightily might move her
To listen to his suit, that night
She crossed the seas, and fled her lover.

It was to Naukratis she came,
The oozy town 'neath Nile's old river,
Which gaining since a deathless name
Helps still to immortalize its giver;
There dwelt she, beauteous and alone;
Nor fear, nor care, nor doubt came o'er her;
For destiny, she'd shape her own,
High-souled and young with life before her.

Queen-like and haughty, pure and proud,
Herself her ownself's best protection,—
She awed the curious gazing crowd,
It's sordid love, and coarse affection:
Men looked, and wordless passed away—
There breathed a silent scorn within her,
That union deigned with human clay,
When but its noblest strove to win her.

'Twas where the waters and the waste
Contend on Mariote's border,
Thoughtful and shy, she oftime paced,
And schooled her warring thoughts to order;

The wild rush, typic hieroglyph
Of Ægypt, all secluded kept her,
And closed its conscious shade, as if
To serve the heir to Ægypt's sceptre.

And there while in the dappled East
The day was young, this leafy cover
She'd court,—as 'twere fond maiden pleased
To woo the lake-god for her lover,—
There floating placid on the tide
As child that knows not yet what grief is,
White as the lotus by her side,
And graceful as its rounded leaf is.

Huge Behemoth of mighty Nile
Scared from his haunt, would ne'er alarm her,
Nor fably-tearful crocodile
Uprear his scale-clad length to harm her;
For Naiads of the silent wave
Loved the fair thing, and thronged around her,
As springing from their oozy cave,
In guardful water-maze they bound her.

Sudden from o'er the desert sands
Rusheth a mighty wind,—in circles
Whirls dust from up those thirsty lands
That whirling to a pillar darkles,—
Then sweeps in gusty eddy on,
And adds, as't wheels, to that is in it—
So swift that it a mile hath gone,
E'en man, aghast, could count a minute.

(Such, do the men of East-land say,
Bear with them on their dusty pinion,
The Afrite, sprite accursed, by day
O'er earth, where erst he held dominion;—
And this the elf that rides by night
'Neath heaven, which he may ne'er inherit,

Upon the falling meteor's light,
Fit transient car for fallen spirit!)

Such 'twas that now seeks Rhodope,
As if by antic malice ridden,
And whirls to where her garments be
Beneath the sedgy covert hidden;—
She screams—loud screams the wind, with sand
Soils her moist limbs, rude boisterous wooer,
As pantingly she gains the land,
And clasps the fluttering garments to her.

Hard won, and hard to hold:—the gale
Howls disappointed of its booty,
While scared and blinded, breathless, pale,
Clings to her prize the "rose cheek" beauty:—
'Tis passed, not wholly baffled; see!
One sandal would the robber spare thee!
One rosy heel, fair Rhodope,
Must home unshod o'er harsh flints bear thee!

The king sat on his judgment-seat,—
It's canopy, the heavens, spread o'er him—
It's hall, for mighty judgment meet,
The vast bare plain that stretched before him,—
A central point 'mid those that sue,—
Type of the right that man relies on,
Whose justice, pure as æther's blue,
So ample as the wide horizon.

Thither exulting whirled the blast
Careering forth a king to humble,—
As o'er the judgment-seat it passed
It let the toy-like trophy tumble—
Veiled majesty in dusty night—
(To courtier's eyes a grievous scandal)
One moment—then, the sky was bright,
And at the monarch's feet,—a sandal.

A sandal—oh! more delicate
Than the crisp shard of budding flowers,
Or wild bee's waxen cell!—its weight
Less than the sea-tost nautilus! Powers!
If such the case, oh! what the gem!—
Can with this foot the form shew meanly?
Her brow should grace the diadem,
Whose very sandal speaks her queenly!

Great Menduophis, king of men,
Like kings before him, and kings after,
Sighed forth his love—thought—sighed again,
While courtiers bowed to hide their laughter:—
Then—but why more? fair Rhodope
As Queen Nitocris lives in story;
Her rifled tomb who lists may see,
And sighing smile at mortal glory.

Each race is what each race has been—
An age is but an age's fellow,
And spring in life or love, is green,
As sure as autumn leaves are yellow;—
'Mid wreck of nations past, thus mused,
Deep-thinking in his German fashion,
One who this legend re-perused
Of woman's power, and human passion.

Scapegrace with mystery, and mind
Breathes through 't the fiery—bright ideal—
Nor deep-souled poet's ardent kind
Alone:—love's free, and beauty real,—
Or thought so by us all.—On rolls
Time from Semiramis to Stella,
And slippers still will rule men's souls,
And Rhodope be Cinderella.

NOTE.—The ChevalierBunsen in his recent admirable, and deeply critical work on the place Ægypt holds in the world's history (Ægyptens stelle in die Weltgeschichter) has a curt reflection on the philosophy of our nursery-tale as identical with the legend of Rhodope, and of Physche in Appuleius (vol. ii. p. 240) A parallel one has now served for the butt-end of a ballad.

Idle Days in Egypt.*

Alexandria, 18th June, 1851.

My experiment in procuring a little mental quiet and repose was so successful yesterday that I tried it again this morning—and it deserves to be recorded as the idea was ingenious. The beautiful monolith alone was not sufficient: the modern sorry rampart and rude sea-wall of half hewn limestone,—paltry work in every sense—and the clumsy shapeless barrack and guard-house close by with its red-capped Arab soldiers, kept one out of ancient Egypt in spite of the noble obelisk. Two visits convinced me of this. The third time I looked for and found the other prostrate obelisk—liking always to find and not be shown what I want to see:—this was given as a trophy of Egypt to the British army, nearly fifty years ago:—what other army in the world would have left such a trophy to be built over by a Gallo-Turkish rampart, planned by a French renegade, constructed by an Egyptian Viceroy, not without a view to the re-introduction into the land of that foreign influence, the expulsion of which by Abercrombie the gift of that very trophy was intended to commemorate! Only one side for perhaps a little more than a third of its length from the apex is now visible: the inner slope of the rampart has been left incomplete by the Frenchman, that this British trophy may not be wholly buried, and that our shame may endure by the display of so much of the stone. It strikes me as larger than the erect obelisk, of which I had heard it was the counterpart,—and also it seemed as if it had endured greater abrasion of the surface. Both these impres-

* These notes (with some few passages now excepted) were published in the *Indian Charter*, beginning in December 1851.

sions may be very naturally false ones owing to the relative position of the monoliths,—in the first place as deceiving an eye unpractised in such comparisons—in the second, as not allowing to the prostrate obelisk the advantage of having its graven surface looked upon with the upward glance which all these sculptures are so cut as to require for the conception of a distinct outline, more particularly when the surface is much worn. However with this idea in my head I took at haphazard to compare the exposed side of the jacent monolith with that one of the other which faces the sea. With my stick and my handkerchief I cleared the sand and small stones from the deeper cuttings of the hieroglyphics, and as the sun was rising, I was able, the apex lying due east, to get the rays so upon the stone to my eye when lowered to its level, as to afford some slight shadow. What is legible on the prostrate obelisk is not I think to be identified with the inscription on any side of the erect one. There are the same symbols, as the three hawks; the sign of Upper Egypt; and the cartouche *Sun Treasure of (?) the World*, but these are (except the hawks) differently bestowed, and on the prostrate column I make the Bee and Papyrus with the sign *land* below, *land of Upper and Lower Egypt*, with a distinctness I fail to detect in the other.

While I was lying, kneeling, and poring on the obelisk, an Arab soldier stood watching me very attentively; he seemed particularly struck with a process of comparison, effected by keeping my stick on the hieroglyphic before me while I looked for what should have been the corresponding one on the other obelisk. "*Wurra uktaba*," said he at last in his Egyptian Arabic, which I taking to mean—"it was written beyond" (our time) assented to, when, apparently pleased at the congruity of our opinions, he approached the stone, and looked up at me with an odd expression of enquiry. I immediately read him off the sun, and the world, and the land, and the sign of life

and of Egypt, and finally Pharaoh himself, and a Sphinx, both of whom I had just discovered by tracing them on the granite with my hand on one side of the apex, under an exquisitely cut hieroglyphic legend. But to what did all this lead? Simply to deep regret at having come away without my Bunsen, or a single of the like books thinking I should be so differently engaged, &c., &c., &c., which evidently was not the way to quiet and content.

It remained therefore to elicit the element of repose and contemplation inherent in my obelisks, separate from the stumbling block of modern incongruities and the offence of useless pedantry. Repose existed in them, but it was evident that the addition of something highly ideal was alone capable of giving me its peace and blessed enjoyment. Vatel in the vaudeville, despairing over the discovery of the union of gastronomic entity between Italy and England in the lost recipe for *Boudin a la cippolata*, was a mere type of me: how to rise from heart-vexing isolation in modern Alexandria to the quiet of a communion with the great past? The sea did not help one much, washing the puny rocks, and scanty sands —the feeble sea-wall, or the basement of unorientaled Alexandrian houses, or on the head-land the dull fort and lighthouse which stand perhaps where once did the Pharaos—with gentle noiseless Mediterranean waves; besides the thought of the sea was full of comings and goings, and led me back into the realm of anxiety.

I have a few books with me, and Faust, the first part, lay on my little writing-table. I had taken it up as an alterative after a critical course through Victor Hugo—a great poet with many French faults, among them bombast, and a total disregard for truth whenever he can either make an effect, or flatter the national vanity. As I was dressing, long before sunrise, to go out, I bethought me of putting Faust in my pocket, and trying how the World Poet's metaphysical analysis of man would read in connection

with the presence of his ancient works, and the half-read signs in which he has recorded his first God-given knowledge of science and of nature. I hurried out and hastened to the spot, where on the rampart fronting the standing obelisk, a sort of terrace has been made for loungers to enjoy the sea breeze. I sat me down, and began the preparatory scene;—that in the empyrean where Mephistopheles takes even such a part as does Satan in the Book of Job: and in presence of the silent mysterious witnesses of human toil and striving, I pondered over the poet's lesson.

Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt.*

Like as the application of the infinite to measure infinity, or of imperfection to criticise that, the excellence of whose rule lives in the unknown, and the reason of whose perfection is beyond understanding,—even so the spirit of needless stirring to fathom events, to dwell upon chances, to calculate probabilities, to vex the mind by conjecture, is an idle spirit, wearying the mind: let me read the words on yonder carved stone, a thing I may do, for it has been given to do so to other men after the lapse of many centuries when the time was come in which it was good that the knowledge they contain should be made public,—but let me not strive and struggle to know concerning that which may exist, but without any visible sign whereby I may trace its existence.

I was looking out on the little bay, when from its only corner in which small craft seem to find safe anchorage, whence every morning a mosquito fleet of graceful feluccas stands, latteen-sailed, out to sea—a small brigantine, filling her white canvas, stood across endeavouring to weather the reef which forms on the eastern side the entry to the port; the breeze being about W. and by N. made this a lee shore for her

* "Man errs so long as e'er he struggles."

so that after having made her run so as to make the fort and light house on the western headland of the bay abeam of her, she had fallen still within the low line of black rocks on the extreme point of which stands an ugly square casemate, as it appears, having doubtless embrasures seawards. The little craft went deftly about, clewed up her foresail and ran back into the bay, hugging the western point, almost to her anchorage again;—then, just as I thought she had given up the attempt, round she went and though her tack could barely have gained her half a mile, it was enough;—she bore gallantly up, set all sail and ran clean into the open azure of the Mediterranean. I sat and watched this exposition of my present thought; this successful effort for the attainment of a palpable object, as opposed to the senseless anxious "Streben" that seeks a subject in vacuity, and in connection with the visible presence of human action in the monument before me, still witness of what intellect could devise and skill accomplish, I felt rebuked for the inutility, the impatience, the impiety of my burning malcontent thoughts. To have done all one can, and test this by appealing to conscience for a measure for duty, and then to be patient—to avoid the useless struggle—to suffer as well as do—this is the philosophy of life, this is peace, and here I thought, appropriately enough, for he calls it a Coptish song,—of part of another of the world-poet's lays:

Du musst steigen oder sinken,
Du musst herrschen und gewinnen,
Oder dienen und verlieren,
Leiden oder triumphiren,
Amboss order hammer sein.*

* Thou must ascend, or sink—
Thou must or rule and win,
Or else must serve and lose;—
Or suffer or succeed,
Anvil or hammer be.

Indeed, let your activity be what it may, you must alternate between the state of hammer or anvil, for neither will a state of triumph be constant, nor yet one of suffering:—Hence did I commence by noting that my experiment for procuring mental rest had succeeded, and thus have I recorded it.

This morning an Arab soldier from the guard-house joined me. He was a cautious prudent fellow evidently, for observing that the sea-breeze blew across the bay rather chilly at sunrise, he had brought his great coat, made of a sort of coarse sackcloth to wrap about him; he looked at me as I sat on the crest of the wall in company with the sea, Faust and my obelisks, and then ascended the three steps of the little terrace, and added himself to our society, sitting down close to me. He looked over at my book, and then a good deal at my long hair,—then at my shoes, the fashion of which struck him, but he said nothing, only when I looked at the obelisk, he did so too, as if after all there were something comprehensible in it. I sat with Oriental imperturbility, reading and thinking for a quarter of an hour, although conscious that the proximity of my companion might perchance add to my personal experiences in entomology. When Faust and I rose and saluted him, we left him and the obelisk, staring at one another, with the sea for a back ground.

June 19.—I retract my idea as to the obelisks; so far as the visible face of the recumbent one goes, they are counterparts,—or, more properly, it is the counterpart of one side, a good deal defaced, of that termed vulgarly Cleopatra's, and I am wrong about the bulk I do not doubt. There is good even in a recorded error.

This morning an Arnoot officer came up to the terrace; he said nothing, and was stupid or ill mannered, for he did not return my bow. He stood by, and looked over my shoulder at Faust: his diminutive size perhaps relieves them of the idea that he can con-

tain any charm strong enough to blow up Aghis Bey's rampart. G— the other day approached one of the heavy gun batteries: the sentry warned him away; "do you think I can put the gun in my pocket?" said G—; "*Eva**—yes, I do," replied the fellow gravely in so serious a way that G— laughed at him; the conception of his having committed a joke gradually developed itself in the mind of the militarised fellah, whereon he deposited his musket for the greater felicity of cachination, and laughed, as Scrubb says in the play "consumedly."

June 20.—At last I know what is the life of an idle officer in country quarters; at length I have experienced that worst and bitterest of wearinesses, the fatigue which comes of having naught to do: and further, I have learned the sort of existence that is a life to the inhabitants of the obscurer Italian towns; whether, as the charity boy said of the alphabet, it were worth while going through so much to learn so little, is a question to be asked.

June 21.—I have been sixteen days here, and yesterday had all but set myself to say all I felt and thought about the place, but instead of that I took a book I had bought and read Guerrazzi i Veronica Cybo, a terrible story well told "in very choice Italian,—and

"I see just nothing but a great black dog."

This morning I enjoyed a scene of Faust on my terrace, with the sight of the bay under a smart breeze with really a decent sea on: the treacherous character of the lesser bay was rather stirringly revealed in the breakers which rose, true "white-crested horses of the sea," as the Norse poets say, over rocks sunken just deep enough to communicate no evidence of their

* This word is in eternal use instead of the Arabic affirmative. I was told it was a corruption of the words "*yawullah*." It is pure Coptic however—*Evo, and* or *verily* of the hieroglyphs.

stony implacable ambush to the specious smoothness of a tranquil sea: the clouds, collected of the waters of the Mediterranean, were racing, laden with the Nile-waters that will be, to the southward even as Herodotus saw them, and in their intervals, the gleaming of the rising sun gave some exquisite effect of colouring in the shallow rocky waters of the turbid bay,—the dull fort and light house, too, came out in some most happy sun-glimpses, like a stupid fellow shining in the halo of a clever friend—then I enjoyed some beautiful Stanfields, as imaginatively I dare say after all as to effect, as was to Faust the fire-track on the path of the black hound. This good town would have supplied no lack of Wagners.

Ich sehe nichts als einen schwarzen Pudel.

I read another tale of Guerrazzi when I came home, which I did leisurely, repassing and visiting the brick ruins close to the piazza, which have been part of the casement of an amphitheatre?—a noble site for it—or the remains of baths—?—I have visited this place often in hope of some relic among the excavations for the new, the third extant Roman catholic church. Alas, time here hath used a pestle, not a scythe, and these remains of mortal buildings are immortal—smash! I got a little marble piece of a flooring, a tiny bricklet in some vast mosaic pavement:—it is the only whole bit I have seen, except the few larger fragments. And I am an hungered, and going out to dinner—a *déjeuner dinatoire* for me at 1 P. M.!—The fit may take me to-morrow.

AN ENIGMA.

22*nd June.*

Take the unmeasured days of the vast world's endural,
And thus out of infinity make me a plural:—
Take the speed of the goshawk, the ken of the vulture,

And the sense of the men who protect agriculture—
Take the wail of the sick and the groans of the dying,
The bride in her smile, the seduced in her sighing—
With the wit of the wise, with the grin of the zany,
And the fresh purple whiskers of Count Bathiany—
Take the yell of the people in red revolution,
And then damp it with Daffodil's Patent Solution—
Take my Lord Duke that's dead, 'scutcheon, coronet, hearse and all,
And a first person'd pronoun that ne'er can be personal;
Take the echo of song, and the vision of beauty,
And the pangs of Lord John 'twixt his place and his duty;
Take the new motive power sans carbon or vapour,
And then wrap the aroma of all up in paper!
That done, I'm in being:—yet not of the world:—
About one single spot my existence is curled,
Though known in all nations, though named in all climes,
By the soldier in fight or the poet in rhymes;
Though create but a spirit, though seen, but a sign,
Yet the future lives in me like ore in the mine—
And as Simon Stilites, ascetic and solemn,
I live, voiceless and grave, at the top of a column.*

—I suppose proximity to the sphinx put this into my head;—or the syenite column I saw lying in the fosse which made me ask myself, it were Simons'? Then what in our day, is his analogy? watching the world as it rolls,—in it but hardly of it?—Thence this conceit.

Why, when I want to write literal prose, I should this morning of all the days in the year fall into a conundrum, I know not; but it is over, and I would

* The *Times*.

fain put down how this place impressed me before I forget my impressions. Such as are unfavourable, as *imprimis* that it is a very stupid place, are not fair impressions; for as in my case, how often men see the reflex of their own ugly thoughts in the mirror of the scenes about them, making the light-hearted city full of gloom, and the smiling landscape no better than a withered waste:—it's the category of Hamlet. Then I am a stranger, who came here looking to find his home transported over sea to meet him, and lo! solitude in a strange land instead, and no news, or next to none:—then without more particular specification, or according to the enumeration of honest Dogberry—"seventhly, and to conclude," I arrived at this place in company with a few old friends and some very companionable new ones, my fellow travellers, besides the complement of the steamer's passengers, and these fifty or sixty folk were all going on home, some straight to England, some *viâ* Mediterranean or Marseilles, or Athens, or Constantinople for what I know; —all were going *on*, whereas I was brought up by a —*siste viator*, quite as sad as any in the most funereal of churchyards, only in the shape of what are called the furlough regulations of my honourable masters the East India Company. I alone stayed, and I stayed alone. "*Vouz devez être triste*," said my next neighbour at the table d'hote.

Twenty-three years this month have I been out of England; twenty-two and five months have I had of actual service, even from the eastern frontier of Bengal,

"To Agra and Lahore of Great Moghul."

Varied service, if you must serve, is they say a pleasant thing, if honourable withal, and not worse achieved by yourself than by your cotemporaries: but in the plesaunce thereof, there is no small portion accrues by having obtained, the while, some part of the guerdon of the said service, saved and laid up:—

now to have been in India, and not made one's fortune is, say one's friends, a fault: if so, I am punished for my portion in it, not being able to afford, for want of fortune, to go beyond this port, for if I did so, I should forfeit my Indian appointment. So here I sit on the threshold of civilization, of science, art, and learning, —of all that can elevate and improve—of the sources of the moral life of man—here I sit because I have not made my fortune in India.

" Through the shadow of the world we sweep into the younger day,
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay :"—

True, oh ! poet, and nothing truer ; but nathless being, as the fool says,—on the shady side of fortune, I must remain on the shady side of the globe, and the younger day must never rise for me, till I am too old to profit by its light, if ever indeed it rise at all; and yet I am not upon this threshold for my pleasure ; one doth not serve three-and-twenty years in the tropics with brain as well as body, and not get ailments thereby. I had to flee away somewhere for my health, and I fled to a classic land ; and I do not know that the sense of exile ever came home to me so much as now, being idle, free, *vacuus negotii*—and for fault of that fortune, a banished man,—and who shall say beside myself why it were not made ? Exile is a different thing to different men : to those who pass their life in action as well as duty, in learning new things as well as administering in those committed to them, the evils of exile might be fitly defined by a phrase analogous to Mons. Say's politico-economic exposition of the costs of war, " which costs more than its expenses, even all besides that it prevents the gain of." This is exile to me, simply as concerns the enjoyment of mental culture,—but what is it not as to loss, nay total destruction and devastation as respects the natural affections ! My eldest son is near

twenty years old, a grown man and a soldier: when I last saw him, he was a little curly-headed boy of barely two years old, sitting on the deck of the vessel that took him home,—for I had not the heart to keep him here without a mother's care, and he had none then: my three little girls I have not seen for near nine years, my sweet boy not for two years, and a separation of as much, twice repeated, has sent my wife to face life's trouble in Europe without her natural protector, and has twice left me in the condition in which "it is not good for man to be," and with fresh anxieties over-sea to enhance the weariness of existence, alone in a strange land. My case is that of many: only the more sensitive pay the penalty of their organization, by suffering acutely what others dully endure. Now what of gain is it to my Honourable Masters that their servants should be a grain the more discontented, or a whit the more unhappy?—or indeed why should there be unhappiness or discontent when there is no necessity for either? True,—I have always said that in the salaries of our higher grades, the natural affections receive a money compensation for their disruption, in some proportion as the following, on, say, Rs. 3000 a month:—

For work and service	Rs.	1500
For climate, and extra costs of living	„	700
For natural affections (less contribution to the Annuity and Civil funds)	„	800
	Rs.	3000

But now when England is, as it were, at the very gates of India—why, when the apparent policy is to bind the East and West together—why, I ask, oh! Honourable Masters, not let me see my native land once more without the forfeiture of that by which I live, the appointment I hold under you? The cost of the permission would be to you nothing; to me

its refusal makes the loss at the present writing of certainly £1,000. The boon would be immense to your civil service, and really when reduction has been rife indeed among the allowances of the lower grades of it, you might allow a compensation, or the hope of one, to them on so cheap a rate to yourselves. And is it nothing to be cheerfully served? Is the acquisition of the love, respect, and honour which no money can purchase, is *that* as nothing in your eyes? Do you not estimate the advantage, even on the side of interest, of having moral influence over the minds of those to whom you commit the conduct of your affairs, such as no covenant can command? I have always seen that the happier a man is, the more capable is he of all good; hence let those who would be well served, make their servants happy. This it were politic to do even at the cost of much gold. How doubly impolitic to refuse to do it, when the cost is notoriously nothing!

June 23. * * * This may be justly termed an apparent deviation from the matter maxim of local impressions, but however true the Horatian in poetry, I find, in prose, the illustrious Frenchman right, who decided that the beginning was the proper place to begin at. Egyptian impression is first stamped on the conglomerate of smoke, soot, grease, sea-damp, desert-sand, Cairo-dust, and contact-with-donkeyboy, in which the traveller is mentally as well as bodily encased and what professor of the numismatics of the mind would celebrate the fashion of the die without speaking of the material that received it? Do we not say a copper Otho, a gold Antonine, and shall we spare to speak of a sooty phantasy, or a dirt-begrimed idea?

* * * * We commenced it by meeting at the Sand-Heads one of those heavy toppling seas which I was at once able to recognise as the result of a heavy gale to the South and East. It was so

heavy that we had to lower the pilot into his boat in the bight of a rope, and while the huge vessel lay in the trough of the sea, she rolled so ās to make coops, and pens, both of sheep and cattle fetch way, *all:* we then had a very heavy head-sea all the way to Madras, making the passage exceedingly disagreeable, and all hands, but a very few (myself included,) undeniably sea-sick. Madras had to me so paltry an appearance that I could not land there, nor yet at Galle, nor yet at Aden. One incident occurred which interested me, the saving twenty-three men out of a coasting bark, that had been blown to sea and dismasted: they had been five days without food or water, and I had an opportunity of studying the symptoms of which I had so often read in the persons of these wretched men. Most of them came aboard in a miserable state of exhaustion; they had saved the ship by starting the cargo, and must have lost their provisions, for there was naught on board but a few bags of unhusked rice. Some of this they had tried to boil in sea-water, but even starvation seems to have revolted at food so distasteful. I was called on to act as interpreter for these poor men, who all, including the owner, refused to return to their ill-fated vessel. She was not the less a new, copper bottomed, water-tight craft; all however insisted on abandoning her, and there we left her with the union downwards flying on the stump of her mizen-mast, rolling masterless on the barren sea. Contrary to my expectation, the famished crew did not exhibit so desperate a longing to indulge in drinking water as I had anticipated. The contents of a tumbler seized by the hollow-eyed men with eager trembling hands, appeared to satisfy their immediate craving and their food was what they longed for. Such are not the symptoms, as I recollect them, with European subjects in like cases,—having in mind, for the time, the account of Captain Byron's shipwreck near Cape

Horn. It is a question whether the salt-meat diet would not, in the one instance, predispose the system to an agony of longing from which the rice-eater would be free? We were lucky in saving these poor people; we landed them at Galle with a subscription which made up about Rs. 7 to each man, ample to take them to their home on the Madras coast. A superstitious mind would have traced a special blessing in the fortune of our further voyage, the monsoon failing to thwart us: squalls and heavy rain about the Maldives, (one islet of which we sighted) were all our annoyance in the way of weather, but it was a tedious voyage; the sensation of dirt was continual and oppressive and my one luxury, the sea-water bath, cut up by having to be *timed* for its endurance, so many were our Bombay and Ceylon passengers. Among the latter were four gentlemen, happily out of the *Columbo*, a fine vessel lost in the gale we escaped,—*Dieu merci*—in the roads of that port. The old mariners formally declare Columbo roads unsafe in the S. W. monsoon: a modern skipper braved the prohibition, and his fine vessel took the ground, such was the swell, in seven fathom water; this gives about five fathom for the height of the wave! The first mate and four English seamen were lost; the wreck was total, ship and cargo: there is something in the wisdom of our ancestors, when the question is one of experience: the general sneer at all lessons of the past, is one of the worst, as it is one of the most contemptible of this time's weaknesses, contemptible because irrational, and wholly based on self-conceit.

And upon the head of self-conceit, is it not *that* which makes men write idle journals? You may say that it is better sometimes that you should write your own nonsense than read another man's. Alas! when there is tedium in existence perhaps a MS. soliloquy, as an Irishman would call it, is better than

testy marginal notes on a stupid book, or such a paper as I wrote yesterday on a medical pamphlet that was given me. Well, in the steamer I made unwillingly a physical experiment of some interest, that, namely of the moon's power, that "squints the eye, and gives the web and the pin," or in other than Shakspere's language, ophthalmic affections. I slept on deck forgetful of the queen of heaven, and when I awoke, there was she just before dawn, looking down upon me unbenignantly; for when the sun rose I could see but dimly, and so for two days: the remedy (zinc-lotion) availed little, when lo! there came out on my jaw a painful sort of ulcerous boil, which at the expense of a crown's breadth of my blue beard, carried off the peccant humours, and after four days' suffering, cured my eyes, and left me this white ungainly patch to remind that "the moon does burn by night." It is curious that in the Red Sea, this evil lunar influence is felt more especially, and yet what can one do? The loathsome closeness of a lower cabin, in which you may have two companions lodged as in the berths of a Holyhead steamer, is unendurable. Why not alter the arrangement of these vessels by throwing the whole lower deck forward open, like a man-of-war's, and, letting bachelor passengers, or indeed all able men, swing cots or hammocks in the healthy space so formed, give up the cabins to ladies, old people, and sick passengers? canvas screens drawn on occasion would make dressing rooms, and oh! let us have more facilities for using the salt water we float upon, for purposes of cleanliness as well as condensation! As it is, the arrangements for a hot climate could not be worse, and these noble passenger ships for the transport of Indian invalids have not such a thing as a sick ward.! We had a poor old gentleman on board, dying, and God knows, he must have felt discomfort enough in the last days of his long and busy life. These things should, and would be

looked to, had not monopoly total possession of the traffic.

Feelingly did I descant on these matters as we neared Guardafui, and felt the first refraction of the heat from off that fire-formed coast; and thence onward from the Gate of Tears up that historic gulph, with a volcanic wall on either side! Sinai and its kindred mountains form a grand and noble sight. What a beacon-point that on which to set the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night which were to guide the wanderings of an outcast people! What a sublime, wild, and awful country, full of the stern impression of irresistible power; the "silent thunder" of a voiceless volcano, better applied to that mighty vestige of the extinct phenomena of nature than used, as Byron uses it, to serve as type of a mute virago! The giving of the law amid the crash of an eruption from the summits of these lofty pinnacles is, as an incident in the formation of social compacts and the creation of bonds wherewith to bind men, the sublimest of events, marking, as it were, the moral cohesion of the chosen people by the exertion of even such superhuman mechanism in subduing the high places of the earth, as in the first day's moulded creation out of the chaos. I passed all my day looking for the shape of the distant coast, or studying it when our course brought it within eyeshot. We reached Suez in the early dawn after a sleepless night, sitting, waiting, and watching. I paid three shillings for breakfast, and thought myself "let off easy": the place is what I looked for, but better: I found myself so perfectly at home among the Arabs and the camels that it was all like a scene I had been in before. Being luckily in the first van of all, I got away immediately, and was in the desert.

For the first time since I left India my spirits rose. We were whirled along at an exciting hard gallop; the horses were excellent, as also the entire equipage;

the pure, dry, invigorating air of the wide desert would have been delightful at any time; after coaldust-and-soot-breathing for three weeks, it was as new life. We reached Cairo. (*Kahira*, the victorious) at about nine at night, and I drank the water of the Nile, the very wine of waters. I was weary, heated and in bitter low spirits; nothing is to me more sad in its effects than causeless journeying and needless hurry; Nile-water and sleep were my medicines. I felt next morning that I must, as a duty, go out to see the town, but I felt I knew it: the whole thing, city and people, were the Arabian nights in action. This is the East, not India. I could have sat in a coffee house all day, like a Turk, staring at every thing and nothing. I bought a silk robe for a dressing gown, and discomfited a rascally dragoman, giving my friends in English the substance of his Arabic negotiation with a shopkeeper to cheat me in the price of two Fez caps. The fellow's face was worth the journey to Cairo. They speak here a dialect I could very quickly learn. At Alexandria it is a devil's jargon, almost as bad as Pushtoo. I saw the Pyramids from the Mamlook's leap in the citadel. I had seen them before, as it seemed to me. Was I in the days of Pythagoras, Osirtoson the II., or like Rosalind, "an Irish date, which I hard remember"? Hurry and the Pyramids are not compatible: of all committable incongruities, the giving half an hour to that thing which gives the human world the record of his time, is to my mind the most enormous: it is a desecration, and indeed I almost dread going to see how the place is desecrated: the remains of vulgar English luncheon-eaters, lousy Arabs asking for *bukhsheesh*, and pedant sycophant, Lepsius's hieroglyph graven on the great pile of all, in honour of the king of Prussia! Could not one in the one case have poisoned the soda water, as in the other pistolled the Arab,—and then shackled Lepsius, like a false Prometheus to his hieroglyph,

with a critic gnawing at him for a vulture? I saw the Nile as I went out to the Shubrah gardens;—it is really less than the Jellinghee, in the apparent volume of its waters now at Cairo; I was not prepared for so small a stream. Were I asked what most struck me at Cairo, I should say the sight of Orientals enjoying themselves, sitting out under the shade with coffee, pipes, and ices, and really seeming to have leisure and to enjoy it in a genial public way; also those picturesque, black-veiled, mysterious women rolling along in yellow boots, on inconceivable errands, the veil spread with either hand,—or else mounted on those asses which are in themselves pictures, looking like a new animal with their swelling wing-like veil, an unheard-of combination of butterfly and donkey—the expression is so peculiar that a German would invent a word for it, and speak of the *Schmetterlingereselpeit* of the Cairo-women. I could have stayed with pleasure in that town: there is a pleasant look of prosperity about it, and the Turks and Arabs of the better orders are well conditioned, earnest-looking men, as of the kind able to act as well as talk, tracing the *air recueilli* of the French. The Pasha was away on an excursion, not, I am happy to say, to his house in the desert,—a place called Berda, close to a rest-house half way to Suez! The fancy was a strange one of building such a mansion—but why it was built and wherefore lived in are questions which trench on politics, which I abjure; the time, as says the Arab, is evidently come for silence.

The Nile between Cairo and the Barrage, or Great Dam, is as to its banks and almost as to its stream, the river Bhagiruttee in Bengal between Culna and Moorshedabad. All we Indians were struck with it, the root of the resemblance lying in its being, like all our Gangetic rivers, a stream charged with earthy particles during, or as the result of, periodical rains, and at other times, following through their

alluvial bed in the land they have helped to construct such devious course, as may be written for them in the chapter of fluviatile destinies for the time being. Now this Barrage or Dam consists of one or two considerable breakwaters of well-compacted masonry, the principal whereof occupies an islet which divides the river, and is connected with either bank by two handsome solid systems of brick-piers: these are set on foundations laid in the river bed by coffer-dams and have starlings of solid masonry to protect them from the downward current; they are connected by arches so as to give the appearance of a broad viaduct across the river. The scheme of the French engineer is, or was, to force down sluice-gates between the piers, and thus at will confine the inundation of the Nile, towards Upper Egypt, in such sort as to extend its spread of waters, or retain them as need might be.* The system of piers is incomplete on both sides, but when I passed the work was going on. With such experience as I have of the result of opposing solid resistance to bodies of water having a current in alluvial soils, I think this scheme defective; for either the stream will undermine the foundation of the masonry, or else the river will work its course out of the line of the opposing force, and thus form a new channel in the alluvion. The ancient lake, Mœris, like the more modern Mœotis, was an artificial reservoir for the surplusage of the Nile-waters, available for irrigation in case of need, but the engineers of old eschewed the daring project of making the Upper Nile itself a governable lake, which is in fact the gist of

* I learn since writing this, that the French engineer has been disappointed in getting the canals dug which were to have taken off the surplus water on either side the barrage, maintaining also the navigation of the river, which the dam would otherwise destroy. The scheme deserves to fail. It is a gigantic mystification of the old lock and lasher principle; costly, clumsy, unscientific, and therefore fraught with the element of its own disaster.

the scheme now in hand. It is said that at any rate the viaducts will answer as a railway bridge across the Nile. The necessity of so employing them is to me not clear, nor would it be prudent to take this line while any other is available untraversed by a running stream, between this place and Cairo. Such were the impressions made on me by these works, a misdirection I think of capital and enterprise.

Alexandria, the city of our day, began to put on its present appearance so lately as within the last five and twenty years. The goodly houses of the European quarter have been built chiefly as it were yesterday, while many, besides a quantity of humbler dwellings, are in course of construction. The completion of the fortified enceinte of the town, and the consequent formation of excellent roads of communication, both external and internal, in connection with it, have greatly tended to both health and convenience; for the filthy and neglected outskirts and detached suburbs occurring within the circuit of the rampart and outworks, have been in several places entirely cleared away, and in all greatly cleansed and improved, while the good work was crowned by corresponding sanitary arrangements in the densely-populated commercial city, the result of all these works being that no case of plague has occurred in this town, its supposed headquarters for more than six years past. I know not any stronger instance of the value of hygeian agency, expressed so directly in instantaneous results sequent upon comprehensive measures, and it was the last chief exploit of the great Mahomed Ali, the regenerator of Egypt, undertaken and completed with that determinate energy, born of earnestness in doing good, and power unlimited in the application of means for that end. Let English parliaments, Indian governments, and other such engines of civilized authority, look on this spectacle with reference to their doings for the public benefit; with the aid of their like here,

"the metropolitan sanitary bill" would have been sent back to a fresh committee for any indefinite number of times, or "the report on town conduit and drainage" referred for the final opinion of the court, who would have already finally recorded seven different opinions on the individual reference in question: on the one hand jobbery sustains private interests against public advantage, *i. e.*, the wealthy against the many, in the other, a necessary and an incumbent outlay is postponed for financial considerations in which the people certainly are not the parties considered. Truly a good despot is a great blessing: he cuts the knot of private interests by the keen edge of his individual will, and rather than financial difficulties should thwart it, is not backward in laying a special impost on the rich, that the people at large may be content, happy, and healthy. If there were sound truth in the Benthamite dictum as to the sole end of administration, surely a despotism,—could you always patentee a perfect despot—were the one and only endurable form of Government!

July 7. * * * Alexandria as it stands, has to me the look of a place arrested in progress by an unseen obstacle, its apparent action is so natural that enraged like the Italian artist over the painted horse, at the absence of real motion, one is inclined to cry *cammina dunque!* every hour in a day. I have said there are many good houses in course of construction, but most if not all of them, are at a virtual stand still. This arises I am told from want of money to go on with; if so, a consentaneous *egestas pecuniæ* of so general a nature never to my knowledge afflicted any community before to the same degree, and the singularity of the phenomenon is enhanced by the evident and indisputable fact, that folk having to lodge themselves are ready to go to loggerheads for accommodation, and that every habitable place that does slowly achieve completion is at once eagerly taken up. Under these

circumstances, the money that could be raised upon an unfinished house would more than suffice to end the works, and the operation, with a mortgage on the rent, would be safe and profitable. There is an insecurity in the local outlay of money, as I take it, which can alone solve the anomaly of this state of things. The enforcement of the old Mussulman law which forbids Christians from building and owning houses even in the name of their children, natives of the country, must have discouraged enterprise, while the Egyptian and Levantine capitalists seem to be in doubt as to the wisdom of speculating in this sort further, without the assurance of a future, fixed state of things. This is how the state of the case strikes me; and in this light I do not look upon the extended commerce of Egypt, the which commerce is all in the hands of foreigners, chiefly Greeks, as tending to raise the local prosperity of the place beyond what is concerned with matters purely maritime and mercantile. The foreign merchant oftenest flies the place in which he has realised his fortune to seek either his early home, or an enjoyable spot in which to be happy on the fruits of his earnings, and he takes with him so much made in, and out of, the country; if this be his propensity and he be discouraged besides from local investments and local residence, Egypt with none hardly but foreign merchants, can as little profit as does India, by the fruit of the industry which makes money out of her riches. As to the political influences bearing on this state of things, there is, though much might be said, little worth saying, save by such as dare say nothing.

Alexandria then is an oriental city disorientalised. Her bazars are unroofed, or if there be aught remaining of the old longing to cover from house to house the subjacent market from the sun, a simple awning supplies the place of planked terrace or brick arch; but indeed Alexandria never needed such close covering as does Cairo, or other inland towns of these lands.

The climate is 10° deg. of Reaumur cooler than that of Upper Egypt, the sun at the hottest is rarely noxious, and to an Eastern seldom oppressive, and there is a sea-breeze which freshens and purifies the air, urging admittance instead of exclusion. Alexandria is quite oriental enough for such as understand how the East is to be looked upon: its architecture is essentially eastern in the quarters inhabited by the Turks and Arabs; and although in the more European streets, Frankish freedoms have somewhat dispensed with the jealousy of window blinds above-stairs, and have obtruded below close shops, in direct contravention to the native habit, as an offset against the upper open windows, the aspect of the place is Levantine, and to me picturesque. It is a curious polyglot place in which Italian is predominant, a fact which the mention of the shops recalls to me, and which I was about to specify before this. The number of chemists' shops huddled together within one short street is in itself a marvel, each a *Farmacia*, each Italian, and every one well stocked and thriving to all appearance, even as though some Dutchmen had, in times gone by, colonised the city with a race of fortunate quacks. Next to chemists, come tailors and shoemakers, *sarti* and *calzolaii* to a man, although there is some head made by the French in the matter of vestment-making, but who or what can stand against the Roman simplicity of this announcement—VESTIARIO? Should you still be bent upon Gallic prejudices, or wanting hat and coat, halt between the French vendors of either or the other article, lo! another subtle Italian falls in your way and carries you off altogether for he is *Jarto e copellaijo!* There are one or two excellent establishments of a superior description, in what we should call the linendrapery line, where the traveller can amply and more than comfortably repair the inroads made upon his wardrobe, of which the best is below the house of the Austrian consul, for in the French and crowded

quarters, all ground floors are either shops or offices. Cafés are very abundant, from the three or four properly so called, to numbers of places chiefly frequented by the lower order of Italians and Levantines. Their prototype, the true primitive Turkish coffee-house, occurs all over the town: one feels that one is in a land of coffee-houses which the Greek, adoptive rogue, makes even classically plastic, and has his παφφενειον τυς ἐλπεὐοε, or coffee della sparanza, as he is kind enough also to let us know; while I find him even striking out a new idea in another place and holding φκειροκάινθ ζαχαροπωλειον or house for the sale of coffee and sweet things. This new establishment will give an idea of the commercial daring of the place in which articles, crockery and other, quite as incongruous as coffee and cheesecakes, hang themselves out in an open and recommendatory manner in doorways or shops for public sale. Stationers, bold men, one or two, have stores of miscellaneous stuff belonging to their trade, amid cases of dusty unbought books "like nest-eggs placed for show." Watch-makers, as in all places where time is of no order, are not unfrequent; then the printers whose existence is to me a marvel, Italian carpenters and humble unpretending coach-makers and painters who work in back streets, the refugees of the world, living all somehow. These seem none of them to be at all at issue with the native handicraftsmen; the different classes of the population betake them without elbowing, to their respective and congenial quarters for work to be done; the *bagni Europei* hold their own against the *humman*, and even the time-honoured barber of the East "the silent and discreet man" of the 1,001 Nights, is bearded in our very place here by two of the European brotherhood. I went into one of them to buy some trifle which he had not, and found him a mere stupid Levantine haircutter, and greasy; the other fellow calls himself *barbier*, and professes, on his shop-front, to let blood.

Numero quindici,—à mano manda
Quattro gradini, facciata bianca

Odd enough the description corresponded, but I would not tempt the analogy with this Alexandrine Figaro by any further trial.

Alexandria is an eastern town, worked over with so much that is adventitious in a European shape, that like an over-ornamented dress, and in some bad taste, it takes the eye of a connoisseur in the stuff of which it is composed, to know where the original material is to be detected. The spirit of eastern life lies in the eastern man and not in the things which surround him. His social revolutions have been too many to leave much beyond the all-ancient monuments, extant of things tangible about him; and these which are extant he has forgotten historically. He is himself his own monument, and in the unvarying record of character written in the mass of mankind by circumstance and climate, you find him now the same as he has ever been. The power of superior intelligence has passed out of this land into others, but the stamp of man which it used to govern here remains the same; *that*, apart the dilapidated ruins of great works, is all that remains of ancient Egypt; but *that* is not what your traveller comes to study. He comes for the showy East of our friends, the poets, and when he asks for a Mamlook warrior and is directed as the only substitute at hand to yonder *Fellah* conscript with a musket on his shoulder, he is shocked; and still more so when in place of a chibouk and a rose garden, you show him the way to the café de l'Europe. The nonsense which it has been the fashion of years to designate as eastern hyperbole is more than twice out-Heroded by the stuff which even great poets permit themselves to write—thereby abusing and misleading men infinitely, about a land no further East than this. Here is a literal translation of one of these rhapsodies

by "a famous hand," which really deserves to be contemplated in its very climax of absurdity, as something to take warning by :—

Egypt! She displayed, all whitened with wheat-ears,
Her fields, variegated like to a rich carpet,
Plains, which further plains prolong;
The waters vast and cold at North, at South the burning sand
Dispute for Egypt: she smiles not the less
Between these two seas which gnaw her.

Three mounts built by man afar pierced the skies
With a triple marble angle; and concealed from view
Their bases drowned in dust;
And from their acute summit down to the gilded sands
Went spreading wider their enormous steps,
Made for paces of six cubits.

A sphinx of pink granite, a god of marble green,
Watched them, without that wind of the desert—flame
Made these droop the eyelid.
Vessels with broad sides entered a mighty port,
A giant city, seated on the shore,
Bathed in the water her feet of stone.

One heard moan the murderous simoom,
And on the blanched flints the scales squeak
Under the belly of the crocodiles,
The grey obelisk sprung up as with a single shoot.
Like a tiger's skin, towards the setting (West) extended
The yellow Nile, spotted with isles.

The kingly star was setting. Calm, sheltered from wind,
The sea reflected this globe of living gold,
This world, soul and light of our own;
And in the reddened sky, and in the crimsoned flood,
Like two allied kings, one saw two suns
Come forward each to the other.

Now poetry apart—which admits of some nonsense provided it be sonorous—I ask is extravagance like

this allowable, or is it not rather totally intolerable? I grant you that a reader of the Penny Magazine or any useful publication would stare, smile, and drop the book; but take the case of an unhappy Frenchman, a young lady, or an English aristocrat, would not any of these dimly conceive that pink sphinxes and green gods ought by rights to wink when the wind blows, and that some mighty city Naucratis, Memphis, or the capital of the Lotophagi, once sat, or does even now sit, washing its feet in the Mediterranean? The fourth stanza contains more gross mistakes in the commonest things than would suffice to ensure any dunce an eternity of foolscap; who ever heard of the desert wind along the fertile valley, and that the Nile ran westward, or that a tiger's skin was spotted,* or that crocodiles found white flints in the soft alluvion to make their scales squeak *(crier)* upon? The fact being that in the Lower Nile you see as little of the Saurian as of the Silex, where the existence of the latter is geologically impossible. Such nonsense as MONS. VICTOR HUGO sings in what he has been pleased to call his *Orientale Première*, has been, and is sung more or less melodiously by many to the great misleading, and indeed disappointment, of silly persons who do not reflect that had not the East ceased to be eastern in a romantic and uncomfortable sense, *they* certainly would not be there to see it. Egypt as the parent source of science, Egypt and the

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* In this nonsense Mons. Victor Hugo is fixed and determined; not the striped evidence of all the tigers in the Jardin des Plantes can get the spot out of him,—Lady Macbeth's was nothing of a phantasm to his.—v Orientale Quinzième.

> " Et porte un doliman percè dans les mêlees,
> De plus de coups qu'a *de taches étoilees*,
> La peau du tigre impérial "

Had his children no picture books that he might learn? Does he make our royal tiger *imperial*, because his emperor made our lions leopards? These are indeed questions.

East as the residence of the ruling intelligences, was in ages past, the mysterious, the kindly, the hospitable, receiving all, teaching all, trusting few. Egypt and the East after the disruption of many empires, becomes the site of a new authority, having nothing to teach beyond a severe and simple creed preached with the edge of the sword: the stranger is to this power synonymous with the foe, unless he come as a slave willing to be protected, or a merchant ready to be taxed; and so was it for many years: intelligent, daring men wrapped themselves in the robes of the land, and as they could, taught themselves its speech, and then at their life's risk, for profit, curiosity, or simple enterprise, plunged in among this dangerous, fickle, proud and arbitrary race with such success, from Marco Polo down to Bruce inclusive, as their works, being read, shall testify. From Bruce's day, down to Lord Valentia and Mr. Salt, we happily trace a gradual diminution of the romantic; although indeed thirty years ago, or less, a Frank in this city was unknown; an unprotected man in Frankish raiment would have been certain to have been pelted, hustled, spit on, and abused, or (by the Arnaoots) unceremoniously shot down and no questions asked; there was one unbeliever more gone to h—, *è-così basta:* there are neighbourhoods, among them, even the classic locality of Pompey's Pillar, in which even now the amateur of the unadulterated East may still have the satisfaction of being called 'dog'-'*kafir*' or of having an actual stone projected after him, as occurred a few evenings ago to a lady during her ride; but Mahomet Ali who fortunately had no taste for practical poetry of this sort, put inexorably down both licensed insolence and unchallenged murder in the case of the Frank, who on his side being uninsulted, did forthwith study, often in an uncouth fashion, how best to make himself acceptable to the people of the land which he had entered. This pleased the eastern man, who

really is at heart a gentleman, and the result has been a friendly interchange of habits and opinions, both pleasant and profitable to either party concerned! A wise man is Frank or Arab as the occasion requires; because he is the first, he will not, like Clapperton and Denham ride through the desert in a round black hat, and still less for that he can be the second, will he therefore go to a ball in a *barnoos*, or eat his veal cutlet without the aid of knife and fork; as well in the country sit down to dinner in a velveteen jacket to show you have been out shooting. Hence your traveller in the East who comes without his head full of simooms and crocodiles, finds in their place steam-boats and French hostels, and is horrified at a superficial view, over so much that is un-eastern: thousands of miles further eastward have I heard the same expression of disappointment, from those who had read Lamartine as a guide to India (for the *East* is all one!) or relied upon Byron's picture, which is but a bad-coloured print of oriental life, as the type of what they were about to see. Tours and voyages will not tell what the East is. It is the people you must know, and their habits of thought. To do this you must live among them and speak, whatever it may be, their tongue. There is little or nothing in the modern life of these lands to carry out the traditional impression of what we think they must be. When the East was first called gorgeous, what was Europe? There is more splendour now down one side of Regent Street than, barring China, half the whole of Asia can pretend to.

July 9.—Well! I have been all through Alexandria on foot. My dragoman, a decent quiet fellow, who is indeed a *valet de place* and naught else, wished a little to take me to see such sights as there are here; but he very soon understood that I cared for nothing but my own customs, and to be alone: with the natural tact of the oriental, he became at once the unobtrusive attendant such as suits me, and, (although I doubt his fidelity

in washerman's accounts,) he brushes my coat and fills my bathing tub every morning, with exemplary zeal for the expulsion of dust, and the exhibition of lymph. In the matter of mere buildings the palace of Mahomet Ali on the mole, as they term it, but really on the neck of the narrow reef that separates the two bays, is, so far as amplitude of design goes in the distribution of its parts and in their completeness, by far the best thing here. Let not the seeker, thirsty after his East, look for kiosks and minarets; the architecture is Italian. Close to this palace, now uninhabited, is the arsenal, which Europeans are not allowed to enter; at some distance beyond it is the strong work to which I have already alluded, well supplied with heavy artillery, commanding the entry to both bays, as well as the road, and inner anchorages from the point of the mole or headland. Thence stretches inland the city, fringing the larger bay or port with the busy miscellany of sea-going commerce, from the arsenal with its large basin at the breakwater on which they are still at work, to a point on the other side at which the old Turkish wall, and long lines of barracks with formidable batteries well situated, cover the western horn of the harbour. A number of windmills, which were I believe among Mahomet Ali's hobbies, occur along this point. In the basin lie a number of dismasted hulks, unroofed and rotting, in the sides of which I thought I could discover the shot-holes of Navarino; several are those of line-of-battle ships: whether any vessels of war are in course of construction, I could not, of my own mere observation ascertain. Four ships of the line, fully equipped, lie in the harbour, with some four or five smart frigates, and corvettes and steamers which I did not care to count. Seyud Pasha, the next heir to the vice-royalty, is High Admiral; a good sailor they say, as well as an able and agreeable man.

These ships, I am told do not go to sea for exercise or experiment, none certainly have done so for this

month past; and no small portion of their crew seem to live ashore at night, going afloat about sunrise in large barges. They are dressed like the soldiers, in coarse cotton white jacket and trowsers with the tarboosh, or fez cap: they look slovenly and inactive, but are said to do their duty well. Nothing can be uglier than the mode in which they wear their European trowsers over their loose Turkish breeches, for the former must be cut with what jack would call considerable of a slack to admit the stowage of the inner vestment; the Turkish seaman's dress in its own simplicity is surely better than this ungainly fashion which cramps the limbs, and must impede their action. The present eastern passion to Europeanize, shows itself, as do all blind passions, not without irrationality, of which here, among many, is an instance. I stood one morning for more than an hour watching the sailors get on board their barges: the truth is I had in my exploration struck upon a quarter thickly set with the low flat-roofed stone huts of the lower orders, and inhabited exclusively it seemed by them; so joining the throng of men that was pouring I knew not whither, I found out what had been my company. The English impression of a sailor is so mixed up with the idea of something hearty, quaint, observant, and hilarious, that it with difficulty admits that these stolid personages,—shambling down to the water's edge with a cake of barley bread in their hand, without a joke or a laugh, babbling it is true as they pack into the barges, sitting in rows along the very gunwales, and between the rowlocks, but babbling as Homer makes the Trojans do, after an inarticulate and birdlike manner,—that these square-faced unsmiling men can be seamen. They were generally very ill-favoured, though by no means sinister-looking men; many of them one-eyed from ophthalmia; a docile set of beings evidently; I saw no officers except apparently a sort of coxswain in authority on board the barges, but

every man scrambled in, and found a place I know not how. I have seen ferry boats in India nigh bursting with their load of humanity, but nothing to equal this: they appeared to abuse the solidity of their barges, and to fill them beyond repletion: I have an idea now of the lower deck of a slaver. Two Turkish gentlemen in undress uniform, brown frock coats with a gold band on the shoulder, who stood by, were perhaps superintending this embarkation; if so, they did it Turkishly and with apathy: how long it might have been their duty, or my phantasy to stand and stare there, is a question, the solution of which was lost to me by the Mephistophilean manœuvres of a mangy black Egyptian dog, who approaching me with that sort of smile which dogs positively have the power of expressing, insisted on rubbing himself against my legs. I interposed my stick to save my trowsers, but he was very pertinacious, whether from mange or affection I know not. The proceedings of this eccentric cur at last excited the amusement of my Turkish friends, in so much that finding Mephistophiles was making me conspicuous, I bowed to them and retired. It is curious, as differing so much from the ordinary habits of the houseless dogs that hang about man's dwellings in the East, that another instance occurred of my being similarly accosted as it were by a canine friend here on the ramparts. I made some gesture in absence of mind which frightened the beast, for which I was sorry.

July 10.—The last three mornings I have been up very early to take my walk, more for exercise than exploration, and then enjoy the sea-breeze in the shade, as Victor Hugo would say, obelisque, though the truth is that I lie on the rampart sheltered by one of the very sorry, mean, and dirty little pavilions which I think I have mentioned:—

Rêvené, lisant des rêves, sur le rampart couchè,
Je pense à la colonne devant moi, muet,

Le Sphinxe ètend sa large griffe ;
Entourè de mystére, je puis entendre mieux,
Poéte, de ton âme le son mystèrieux,
Sous l'ombre des hiéroglyphes !

that as Touchstone says, were indeed "the right butterwoman's rank to market," and it is curious how much of this kind of stuff has been read in French as poetry. How pleasant after this a real poet's prose; and with what zest, while oneself on a tour, does one read how Goethe on his tour, did, and thought, and wrote; how simple and how homely and yet how full of matter are his observations, so that what another man would call trivialities are to him confirmations of his views of character. The Veronese, says he, "all of them after their restless careless way swing both arms (*schlenkern*) as they go: the better orders who on occasion wear a sword swing the right arm only, holding the left one still." The only remark of an intimately personal nature which I have yet achieved in Egypt is prosaic to a degree, for there really is poetry in the idea of even the national arm-swinging designating a lax and yet a busy people:—my observation is only in one sense a pregnant one: it relates to the infinite proportion of Egyptian women of the lower order who are all in a proximate condition of maternity at this present writing. I should say positively that the rate would be much above one in three, *much*—insomuch indeed that I brought the fact to the notice of a resident friend, who acknowledged it, and moreover its remarkable and unusual character. I pressed him for a reason, but unless it were the recent abolition of the poll-tax, none could be cited. It was known, he told me, that during the existence of this most hateful and oppressive of all taxes, an Arabic edition of Miss Martineau's "prudential check," (whatever that may be,) interfered with the increase of the population and that commonly, *ex post facto:* curious that the Turk should

have been instrumental in compensating for his polygamist practices by so very malthusian an antithesis! Your English poll-tax of old roused the stout spirit of the men of Kent, "inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes," and shook the throne of our sixth Henry: some four centuries later the patient East would starve the tax out by default of that which it should feed upon, and risk life in the bud to do so! Truly Abbas Pasha should invoke the powers of population, even as poor Lear did when he wanted soldiers for want of subjects and of cultivators. Modern Egypt is as yet but half alive, and thousands of acres lie waste, of those that were the granary of the old world. The poll-tax was unproductive in itself, and evidently it neutralized production. *Meliora speramus!*

The transition from false poetry to sound prose, and thence in connection with my morning's reading thereof, to an incomplete analogy in local observations brings me to the re-commencement, as an Irish friend would express it, of what I have not yet begun to say touching the construction of modern Alexandria. Being totally without book or record on the subject, I am obliged to trust my own eyes and such casual information as I pick up, but the result goes to prove the enormous stride made by this place during the last few years of the great Pasha's life. Only fourteen years ago a wall of exterior fortification with respect to the sea-board of the town traversed it even down to what is now the European Quarter, being low, but about nine feet thick with a solid loop-holed breast-work; it must have abutted on the wall around the port, by the slant of the only remaining portion of it, which I detected in an obscure quarter; and on questioning a resident about it, I was able to ascertain as above. This wall cannot have been intended for external defence, but simply as a precaution against internal disturbance, not unfamiliar to those

who know with what jealousy oriental governments used in these lands and indeed throughout the East (Delhi is a ready sample) to divide their capitals into *muhals* or divisions, often to this hour closed at night by separate gates. Thus may we account for this otherwise unaccountable wall having neither ditch nor glacis. And now streets extend athwart the line it occupied from the grand place to a stretch of a good half mile and more, till they lose themselves amid walled gardens and detached houses. The place itself consists of three masses, or stacks of building on either side, divided from one another by the streets aforesaid, opposite to which are corresponding ones of short extent reaching to the sea, or rather to the low works which fringe the smaller bay. Each of these stacks contains one or more courts, round which the buildings are constructed. Our *okela*, for such is the Turkish word, contains the Hotel D'Orient, the Hotel du Nord, the theatre, and a number of private dwellings, the people living in flats as in Edinburgh and the poorer classes of Sicilian washerwomen, artisans, and non-descript Levantines making themselves dwellings like the martlet within the court "on every buttress and coin of vantage." I have said three stacks of a side; I am wrong, for the mansion of the French Consul-general, a fine building, monopolises one side. Beyond what I have tried to describe, is, to the North of the place, the unfinished shell of the Protestant church, a stone building on the plan of a basilica of very elegant design, and in the detail of great delicacy of execution. There it stands in its scaffolding, and has stood, as it stands, these seven years, as a type; of what? Marry thus—

> Say, friend, why your unfinished porch
> Is like our holy mother church,
> So set with poles aroun' ?

'Cause ta'int clear if the building there
Is for rebuild, or for repair,
Or else to be pulled down.*

The vainglory of cut stones led astray the hearts of men, and they spent all their money, some £7,000 on this shell; the retributive judgment on them is that they shall go to hear prayers in a place, which might be by its external look, a ware-house or a stable, did not a board painted with large white letters tell you, this is THE BRITISH CHAPEL. Close by stands, just finished, in a handsome walled enceinte of about four to five acres with priests' residence attached, a handsome Roman Catholic Church of considerable dimensions, having dome, and steeples, nave, aisles, transept, high altar and *ten* chapels;—there is another Roman Catholic Church here also, new and of good dimensions with a nunnery attached of, I believe, Beguine sisters; there is also a community of capuchin friars here "with cord and cowl complete," who go about fulfilling their vocation—nay, the other day, going to ask for the passengers in a Marseilles steamer, was I not told, "non c'è altro che otto preti Francesi"—Think of that, master Brook! *eight* priests in a single importation! while you, oh! Protestant Alexandria, rest content with one chaplain, no missionary, a ware-house of a chapel with a sign to it, and that vainglory of cut stone, staring the world in the face in the most conspicuous portion of the grand place itself!

Opposite to the vainglory, is another goodly mass of dwelling houses, built rather about small streets than courts, and having two fronts, N. to the Place, and S. to the irregular space of open ground, into which various streets converge, most remarkable as

* This edifice took a start before I left Alexandria, got a roof upon it, and seemed otherwise inclined actively to protest, as a Protestant church should do, against its own incompleteness.

being bounded on one side by the enceinte of the handsome church I have above mentioned. At the eastern extremity of the Place stands the house of the Greek consul, a large and goodly building, having behind it a garden stretching away longitudinally between high walls for at least two hundred yards: at the western end, a lofty and handsome mansion belonging to the Austrian consul, faces a house now under construction for Count Zizinia, while the extremity of the place is blocked up by some of the old houses of the town, inhabited by shop-keepers, French, Greek and Italian. All the neighbourhood of this place is more or less occupied by a dense population towards the city end, and towards the other by houses that are, or will be, or would be, were they allowed to be: in short, as I heard a Frenchman once say of a fine picture under progress "it is borning into life!" that is to say, the city has been trying to do so, and why should it be birth-strangled?

July 12.—I had a slight attack of ophthalmia yesterday, and did not feel inclined for even this sorry pastime. I saw suddenly in the papers, the day before, the death noted of one of the elders of our family, my near relative. I was more effected by having been left to learn this event in this way than in truth I could be over the departure of a good man full of years—even four score and three—whom for the last score and three I had never seen. It might be I had fatigued my eyes poring among rocks in the morning, or that I was otherwise unwell, as the eyes and the stomach in this land declare their sympathy decidedly, or that verily the less healthy season is announcing itself already, or that my moral self was out of joint, or all of these; the result was that I was ill, and, after struggling with intense melancholy, went to bed, and had the severest attack of nervous derangement that I have known for years. I had taken nothing but coffee and cigars after dinner, and thus

doubtless had influenced the system already out of order in the way not uncommon with these stimulants when used to excess: my dissipation consisted of *one* small cup of coffee and two cigars, but it is not quantity that is required in aid of predisposition. I lay long awake floating on a black turbid ocean of dismal thoughts. As I had come in from a melancholy stroll alone in the place, I found our hotel omnibus standing at the door, looking like an exaggerated hearse, and Monsieur Thomas jauntily descending (Mons. T. is our Major domo) the steps as he told me, to make a *tour de promenade.* This explained itself an hour afterwards by the sound of music in this place, whereon looking out, I saw the omnibus hearse, going as slowly along as a hearse should do, while from within the vehicle, blackened in the shadow, came the sound of a gay and cheerful ball-room air well performed by a variety of instruments; and so on went this strange *serenata ambulante,* looking and sounding (with its unseen musicians) as if the mortal remains of a deceased polka-dancer were on their way to earth surrounded with a fond regret by the spirits of all the joyous airs he had capered to in his day. The hearse and its spirits must have gone far about the town, for it must have been one o'clock when I heard them returning; I observed that the basses had acquired vigour during the transit, whereas the piccoli, clarionets and their relatives, piped and whistled feebly, for which let physiologists account as they will. Waking from the *Walpurgisnacht* of my nervous dreams, I thought appositely of the exhortations of Oberon's *Kapellmeister* to his musicians, amid their orchestral croaking and humming.

Fliegenschnaūz' únd Mückennas'
Mit ihren Anverwandten,
Frosch im Laub and Grillim Gras'
Das sind die Musikanten!

My "damnable dilettanti" left me legacy of a dream acoustic, in which the bursting crash of such thunder as meseemed I had never heard awake, cleared the surcharged atmosphere of my nerves, with a strange sort of coincidence with our electric phenomena doubtless; and I slept sound to within half an hour of sun rise.

When one would remember a place, the way is to ask one-self how it would be best described; The easiest reply to which is—"oh! it is like so, and so" the case usually being one of such dissimilar similitude as that recorded of the Gælic by Mrs. Winefred Jenkins, that "it is like Walsh just, only the words are different." Now I might say that the most striking part of Alexandria is like Edinburgh, Auld Toun, and be right only in the height of the houses, and their multitudinous accommodation, the green-venetianed silent mansions themselves being just about as Scotch as the population which flits up and down their tenebrous staircases. Their architectural peculiarity as to shape is perhaps the passion they all have for overleaning their ground-floor, like our old English houses in country towns; even the first *okela* built in the place, even this I live in, hath to a certain degree this peculiarity, combined with that of the commodious wide cloister-like gallery which goes round the inside court, upon which the entrance-doors to the different private dwellings open: this gallery is reached by two commodious stair-cases of gentle ascent, and whoso remembers the old inns in Southwark will have an idea of the plan of the mansion. In the gallery of a morning you may find hawkers and hucksters of all descriptions, blue-shifted Arab women with each a handful of fowls held by the legs; —fellows who do *not* say, "in the name of the prophet, figs!" but who sell them nevertheless;—boys and women with trays of hard-boiled eggs and flat cakes of uninviting bread, the working man's breakfast;—the limpet vendor with his eternal cry of

urrsèlah sêlah, the most plaintive street-cry, as who should mean to say—'my dear men, here they are, and you not buy them'; the Levantine hawker celebrating his *bella Indiana*, or *mouasselina bella*; and grapesellers whose complicality of announcement is appropriately full of guttural recommendations. I like this sort of life about one's very door, but it is only *our* stock which exhibits it. The others do not even admit our very modified architectural protrusion, nor have their courts common galleries: they are all smack smooth, upright, and civilized, affording excellent accommodation with all the comforts of cleanliness and quiet. In the purely Alexandrine mansion, the architect invariable causes the beams of his first floor to abut more or less on the street, and these he buttresses up with stout timbers fitted by mortise into the lower extremity of the beam and built as a handsome angle into the wall; on this rests the front wall of two or three, or more stories. The effect is not bad when the buttress beams are lathed and plastered; indeed I have seen a concave shape given to this structure which is really elegant. I greatly fear however, that this is doomed among the Europeans. The finest house perhaps as to size, which stands off the S. W. corner of the place is built with *rez-de-chaussée* and *entre-sol* (I believe I am right in the term) and two lofty stories above (the occupant of one of them told me it gave him seventeen very good rooms) and this scheme of building seems gaining favour in the town. As to masonry, the best is that exhibited in the revetments of some of the newer fortifications, composed entirely of new-hewn stone and lime: the next is that in which the corners and main courses with the settings of the doors and windows only are of this material, the rest being filled in with stone more rudely squared, intermixed at intervals with courses of bricks pretty well laid: another sort I have seen entirely of brick (old brick

from the debris about) with good mortar, and courses of timber for ties; a fourth consists of walls of rude stone cased in mortar of inferior quality, dressed a little to the front with the hammer, tied with courses of thick board or slight timber, and cornered with cut-stone dug out of the buried foundations of the former town. In this commodity there is a smart traffic carried on by excavators who dig eastward, between the old French lines and the enceinte of the present city ramparts, as also I doubt not elsewhere. One would imagine these people must find something better worth digging for, as they do with considerable labour, than mere stone; but there is no curiosity expressed on this subject, and I fancy that, like the treasure-diggers of Delhi, they continue to keep their proceedings a mystery. In continuation of my architectural remarks, I may mention, that there is yet a coarser description of masonry, before you come to the rude stone-piled hovel of the lower orders, foul, flat-roofed, low, the neighbourhood of which but for constant scavenging would supply ailments enough to extirpate Hygieia herself, a dog-hole rather than a house, and as such *to be entered with the vermin* in a quite other sense than Dandie Dinmont's.

As to the place itself, from which these detail matters carried one off, it produces a sort of effect from its dimensions, and a certain idea of competency, if not opulence, as extant among those who inhabit and frequent it. There is a fountain of Trountine about two-thirds of its length toward the East, which is not inelegant in design, but it has no water in the first place, and is in the second exceeding paltry with reference to the space which it is intended to occupy as a central ornament. That which has neither utility nor dignity is clearly superfluous as respects the public, which is the case with this doubtless costly erection. In the Place, it is natural that the European community of a city so full of consular privilege and consular

authority should, on every proper occasion, make the most of the emblems of its power; accordingly flag-staffs stand on the top of the lofty consular houses, being themselves no vulgar stones but lofty, and of a pretentious character; each is indeed, a stout mast, bearing a commodious crow's nest for a look out, and above this rises a second mast for the flag. The top of the lower mast is reached by a long wooden ladder, all these are straight, save only that of the French Consul, who rises to his tri-color by a spiral ascent of some height. Is this significantly typical of the many gyrations by which the tri-color has been attained, or simply of the danger a man incurs of having his head turned in trying to attain to it? These are both questions. On Sundays and State occasions all these national emblems are hoisted; and, such is the propensity at Alexandria for flying bunting, that mother church herself lifts on high the cross-keys of St. Peter from the tower of the church of St. Dontknowho.

Immediately beyond the Place to the S. E. on a somewhat higher and ascending level, are some extensive and very interesting views of the ancient city. They consist of walls and arches intermixed with solid foundation blocks of brick masonry constructed after the most durable method known in the art, I believe, the work being in long flattish bricks admirably burned, bedded in a cement of lime mixed with minute particles of pounded brick—the mortar, in places to which great strength and consistency seem to have been aimed at, exceeding in the thickness of its layer that of the brick itself. Much of these massive remains is still covered by a hill of superincumbent rubbish, of which a great deal together with it, is evident. A quantity of the superficial masonry has been removed to make room for some handsome modern houses built in this direction beyond the Place. Founded on a higher level than these mansions, and raised it seems to me as much upon an artificial

elevation, arising from the accumulation of debris, as on a natural inequality in the surface, stands the unfinished Greek church. It is upon the same scale as the Protestant one, and has been nearly as long under hand. The building is of hewn stone, plainer in execution than our own, but not inferior in design, and having a marble door of entrance of much beauty. The foundations of the eastern extremity of the church infringe upon what seems to me a very interesting portion of the subjacent ruins, showing narrow arched galleries, and square wells, not all so filled with rubbish but that one may be followed to some depth, with niches for a climber's feet, by which with the aid of a rope he might make his ascent.* Altogether unlearned in the exploration of such remains, ignorant of the place, and without books of reference, I can only wish vainly for a stray £1,000, and a *firmán* giving me plenary powers to play Sir Mole to my heart's content.

July 13.—I went up to this favourite site of mine yesterday evening, the rather that for the last two days, the eyes of the curious have been from time to time interested by the passage in that direction of a pair of those enormous wheels, under the axle of which they sling guns or heavy weights, bearing either a carefully passed cylinder, or a square ponderous box. "*Sono colonno,*" said the cobbler who lives below, (ALESSANDRO, CALZOLAIO by his own account,) in an expletive manner, as I stopped to see the progress of one of these inert masses, and I rightly laid the pillars to the account of the Greek church. There was evident excitement caused by their arrival among the whole Greek community, parties of three or four of whom together were constantly coming and going while I was there, in great pride, and with reason, over

* I was told afterwards that this must have been the descent to a cistern.

the credit they had done themselves. There were indeed there a set of goodly columns, each in three pieces with their base and capital each in one, of marble from a quarry they told me close to Trieste. It is certainly a handsome marble to my taste, and bears an excellent polish: the colour is a very light pinkish brown, or Isabelle I believe 'tis called, having apparently little spot, flaw, or blemish, being composed of infusoria with here and there the distinct presence of a shell detectable. I fell into conversation with three or four Greek gentlemen whom I found there, and having duly told them how *onorevole* such an *edifizio* was to their whole community in my humble opinion, and after hearing how it had cost 25,000 talari (about £1,000) already, I was able to ask about the excavations. My principal informant was a person of intelligence, without, as he said, any *conoscenza scientifica*, but who had at any rate observed, he told me, that beyond broken columns little had been found, and nothing of value, that it would almost seem as if the site had been before explored and all of value carried off; that there was no tradition even as to what those massive buildings had been, but they were evidently *palazzi* of the vastest extent (the English call this ruin the Alexandrian Library) that no excavation had as yet reached below the debris, which at a lower level consisted of immense blocks of squared stone such as had been raised and used for the foundation of the Greek Consul's house, the building of which he remembered, and in short that beyond the broken columns with an occasional or uninjured capital such as I might see here and there, he did not believe that further *scavamenti* would be followed by any better result. I differed altogether with the gentleman, and his friends, who "followed on the same side," like supernumerary advocates, although I seasoned their information with many a *sicuro* and *sanza dubbio nessuno*, to make them talk the more. The

result was, some trace towards the existence of certain inscriptions found two years ago, and now lying in some Bey's garden without the walls, and reference to another party, to know what Bey it was; but the gentleman chiefly referred to, a sleek and kindly looking old man, deigned to remember nothing more modern than the finding of the Rosetta stone, and was *tabula rasa* as to all that might have been discovered since, so we parted with many civilities, and I have now to scent out some Bey's garden somewhere beyond the walls. I was off today in the direction where I should most likely gain some information, but the fates have refused me a vehicle.

I do not think that the site above mentioned has been fully excavated in past days, because there are partly exposed on one side the mound of rubbish on which still stand a cluster of Arab huts, two immense granite beams, the one showing its whole length, being about 22 by 4½ and 3 feet, still juxtaposed at right angles, even as they sank *in situ* when the columns crumbled or were struck from under them: the extremities of the one most exposed show that these were intended to be concealed, by their want of finish. If these beams lie now in the relative direction of their original setting, the debris has not been so much disturbed, as not to admit the idea still of a valuable discovery. But truly whoever did do the work of destruction here were zealous *steleclasts;* a mass of granite of immense thickness lies just across the road opposite these beams, being part of a triple pillar which has been broken in two places, and so on with almost every relic of the past; the blocks of fine white marble the Turks pound for lime or some such use: it is enough that I have seen the pounding;—but what made them break the granite columns? Was this building really part of that noble library which the fanatic Christians under Theodosius destroyed, so that, says Orosius, the wistful historian

saw at the end of the fourth century, only the places where the books had been? Did these holy barbarians, whose crime it is *history* with us to lay to the Arabs,* falsely of course,—smash the very pillars and porticoes of the edifice in which the learning of the world was deposited? Or is this not rather part of the lower site of an amphitheatre? the foundations of the upper part in similar masonry appear, and here interposed a wise reflection on the silliness of the conjecture, and bade me hold my peace.

I have been as much struck with the local indifference evinced as to the antiquities of this city, mistress in her day of commerce as of letters to the world, as with the neglect, or misuse of the remains of her palaces for practical purposes, by the modern Alexandrians. Two handsome syenite columns built into the wall on either side of the Rosetta gate, four at the Raseteen palace, a pair of small but elegant corinthian pillars of the same stone used to support the portico, which, in the shape of a small minaret, stands over the door of a lazar-house not far from this, a sarcophagus of red granite used as a watering trough, and, in rare instances, the fragments of broken columns supporting a stable or a shop entrance, are almost all the uses I have seen such relics put to: they are laid ignobly down here and there for thresholds, and the fragments of pillars serve to strengthen the corner of a hut, or protect the angle of a turning; they appear occasionally as street posts, whereas marble capitals are in some request at the doors of houses, as what the Scotch call loupin-on-stanes, one or two masses of this nature, beautiful in design and proportion, lie here and there as they have been found—even the Turk will not make lime of them. The most interesting relic I have seen, the first I ever saw of the kind, lies above ground in an

* The Kaliph Motawakel restored the Library, A. D. 845, and the Academy.

unfrequented uninhabited spot under the rampart on the eastern side of the city: it is close to a high circular battery erected on a mount that may contain the remains of the structure to which this column belonged. It is of syenite, reddish, very hard, and still highly polished; in shape that elegant Egyptian design which seems to me to have been copied from the ear of maize enveloped in its leaf, curved away like it at the base, and thence rising with almost imperceptible slope upward in nine curved ribs, deeply and distinctly cut in the pillar as if suggested by the column or setting of the grain on the ear: the capital, tho' capital it is not, occurs some four feet below the apex of the column, and was to my mind intended for, or at any rate founded upon, the deflex of the covering leaves of the maize just below the extremity of the ear, which is here figured by a continuation of the ribbed pillar in *eight* not *nine* ribs, as I counted; diminishing rather abruptly to the flattened top, in which again the natural growth of the cereal I have deemed to be the model of this style is exactly and not unhappily imitated; for the result is to my eye an incredible harmony and beauty of proportion. This beautiful pillar has been largely inscribed with hieroglyphs, so mutilated as to leave few consecutive legible emblems; the bee and the papyrus with the dual sign of *land*, meaning Upper and Lower Egypt, head the inscription, and were the only connected group my poor perception could detect as extant. The column, save in one place where granite itself has been unable to withstand the vile and vicious stupidity of destruction, is very perfect. Heavens! were I living here would I not beg it, aye, or steal it, by the Lord; and set it up to look at and to become Egyptianised by! It is useless asking about, it is useless speaking of these things here: it is useless trying to make men comprehend that the study of stones and rubbish is the first step towards a testing of the validity of history: like as the destruc-

tive element in man's uneducated mind was a vicious, because it was an envious, one, so is there something of an analogous baseness in the feeling that sneers at and would suppress enquiry into these very things which previous and kindred spirits, kindred in ignorance—had almost annihilated. This is the explanation of the savage lust of devastation among all the northern hordes ending with God's scourge, Attila and his merciless Huns. Why should men live in houses, why should they enjoy delicacies, why should they sleap softly, why read, or teach, or learn, or indeed do any thing that I, the Hun, cannot do nor care for, nor understand? Your state of life is an insult to mine, I, that am strongest, wear skins, and wish to wear naught else: shall you be a reproach to me? I hate you because you are so,—you shall die, and your life, in the things you live for, with you! Contented and incurious ignorance has at all times used, negatively at the least, something of this Hunish argument, which as regards practical investigation into the past, has always been very ripe among the Mussulmans, the worst and the most callous historians of all save themselves, that ever existed. A modification of this spirit is it which prompts the popular ridicule of the pursuits of antiquaries, a race of scholars, the very nature of whose studies leads to the adoption of harmless eccentricities, such as even Ariosto, who, so far as I know, first notices the class, even Ariosto, scholar and poet, could not help having his fling at. I have in my common-place book, an extract from his comedy, *La Scholastica* (atto: III. scene IV.) made many years ago, as a sign of the then times;—the scene of it is laid in Ferrara, and doubtless the words conveyed a local sarcasm.

> " A me non già ti volgere !
> Volgiti a questi umanisti, che cercano
> Medaglie, e di rovescio si dilettano."

The *umanisti* are those *professores literarum humaniorum,* whose superior perceptions, as well as their superior knowledge, has always been an offence to the more unlettered; it is not the man who knows, but rather the man who perceives what thing is not, but which should be known, who annoys the worthy work-a-day individual at whose feet this very thing has lain for the term of his life, as he has lived it, without his ever asking a question, of himself even as to the matter. There was something of the jealousy of ignorance in Mahomet Ali's prohibition some six years ago of the exportation of antiquities from Egypt,—a just, praiseworthy and equitable order, had he formed a local museum; but this he did not do, and I am told that the destruction of ancient monuments is now carried on by travellers to an extent which European powers would interfere to procure the prevention of, were there any hope that the treasures they thus saved could find an asylum in their cabinets. The time is come, and has been come, ever since Bunsen wrote his first three volumes on Egypt, for European sovereigns to interfere in behalf of this storehouse of the history of our race, left in the charge of a people who at their best and purest, have historically but two ideas, God, and his prophet Mahommed. Apply these according to the powers of an illiterate mind to human things, and on the one hand vastness becomes vagueness, and the sublime, the obscure; on the other, all that is definite centres in one man, whose antecedents are only worth notice in so far as he has deigned to record them, whose sequents (men or things) are valued only with reference to the relations which they have had with the state of society which that man established.

Let it not however be supposed that Alexandria is utterly without some signs of that reverence for "hoary eld" which is a part of our nature and which shows itself somehow among all human races. There

is for instance, built into the white wall of a modern house, not a couple of hundred yards off—placed in honour or for ornament high above the reach of profane hands—a groupe of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, very boldly and elegantly sculptured in basalt, as appears to me. The figures which may be about two feet high, have been cruelly mutilated, and by Mussulman hands, as evident in the destruction of the heads, but they would still be of value to place in a museum in juxtaposition with other styles of oriental sculpture; to instance the comparative state of the arts. There is also in one of the narrowest and most crowded thoroughfares in the town, and not far hence built into the corner of a house with one or two other sculptured stones, a sphinx head in basalt or black marble, with the true Nubian features, and that exquisite expression of contemplative benignity which has been so often noted as characteristic of this Egyptian myth. It is to me one of the sweetest ideas of earthly beauty; something so far more than beautiful that it is irrespective of that regularity of feature which folks call Grecian, classic, chiselled, &c. &c. I have always loved the look, for years ago when Belzoni's and Salt's (?) books first appeared and I devoured them as a boy, I used to think the sphinx was like my sister Mary:—I can only call to mind two other instances in which I have seen that expression in living girlhood, my wife and Flora G: it is very evanescent, and if I am right in my fancy, the deep meaning old Egyptians cut a world of poetry into that stone epic of theirs, a hundred and forty feet long, and half as high. I have no patience,—I never had with the Greek, the *classic* sphinx, whether sent by Juno to bother the Thebans (in which character she is the spiteful emissary of an intolerable virago)— or, according to Palœphatus, the jealous wife of Cadmus, who, honest man, taking *in secondes noces* after the patriarchal fashion, Harmony, (of which he had little enough evidently with the

sphinx) saw to his great content this Mrs. Cadmus the first, establish herself on the Phicean hill just as a *dame delaissée* of our day settles at Malvern, to the excessive annoyance of her neighbours, the Thebans, whom she pestered with riddles and the like, which were in fact nothing but scandal and mischief-making: under this emendation of the story we are naturally led to conclude that Œdipus beat her at double dummy whist, and that she died of pure spite as a plethoric dowager should do. But how is this furious shape of the preternatural compatible with the *placidus draco*, the gentle oracular *serpents of Cadmus? The riddle-giving, mischief—causing, Greek sphinx is certainly not Egyptian, nor really Cadmian, but looks to me of a hyperborean or northern conplexion, a rude mystery which hath lost its meaning on the journey south. Cadmus doubtless juggled with snakes as the Egyptians and Indians have done from time immemorial, and to speak plainly, humbugged the simple Pelasgi, who, being civilised, did in process of time with the aid of Palœphatus and others, on this mere argument of supernatural serpents, the "placid dragons" of Ovid, tack on to Cadmus this tale of the sphinx. The learned Seopardi refers me† to the many curious observations of Giovanni in his dissertation regarding sacred serpents, which I have never seen, and religiously hope I never shall see, being stoutly determined to adhere to my own theory, and magnify my beloved Egyptian sphinx as a benign, Cadmian, deep-meaning maiden-mother, the which brings me back to the head of black basalt built into the wall yonder in Alexandria.

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* Quidque prius fuerint, placidi meminere dracones.

Ovid metamorph.

Who that sees here the evident presence of the idea of metempsychosis can doubt of the Egyptian origin of Cadmus, or his myth?

† I Sggio sopragli errori populari degli antichi, Fireoze, 1848.

Something of the devildom of my wild and salad days cometh over me when I think of that head, and I feel curiously tempted, as in the case of the effigy of Doctor Fell which standeth in a niche over Peckwater Arch, (*Tower Quad. Ch. Ch.,*) to abstract it. The sour stone visage of the doctor, whom I can readily conceive having been unpopular, one cannot tell why, *so schlecht sieht er aus,* occupied a niche just below the Dean's bed-room window;—the sweet bland black face of my sphinx looks out benignly on the sentry box of a Turkish soldier;—in either case "the greater share of honour" in the abstraction; but alas! I failed with Fell, for did not the rope ingeniously hoisted up and fastened round his ruffed and banded neck, break short, and did not he in consequence appear next day behaltered as well as beniched, with end of penny cord indecently depending? Now as I failed with Fell, how with my sphinx, encorpsed, and not beniched, in wall? Again, Deans slumber, and that proverbially; whereas sentries, as proverbially, do continually wake. Fancy "wisdom, experience, and high official position" hard and fast in a Turkish guard room on the argument of the larceny of a sphinx, a wilder certainly, and hardly better barbarian, than Lord Elgin himself?

July 14.—I here enter the date of this latter rhapsody of which yesterday was not guilty: this is a most Irish mode of keeping a diary, and amounts in fact to false entry but subsequently explained by an open post—position of the present. The fact is I thought it all yesterday, but was too tired to write it, tired of myself, and most of all weary of repeating myself to myself, bad enough in the rapidity of conception, worse than worse in the tedium of mechanical setting down: alone and idle, a man that can write, writes, just as in like case, a woman sows muslin or embroiders sunflowers: poor dear souls, I pity them if they find their work as they call it, as wearisome as my

pastime. I was so utterly tired of myself at last yesterday, that the phrase of being a burthen to one's self, was literally fulfilled in the shape of bodily fatigue; the sensation was new and pleasant, so I woke as usual at dawn, and turned me round and slept on until the advent of Ali, much surprised at finding *il signore a letto.* The truth is, I have somewhat exhausted my Alexandria even to the venturing upon places where either a Frank dress is not always safe, or the extant jealousy of the Turk *taboos* the spot to strangers, hence although my walk is always productive of some interest, I undertake it at first with distaste, and this morning was glad to excuse myself from it altogether. If this existence is to last much longer I must buy me a horse and ride; but *inn'sh allah,* that contingency is not likely.

I have lost one of my morning lounges in the cessation of the practice season—as we should call it—for the Egyptian troops. Since the weather has become decidedly warm, *i. e.,* in the last fortnight, the field days have ceased, and the men are no longer paraded for hours at "the manual and platoon," as they have been. All the troops here, except a reserve company or two (as I take it from observing the superior discipline and appearance of some of the older soldiers,) and some gunners, are mere recruits, few of whom have been fourteen months under arms, many are mere boys. I am told that the present Pasha disbanded many of his old soldiers, the men who had served in Syria, and enlisted these lads in their room,—a piece of policy or impolicy, as the case may be, for which various reasons are given. I fancy these youths may be rather called conscripts, drafted from their villages, than recruits or self-enlisted men; and yet the service would not appear to be now so unpopular as it was under Mehemet Ali; what share the abolition of the poll-tax may have in reconciling the *fellah* to a soldier's life, I am not Egyptian enough

to determine:—but it is certain that you see no more cases of destruction of the right eye, or amputation of the right-fore-finger in order to avoid the service, among these recruits. I do not say that the wise determination of the old Pasha to make them soldiers, whether maimed or not, had not something to do with their resignation: that truly practical statesman and militarist sagaciously observed that a man might be taught to pull a trigger with the middle finger, failing the fore one, and as for his being less by the right eye, in classical emulation of the princes in the 1,001 Nights, truly it might interfere with his hitting a bull's eye but could in no sort hinder *his firing straight before him*, leaving the bullet to that billet which the best authorities assure us every bullet has. Accordingly at Cairo one of our friends examining, like a soldier as he was, the first *corps de garde* we came to, exclaimed in infinite surprise over the mutilation of every man's right hand. Being advised aforehand of the fact, I was able to elucidate this strange act of malingering by anticipation; anent which there is room for one to philosophise. I have known two instances in which soldiers, both belonging to the Cameronians, fired each of them his musket through the palm of his left hand, in order by this disablement to obtain a discharge. This occurred at Meerut in Upper India while I was at the station. The men were disgusted with the service, but most with the country, afflicted in short with nostalgia of which more men sicken in India than ordinary medicos are prepared to comprehend, let alone admit. They had no other cause of complaint; I knew the regiment well, it was a very happy one, only *too well* commanded, if I may so say of a corps the colonel of which usurped to himself the duties of every company officer in his anxiety that the men should have every thought understood, and every wish considered: it was that worthy man and gallant veteran Oglander,

gentle as brave, simple as sincere. He acting on the same principle as Mehemet Ali determined that these malingerers should not profit by their own wrong: he procured that they should not be discharged but that both having recovered completely, they should be employed in such menial duties about the barracks as their one hand could perform; but their life was a continual punishment, they were not honoured with the uniform of the regiment, but wore a distinctive dress, and served their comrades, to whom their presence served as a constant melancholy warning. It was hard, but just; for at that time English soldiers served for life, and, as nostalgia had its possible consequences in catching, the regiment might have otherwise suffered. The point I would observe upon is that these men self-inflicted this cruel mutilation, because they were not masters of themselves, to escape from service:— which is exactly the reason that caused the *fellahs* to undergo an analogous privation, to avoid entering service. Climate and position, India—the East in short—was required to drive these Scotch or Englishmen to that indifference and recklessness of life, which is habitual to the East; with the *fellah* this was the natural state of mind to them as eastern men; unreasoning human nature, full of its instincts coerced and dreading coercion,—similarly affected by climate and position, —will act the same part whether on the one hand to reach home, or on the other to avoid leaving it. Now it is curious that Hippocrates, who was indubitably one of the acutest observers that ever studied the book of nature, had already told the world,—and ourselves even had we listened to him— some two thousand two hundred years ago, how this matter is, would be, *must* be. He is speaking of the want of courage of Asiatics, which he accounts for, first, on principles "of climatology,—next, by reason of their institutions, as in fact the greatest part of Asia is under the government of kings; now wherever men

are not masters of their own persons, they are anxious, not how they shall acquire aptitude in arms, but how they shall appear unfit for military service."* The wise practice of Mehemet Ali, which takes the man with his blemish rather than let him escape a duty, has among these subjects of a despotic power, baffled their melancholy attempt at immunity:—the abolition of the tax which made the serfs *adscripti glebae*, gives the soldier now some hope that with the opportunity to desert, he may escape not only from his irksome service but even detection when he has done so: this perhaps (the blessed spirit of hope) has tended to reconcile him to it a little. As in these days there begins to be some leaning in the management of man by man, to the dictates of that common sense which tells us he is most manageable by the moral side of him, we may see despotism, both political and military, modified, to the certain benefit of those who rule, assuring the contentment of those who serve. Service will then not be a bugbear on the one hand, a burthen intolerable on the other; and the dictum of Hippocrates after two thousand two hundred years, may at last fall to the ground as a predicate, for fault of a case to which it could apply.

The discipline of the Egyptian troops is French, and they carry a light bright barrelled musket, and bayonet without a sheath; white crossbelt, knapsack of brown leather with white straps, and a sorry brownish white great coat of some coarse flaxen stuff, the only merit of which seems to be that it packs neatly: their jacket and trowsers (which last have straps) are of a thick coarse cotton cloth, well suited

* Il faut encore ajouter les institutions; la plus grande partie de l'Asie est, en effet, soumise á des rois; ou les hommes ne sont pas maitres de leurs propres personnes ils s'inquiètent, non comment ils s'exerceront aux armes, mais comment ils paraitront impropres au service militaire. (Œuvres complètes. Trad. de M. Litotrel. II. pp. 62 and 64. Paris 1839.)

to the climate, and a cleanly and healthy dress as regards the facility of washing: their head-dress is the *tarboosh* or fez cap of red felt with a blue tassel, in many respects an excellent military cap—though I should say of small value as saving the head from a sword-cut. I could not for some time make out the use of the straps to the trowsers until it struck me the object was to keep on the shoe, and indeed so slip-shod a lot of soldiers I never saw; thanks to the little stamping French step, the straps, and some extraordinary muscular powers doubtless in the feet, the shoes some how stay on: as the fly sits on the ceiling so the Egyptian clings to his sole. The dress of the men is slovenly and unbecoming, owing to the vile cut of their pantaloons which seem all by their amplitude calculated to admit the indigenous breeches of the Turk within the external and Frankish casing of the soldier: the gunners have a more sensible dress, the loose white breeches with a sort of gaiter below the knee, and reaching to the ancle. All the men I have seen are ill set up: indeed while watching their drill, I saw that the marching of the men and not their carriage was attended to as the radical requisite, whereas the fact is that you must teach a man to stand, before you teach him to walk. Hence the men roll and shamble in their marching, and do themselves no justice as to appearance. Some of their sergeants have a show of smartness, which is totally wanting in their officers, the commandants excepted. The officers of companies are all Turks or Arnaoots, it having been found I am told that the Arab, when promoted, could never restrain himself from associating with the men, in a way prejudicial to discipline. These gentlemen dress in a blue jacket, or frock coat,—ordinarily the first,—and blue pantaloons, with the *tarboosh*, and carry the Turkish sabre, an elegant and graceful weapon: I cannot compliment them on their appearance in which they seem to take no pride:—with

troops under arms they seem to understand their business, but talk to their men too much:—it must be remembered that the only experience I speak from, that of seeing those gentlemen with troops, you could not call formed. I thought, however, that the constant talk added to the unsteadiness in the ranks with material so quiet and docile as the *fellah* conscripts, even on a better system, might be twice as far advanced than are those young troops; but they seem to me to be naturally deficient in soldierly alertness, poor fellows, few are there most likely with their own good will!

The soldiers are paid in paper—that is, by an order on a treasurer on the sale of which they lose 8 per cent. usually: their pay is . . . . a month, liable to stoppages, and their ration is bread, beans, lentils, or other pulse, and, once a week, meat,—in such quantity however as puts one in mind of the *potato and point* fare of the Irish miser who put the cheese—the relish of the meal—on the table in a sealed bottle to be eaten after Barmecide fashion, in imagination. The soldier's children get rations—his wife *not*. The food sounds poor enough but the men are in good case; small but thick-set sturdy men filling their jackets well; of the many times that I have seen them march for a field day through the Place out to the downs, I have hardly even seen a straggler, or if so, it has been some very young boy: when the body you observe upon is of some sixteen hundred young soldiers, this is some sign of the endurance attributed to these Egyptian troops.

There was a great field day at which I had the honor of assisting, as spectator in a very humble way, about a fortnight ago; it was the close of their practice season. There was only infantry on the ground; field guns they have not here, and cavalry of any regular description exists I fancy nowhere. The troops had just reached their ground when I came up, and as

they wheeled into line I counted them; twenty-one files a company, three deep, gave two hundred and forty firelocks for the demi battalion—which as they had three regiments out, gave about three thousand men, besides sappers, and drums: of these by the way they are very fond, as I observe was the case with the Sikhs of Runjeet Singh's army, and those disciplined Maharatta troops who still retained (when I saw them in 1839,) the French discipline of 1656, the officers carrying spontoons, &c.:—the ear of the Oriental is pleased by the rythmic sound of the drum, it amuses and excites him, and is connected in his mind with an idea of high day festivity and ceremonial: besides he likes to have a drum beaten before him,—he is looked at,—he is somebody:—I recollect hearing Runjeet himself say* "how good the drum is! it gives the soldier heart." On this occasion there was a band out, the only time I had seen one regular band, dressed in parti-colored foolish uniforms, quite as silly as one of our own, which in the intervals of exercise played what were I fancy Turkish airs set by some Maltese band-master to European instruments: they were stupid music, but seemed greatly to please the men: as two of the three regiments marched back to the barracks through this place, our Maltese in honor of European ears, made the Arabs step out to the old original polka. Strange absurdity! yet not stranger than to stand.

July 22.—Six days and some persuasion before I could take to pen and ink again, and I am writing to the accompaniment of "su'l margine, d'un rio," played by the same darling hands that scarce in my

* Those who know that the old lion of the Punjab had a severe paralysis of the tongue, might require explanation as to the mode in which this reflection, somewhat in *extenso* as I give it, was really rendered; we knew what he meant by his action and expression. What he said was *Rysa ach, cha! dil deta!*

"Quells tongue gui la lingue tongue!"

last recollection of them could compass the colossal proportions of the big wax doll—and now they make you nothing of a piano-forte variation,—and indeed are, at this present, executing a series of chromatic changes, not less marvellous to me than their own transmutation from babyhood to the *main forte* of young-lady-ism: a blessed Irish steamer, the Banshee, brought me the cargo I had been so long waiting for—like Antonio for the precious freight of his argosies, with despair for a Shylock whetting his knife for my heart itself, instead of the pound of flesh nearest it: that was exactly "in a variety of goods, patterns different, and all best quality," as the Manchester shippers write, the very consignment I was expecting for home consumption, or rather to make me one,—a home I mean. That spot is with the exile, a nomad in the classification of his being, the place where he possesses his treasures;—the place in which the tent is set up matters to him little, all the thousand pleasures, with their concomitant cares of civilized life, disperse, and in some sort detach the affections from the simple objects of natural love; the passion for a lovely long remembered site is, says the in-dweller, "because my race has lived there for long years—because there I heard my marriage bells, because on that grass my firstborn gathered his first daisy"—and so forth, and thus indeed, with a host of sentimental reasons, which often excuses for a mere passionate and selfish attachment to the place alone, accidents of civilized life, with which, the exile has very rarely much if any thing, to do—make men insensibly create attractions, those of habit, which obfuscate or deaden others,—those of instinct. With the Arab, let the dry sand be his bed, and the black tent his covering, so long as the objects of his love be with him, what matter if the sand were banked up by yesterday's simoom or the goat hair-roof above his head be a thing as ephemeral as his very garment? So do we living

Easternly, learn in this material affair to be Eastern; and so (be we grateful)—God lets it be, to our infinite comfort.

July 23 and 24.—When am I to write and—still more what? I was happily interrupted while discoursing of the Egyptian troops,—I am necessarily discursive in the attempt at resuming my subject, and now feel myself called away by an irresistible impulse, stung in fact to the act,—to celebrate other Egyptian regions, which the moderns possess even as did the ancients, "all manner of flies and lice in all their quarters." I have a plentiful experience of Eastern vermin, and I am bound to record, as one learned, the comparative results thereof: Egypt, as may be readily concluded, on the evidence of very ancient history, has it hollow in the multiplicity, pertinacity and venom of these small deer: much I own may be said for the bug of Bombay,—the mosquito of Madras is to be feared and respected,—the cockroach of Calcutta is a sexipede collectaneum of living nastiness animated by I know not what of intensive and impudent; the very spirit incarnate of the lord of all blue-bottles. Also have these distinguished localities a fair population of all that skips, hums, crawls, or buzzes; but they and theirs are as nothing in this matter before Alexandria! The flea of this city alone is of a more amusing temperament than his congener of India, and he is perhaps more easily slain, but then he more than makes up for these inferiorities by a horrible habit of hunting in packs. I have established indeed as a fact in natural history that the flea of Alexandria is gregarious, and I state the exceptionalities of the creature; but with respect to the rest, whether as frequenters of beds and cupboards, or of kneading troughs as in the days of the Israelites, I declare them to be the most offensive and oppressive set of plagues that ever Beelzebub had permission to vex mankind withal!—The way in which the animals, as

our friends the French say, *viennent au devant de vous*, has something shocking in it: for instance I hang up my dressing gown simply, as the manner of men is,—a goodly new robe as it happens of striped Damascene silk,—and when I would resume it, I find it inhabited like Faust's old scholastic cassock after months of unwearing,—even as see, the stage directions (2nd part of Faust, 2nd act.) Cicaden, Käfer, and Farfarellen fahren heraus"! Is it possible to avoid a dreadful suspicion that one may after all be Mephistopheles oneself, and doth not the sound of the insect Chorus ring devilishly in one's ears amid all this actual buzzing?

"Willkommen! Willkommen!
Du alter Patron,
Wir scheben und summen,
Und kennen dich schon.
Der Schalk in dem Busen
Verbirgt sich so sehr,
Vom Pelze die Läuschen
Enthüllen sich eh'r."

The miserable plight of a poor Indian, whose mutilated mind is proverbial since Pope's time, coming to Egypt to meet his family, and being welcomed in this manner by the insects of the land, a sort of semi-supernatural bugs that not only creep themselves, but on their very mention make his flesh do so likewise!

Those who can enter into the horrors of this position, will be able to sympathise with my ecstacies when after a night of unmitigated mosquito—(the creatures set nets at defiance)—G. appeared holding certain packets in his hand, and descanting on their virtue almost like Fontanarose himself, as destroying

" Les insectes, et les rats
Dont j'ai ici les certificats!"

—and he had them printed outside the packets, and like every thing printed in Alexandria, as polyglot as a valet de place or a German professor! I seize on the English side of the square packet, and read delightedly as follows:—

"A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Vegetable powder to destroy the insects.

PROPRIETIES.—This infallible remedy destroys fleas, bugs, emmets, chafers, and every sort of insects in all estates of metamorphosis; it preserves from worm-eatenness, and drives away the guats (gnats?)

USES.—To obtain such a wished-for effect, it is enough to powder the animals with fleas molested and likewise beds, mattress, places with emmets infected and cloths which are subject to worm-eatenness. To incense the rooms in order to drive away the guats."

I have possessed this treasure some hours. Like the owner of a secret power, I have been hugging myself in the sense of it, without daring to put the matter to proof, even although my sofa be with fleas molested, my sponge with emmets infected, and all my tormentors be, in the effect they have upon my temper, chafers. Others are more curious, and dare the great experiment. As Lemercier said to Napoleon,—j'attends;—not however without imitating that great literatist, by writing meanwhile as a pastime many things not meant or destined to be read;—and so let me go back to my Egyptian troops.

July 25.—I was standing then some few days back on the highest mound that still marks the old French lines looking towards Aboukir, gazing on the movements, of these Gallo—Egyptianised troops, the military legacy to this land of those who destroyed the prestige of the Mamlouks. There was a strong Turkish leaven of deliberateness however, in the

human mass before me; I never saw any thing slower than they were; the Gallic mercurialism had worn out even of the manual and platoon. The commandant and his aide-de-camp occupied a knoll to the rear of the line, and thence at intervals his strong sonorous voice rolled out the word of command very slowly and distinctly; this was repeated by the commanding officers of regiments and the majors of battalions, and with a warning roll, or tap of the drum, the *flam* (Fr. *flan*) of our old drill, sufficed without the use of the bugle. I once heard officers to the front sounded at the head of one of these regiments with the trumpet, and straightway the portly colonel directed a bugle-man to be summoned from the ranks, by whose means he gave all hands a lecture on the mystery of loading and firing, to the exercise whereof, by files, the rest of the morning was devoted. Well, my brigadier, or whatever he was, made his young troops fire vollies from sections of companies up to battalions, and this they did to my thinking well enough for such very mere recruits. Having burned a sufficiency of powder, we ordered arms, while our brigadier set off at a round gallop to the right of our rear, and then occupied himself like a careful general in reconnoitreing the ground, to all appearance with that deliberation which characterised all his movements: meanwhile our Turkish band played to beguile the time, with much clang and jingle. The ground to our rear is that portion which lies outside the ramparts reaching to the sea, between the city and the old French lines, and is a succession of rough knolls and hollows, with here and there low shabby vegetation, beneath which sleeps ruins of one quarter of the ancient mighty town. Across these to the sea our brigadier proceeded to lead us, changing his front to the right of his rear by no complicated manœuvre; we formed column, and marching by our right towards the sea upon our aide-de-camp, conspicuous posted on

a breezy knoll, halted, and formed line fronting the city. The ground was broken, rough and difficult, but the intervals were kept nevertheless with very fair precision. It was now in changing my position for one on the little hill lately occupied by our Brigadier, that I fell in with a little pelaton of spectators, one I think on the medical staff, the other three or four seemingly of that class of drill instructors, Piedmontese, Italians, or others, who are allowed half pay for past service on condition they draw it in Egypt. These gentlemen accosted me civilly, asking me if I were not a soldier? My acknowledging the query as a compliment with a "*per disgrazia*" over the melancholy fact of being merely a military amateur, seemed to gain me favor, and the principal speaker, an authoritative and somewhat peremptory person (whom on the instant I called Parolles,) was good enough to give me his commentaries on the Egyptian army, the which were interspersed with occasional remarks of a subacid character from the medico. These were upon the whole not unnecessary for I have rarely heard men spoken of in terms of more unmitigated laudation than were these fellah-soldiers by my communicative drill-master:—look at them!—*è miracolo!* this is not the fifth time they have been out together —no— this is not the fourth time they have pulled a trigger in brigade!" I ventured to observe that for mere boys their firing was very steady: "it is nothing —it is bad, but you should have seen the old troops, you should have seen the men of Syria!"—The medico remarked they got the best of the Turks, as who should say, that's not much. "The Turks? I speak of men of true enduring, soldiers that march and fight the day long, ask for their ration at the end of it, and get nothing,—and then say Allah! take a drink of water and go to sleep!" I thought it would be complimentary to say this endurance put me in mind of Spanish troops. The medico approved,

but not Parolles. "No troops could have equalled these men in the Syrian mountains! we all know how needful good equipment is, *la forza della fauteria sta nella calzatura.*" (I who had but lately made my veteran say the soul of the soldier was in his shoe or something like it, bowed in great acquiescence to this doctrine) "*Ebbene*—I was four months with these fellows, these men of the sands, in snow, Sir, in snow in the hills without shoes as well as without good food and necessaries, and not a man murmured!"—"They are docile enough" observed the medico, which brought but Parolles in a fresh flood of himself, insomuch that I fully expected to hear some personal anecdotes as, "you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of honor, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword," and so on; but not so; this Parolles was wordless save for his men who living after Agamemnon will never want, in Horatian phrase, a sacred poet, while this gentleman continues to vex the earth with their praises. I looked on the long column, inspired by "that instrument of honor" which was the ruin of the gallant militarist,—tramping with bended knees, shambling with most defective *calzatura,* making unbrisk progression,—and I thought of the smart erect intelligent creature British discipline can make the free and independent Eastern man of India, born soldier instead of drilled serf,—and then I thought of my Parolles, vaunting away with his wordy *ran-ta-plan,*—and I said almost involuntarily—"*L'animale è lento, ma si lacia condurre,*"—whereat the little medico burst out into such a fit of laughter with exclamations over the justness of my conclusion, as interrupted Parolles, (who sniffed the wind in an angerly fashion,) and disconcerted me. The natural instinct of an Irishman ought to have detained me on the spot where was any hope of a row, but this was happily overcome by the counteraction of his native modesty, and I withdrew to

Sit apart upon a hill retired—

and take counsel, like a malcontent fallen angel, with myself. Our column having wheeled into line, commenced file-firing, and maintained it so hotly and perseveringly as soon to cover itself with a sulphurous veil of its own making: the men certainly did fulfil Mehemet Ali's conception of firing straight before them with a pertinacity which would have delighted the heart of their old Pasha. This being at last done, the men piled arms, and fell out, which was the signal of an onrush of Arab women with cakes of bread, water-carriers, and the like, who besides the pelaton aforesaid, constituted with myself the sole spectators of the review.

I think that most people who have no personal knowledge of what an Eastern army with a little discipline can do, would have called these *fellah* soldiers, rabble, and so have left them with contempt. Allard, who with Court formed the Sikh troops from the first tap of the drum to the manœuvre of a corps d'armée, told me seriously in 1833 what would be the result of our meeting these men of his in the field: his words were these, he repeated them frequently to me, and I in my turn have said them many scores of times—"les notres se battront bien une fois,—peutêtre même deux,—mais une fois bien." I was called upon to repeat this to certain high authorities in 1838-39 in front of a line of 27,000 of "*les notres*" (with 104 guns, and 17,000 irregular horse) at Lahore by one, who dearly paid (with his life) not long afterwards for the folly of despising an enemy,—though not a Sikh one,—and for my stating that I believed that Allard spoke the truth and that the troops before us would be found formidable antagonists, I was mercilessly laughed at by his excellency, the then commander-in-chief in India and (of course) by his staff, and no few more there present of likelihood, and mark-

Allard was a *marchand de cirage*, and I,—a Bengal civilian.

Moodkee; Ferozeshuhur; the (suppressed) check at Buddiwal; Aliwal; Subraon:—Mooltan; Ramnuggur; Chillianwala; Goojerat! "Maisune foisbien!"

I am not prepared to conclude as to lack of prowess among the *fellah*-soldiers of Egypt, by reason of their dirty jackets, and loose drill. One of our family was in the 23rd Dragoons at the battle of Assaye. During my nonage in the East I was laughing to him, over the disciplined troops of the Mahrattas, their droll draggletailed Armenian officers, their dirt, their disorder, their ragged uniforms and so forth. "They were the same in 1803,"—was the dry reply; and in 1843 when they fought at Maharajpore and Punniar. I have often said—to be wise, study *contemporary* history!

July 29.—On which auspicious morning, the above last noted recollection suggested itself. It is the Bairam, the new moon has appeared—the fast is over, and the world of Islam is kissing hands and touching heart and lips after their pretty Egyptian fashion, shaking hands and embracing all over Persia, and in India varying this last sign of good will and joy with the dignified, graceful, and respectful salaam. All the world here is in its best dress,—a cavalcade of Turkish officers rode by just now all sash and epaulette,—and the guns have thundered a salute after a *feu de joie* fashion which makes me tremble for the wretched half-trimmed artillerymen who, I hear, obstinately refuse to serve the vent as being a thing superfluous, save in the case of a real charge: the result is constant accidents; I am told of *eight* in a single practice morning. This might instruct, one would think, but that it does not, surprises me in no sort: it is the counterpart to the Indian native practice of not spunging the gun:—Thus is it the Eastern man gives practical proof of his lively faith in God's providence,

and thus Tipperary-tactic generals, marching their men into the cannon's mouth, have to garnish their despatch with complaints,—which were they not lamentable and even contemptible, were almost laughable over "the dreadful fire of the enemy." What are the enemy there to do? And why not ask how he serves his gun before running your head into its muzzle? Surely some one besides a poor civilian like me must have at some time observed the service of a native Indian battery. Alas! is it not true that—

July 30.—I am so happily interrupted as to be saved the perpetration of much prosiness: it is indeed a pleasant thing to look back upon yesterday's honest indignation looming in the eyes of to-day as it rolls to leeward towards the limbo of lost fancies, misty, dark and ragged,—and congratulate ourself that it was not written down:—this is some set-off to having promised a continuation of these notes after any need had ceased to be for their being written.

Sunrise was saluted this day by a positive cannonade from all the sea batteries, a pretty sight enough is it from my old stand at the obelisk, as I have often had occasion to experience when the gunners were at exercise. It is about a month ago that I attempted to extend the said experience by seeing the effect of great gun exercise from the batteries about the greater bay and sea-port; in which intent I started long before sunrise, leaving the town by the gate called Mahmoudeea just beyond which the canal so named opens upon the bay: it must not be supposed that the outlet is navigable or that it has even a water flow; the last quarter mile of this extremity of the canal is a deep dry or swampish cutting, the level at the mouth being above high water-mark: the course which the Mahmoudeea canal takes from this point along the edge of Lake Mœotis causes it to form for some distance a sort of external line of defence beyond the fortifications of the city; but the idea that the

command of the canal would ensure the capture of the town, which I have heard advanced, seems very idle. At the Mahmoudeea gate there are some new and spacious ranges of barracks, built of stone, not yet occupied by troops: the works at and about the gate are strong, carefully and handsomely finished, bearing equal marks of care with those which are now just being completed near the Rosetta gate on the opposite side of the town. Passing these, one comes upon the Wapping of Alexandria,—cotton-screws and timber yards, and extensive government warehouses, a densely populated and thriving quarter beyond which stand, in thick succession, the windmills of which mention has been elsewhere made. I here saw the immense muscular power of the Arab *hummals* or porters, exhibited in a more interesting manner than in the mere bearing of a mighty burthen by a single man as I had hitherto seen it,—and let me give an idea of *that*, by stating that very recently a *hummal* carried up a flight of stairs having two landings, a merchant's cast-iron safe of the largest size without assistance, except, of course, in having it set upon him: one really ceases to marvel over the apparently disproportioned strength of the ant, when witnessing these human emmets making off with their dead fly or caterpillar in the shape of a box-pressed cotton-pack or bale of piece goods. The *hummals* in the timber yards, and on the stone wharfs, use slings and a stout pole by means of which a gang of no more than eight or ten will carry off sticks of timber, or masses of stone, of very considerable bulk. I observed that these men timed their movements by uttering a sort of song in cadence, as men ever learn to do when the object is to unite their strength in moving some one heavy substance: hence the *heave-ho* of the sailor, the grunting, and the cadential chaunt of the India palankeen bearers, the wild song of the Arabs, or their shouting which La-

yard so well describes as they worked at his winged bull. And here I find these grave, hard-featured, bearded men, after their grave fashion, stretching their lungs and limbs together to some pious cry of *allah* or the like: what is this consentaneous action of the respiratory organs as aiding in the union of muscular power, and exhibition of strength? It is an actual thing which labouring man practically discovers all the world over, and which I have often seen laughed over in the well-known drawing-room pastime as absurd and ridiculous, when we failed, breathing together, to raise our recumbent friend breathing with us, on our finger points, and that for very merriment over our own proper nonsense in trying the experiment.

Passing through this quarter, and diverging here and there to study the course of the canal, &c. &c., I reached and went some way beyond a handsome garden and a palace—Suyud Pasha's—and then, finding I was well beyond the apparent line of the shore batteries, and at the penultimate wind-mills, I crossed the ridge which separated me to the right from the bay, and made for the seaside. In doing this I traversed the deserted lines of rough stone huts still fitted with their doors, intended for a regiment or two of very strong battalions: the bay protected by the ridge from the fire of vessels entering the bay: beyond them nearer the sea, and again further in advance were more lines of soldiers' huts more irregularly disposed; these were mostly in ruins. I passed through these down the low rocks, and sat me down on a little point which commanded a noble view of the harbour and the shipping back to my right, while on my left stretched away the coast of the bay, here and there studded with batteries, until with the fort at Point Marabout the prospect terminated and all was blue Mediterranean. The first martello tower beyond the wall in this direction stood about a hundred yards

to my left, commandingly disposed; its garrison consisted of a single gunner who, wholly unarmed, was lounging and looking out like myself. It was a fine fresh morning: the breakers leaping merrily along the line of reef opposite me that runs out, the acroceraunia of Alexandria, from the mole, or head-land which I have so often mentioned as dividing the harbour from the lesser bay,—and I occupied myself watching the track of the vessels that were making sail out of port, to see if I could detect the position of any of the three channels by which the *infames scopuli* are traversed. In order to add to the infamy of its rocks, the Egyptian government carefully refuses to buoy off the passages through them, though I fancy few skippers that frequent the port could not pilot themselves in, more especially when there is any thing of a sea running; but on this occasion, beyond the plot of white waters upon the visible reefs, the sea was as mysterious as its government could have desired; nothing liquid could combine liveliness with placidity and beauty more than did these beautiful blue waters to my eye that morning, dashing on the rocky shore at my feet in topping waves as I had seen them scores of times in Italian pictures; and as if to complete my foreground, up came to the little cave, on the other side of which stood the tower, a Levantine fishing boat with its odd classic prow, rudderless and two-oared, and each oar double manned, one hand sitting and pulling, the other standing and pushing: the progress of these boats seems to be something intuitive as if, fish-like, it were seeking fish, so silently, and so watchful as it were of the manœuvres of its dependant net, does it incline hither and thither into every sinosity of shore, while the fisherman himself, still classically, thrashes the waters, with a cord-slung stone to drive his prey into the snare he has laid for them. While looking away from these pescatori to study certain portions of the

rock I stood upon which had been apparently quarried, some one said close to me in Arabic "they are taking fish,"—it was the one gunner who garrisoned the martello tower—he might have come down to repel a possible invasion by the fishermen or perchance to watch me lest peradventure I should invest his tower: the fellow stuck by me, which was provoking enough for I just found out that for the first time I was in an Egyptian necropolis, quarried cuttings in the rock being the receptacles of the dead. All their resting places however that I saw were open and empty; either the sea had invaded and abraided the rocky coast, or it had undergone some depression since the old Alexandrians were wont to cut their last abodes there;—the latter is the more likely supposition; there are evidences elsewhere of a subsidence of the earth's surface in the environs, for the Protestant church is built of hewn stones, the remains of a building which the waters of the smaller bay now cover,—and the present position of the erect obelisk and its companion (the entrance obelisks of some propyleum) so close upon the sea favors the idea,—not to speak of other concurrent minor evidences. There are evidently crypts and cells unexamined in the part of the necropolis I saw, and one tomb I found covered—arched in?—with rough masses hewn from the rock, and bedded in the same cement as is found elsewhere in connection with brick-work. I should indeed have liked to have prolonged my examination of this spot, but I liked not the demeanour of my companion, and sauntered on so as to get out of sight of the martello tower:—soldiers, natives of the *East*, are not averse to attempting extortion by intimidation in the case of solitary strangers, and I did not wish my friend to have the power of summoning up a reserve, if he had any; I was careful also to keep him on my left between me and the sea. Thinking from the quiet mooning way in which I sauntered in this

unfrequented spot that I was a safe subject to bully, the fellow suddenly seized me hard above the left elbow, saying *unter soudah*, or, in his pronunciation —"*souwah*"—i.e. you are mad—upon which I pitched him some three yards down the shore, and confronting him, answered mildly—"*ma fuhimtoo*" "I do not understand:" a significant flourish of my trusty bamboo accompanied these unbellicose words which he *did* understand, and stood silent and sulky, while I strolled with dignity away making a splendid retreat. I might easily have smitten the Egyptian after the fashion of a celebrated authority, as he was unarmed,—but whether it was that there was no sand to bury him in, or that I was prudent, or that like Austria—"I did pocket up these wrongs," on the Faulconbridgian argument:—

"Because my breeches best might carry them."

I did not openly *par voie de fait* in a gallant and Israelitish manner resent the attack, but meanly resolved on complaining, like Mr. Owen in Glasgow, to *my* lord mayor, the British Consul. I did so, and was told that, so far from complaining, I had every reason to congratulate myself on not having been marched off to the guard-house under fixed bayonets, as the coast I had visited was specially interdicted to foreigners, the government being very jealous of any inspection of the fortifications in that quarter! Three English residents, one of whom told me the tale, had it appears landed from their pleasure boat, and been very recently so entreated, and when I spoke of empty lines, and my tower garrisoned by my one Egyptian, there was questioning as to *where* I could possibly have been to find the coast so ill-provided? I answered by quoting Knickerbocker, and the example of that ingenious Dutch governor who defended new Amsterdam by building the town about with wind-

mills,—a proceeding followed apparently by the engineer who had been employed upon the point I examined. The French are an ingenious people, and know the value of a stout assertion; thus they made our maps a present of the Bale-of-cotton rock in the Bay of Bengal, its latitude being that in which their cruisers rendezvoused, and many an anxious fat-headed skipper has given that fabled danger wide berth, which the more curious or more daring have in these later days looked for in vain.—Failing an actual battery, an empty martello tower and an interdict answers the purpose in a moral sense; and really politic assertion is pardonable enough after such exhibition of practical execution in what has been done. The entry of the bay, and the harbour throughout its extent is perfectly commanded from every point on which a battery could with any advantage have been situated. Alexandria might be bombarded, but the sea by no means strikes me as being her pregnable side, but the contrary.

August 4.—The instance cited above is the one case in which I have ever been treated with any personal discourtesy by a soul in this place, and it will be seen that I induced it on myself by ignorantly going where I ought not to have gone. By out-doing the lordly swaggering air which Englishmen sometimes affect in a foreign land,—by going alone and on foot in a quiet manner, not openly exhibiting signs of curiosity,—by avoiding any thing like a steadfast gaze at the people,—and being well provided with small money to give freely, *but not too liberally*, to beggars,—a man may make his way unmolested through I believe almost any Mussulman town, with a marvellous small knowledge of the vernacular of the land.

August 6.—Interrupted by the mail, and the eventually abortive attempt to quit the hotel, and set-up house; what I was going to say was to this effect that the innate courtesy of the Mussulman if properly

appealed to, can always be turned to account; he associates the idea of good manners, and amiable address, and modest bearing with the effects of experience and education, and is possessed favourably towards any one in whom he observes these attributes; the alleged bigotry of the Mussulman is in its essence not of an offensive character, iconoclast like the protestant Christians, but he tolerates the exercise of other religions if they do not publicly insult or run counter to his own. With him the Roman Catholic is an idolator because he makes images of the Lord Jesus *Husrut Jesa* who is a holy prophet in Islam, and the Protestant Trinitarian is to him almost as bad because he is of those who assign co-sharers "*Mosharikun:*" but let the one keep his image in his church, and the other his doctrine in his bosom, and the Mussulman molests neither, nay, he will sometimes even call both "people of the book" as did Dost Mahomed altho' he called himself "Lord of true believers", the title of the Khaleefat; poor Stoddart died at Bokhara, it is believed for his religion, but only because he had provoked the faithful at this very citadel of Islam by ridiculing the Prophet and disputing with the Oolumâ at the gate of the chief mosque. The nature of the Mussulman faith is to assert the absolute equality of all mankind who profess it, and there is just enough of the true and the generous in this limited scheme of brotherhood to influence the mind to a sort of kindliness towards all men, save the obstinate and contumacious unbeliever, or those who assert their own fancied superiority to other human beings in a proud, hard, and offensive manner. The unchristianness of much that is called Christianity leads Englishmen very frequently indeed to the commission of this folly, so diametrically opposed to the letter and spirit alike of Christ's teaching. An English divine (H Formby,) wrote a not unstupid tourist's book of travels in Egypt and Syria in 1843, in which was an admission so rare

and so remarkable in one of his cloth, that I extracted the passage; which after doing justice to the effort of Mahomed's mission runs as follows:—"now Mahomed was certainly a deceiver *but I think that until we are in a state to take no practical lesson from the zeal of his followers, we should abstain from speaking ill of him.*" Rightly understood there is a world of meaning in these few plain words, which every Christian likely to journey or sojourn in the East should perpend.

The pure form of Islam followed here is very pleasant to one long accustomed to the corrupt bigotry of the Indian Mussulman, inoculated as he is with so much of the separatist spirit of Hindooism. I speak not of the lower orders where really religious observances and creed even merge into the abominable system of caste so utterly opposed to the spirit of the Koran, but of the educated Mussulman to whom the Christian is as much a melcha, and unclean outcast, as he is to the Hindoo himself. There are obvious reasons which embitter their feeling and embrace it in the case of the English, a nation proverbial historically for insolent and overbearing demeanour among conquered or dependent races,—but it exists strongly in the case of all Europeans, with whom the Indian Mussulman will not eat nor drink from the cup which they have touched. Such follies there is no vestige of here. Judging from the strictness however with which the Ramzan was kept, in so far as I could observe, they are rigid observers of their own ceremonial; one curious proof of this as respects the fast was exhibited in the frequency of street quarrels, and often actual fights towards the end of the month of abstinence,—as if irritated and weary, the men vented in passion their personal sense of annoyance:—the great Place resounded a few days ago with constant shouting and alteration to an extent excessively disagreeable to us, but with the Bairam, good humour

was re-established, and the Salamite fighteth no longer.

I have had however ample evidence of the irritability of the Arab, man and woman:—it seems more sudden, is as violent but more shortlived than the passion of any of the Indian races: the men come to fisticuffs here handsomely, the women exhaust themselves in imprecations, and have done with it. The suddenness of those fits is laughable. I saw a little vixen of twelve or thirteen walking with other children to work, to whom a boy refused a cake of bread, which she tried to take by force, the little chap manfully and successfully resisted and ran off shouting abuse doubtless; on which the maiden coursed after him a little way in the middle of the road, there threw herself down, cast dust in the air, and upon her own head in a scriptural fashion, screaming Arabic anathemata at the pitch of her lungs, and when I suppose, her vocabulary was exhausted, back she came, "wearied with vile comparisons," like Falstaff, as composedly and serenely as if passion had never quivered in the unruffled rose leaf of her singularly dirty face. I witnessed another female scene, which amused me much: the actors were two women and a man, who seemed to me to have, according to the facile fashions of Egypt, put away one of the ladies in favour of the younger, who strange to say, was herself the assailant of her predecessor, whom she and the husband seemed casually to have met. He kept the rivals from coming to blows, and interfered to draw away the one, and send off the other, but not until both had employed all the storehouse of possible objurgatives (of which happily I understood very little indeed) accompanying the same with lively and doubtless expressive pantomime:—in this the elder lady had the advantage, for the younger carried, balanced astride on her shoulder, all the time, a little dirty child who sat placidly witnessing with myself, this

edifying scene, but did she not make up for her enforced measures by superactivity of tongue! nor were her hands idle the while:—one peculiar sarcasm seemed to raise the wrath of her antagonist to some thing like phrenzy, and, exulting in the reputation of this insult she was led away yelling it out at the utmost stretch of her lungs:—not to be out-done her rival tasked to their highest her powers of pantomime, and, standing on one leg, she protruded the other (with a decent disposition of drapery,) at the same time clapping at the extended limb with the flat of her hand! the meaning of this complicated insult I failed to divine. If all female brawls be conducted on the same scale as the rapid, though violent, skirmishes I here witnessed, the Egyptian women must yield both in talent and power to our vixens of Bengal who maintain you a war of abuse for three days together, with small intervals for eating and sleeping.

Comparing *my* East with this East, the females of the lower orders here are both more dirty and less graceful than in India; but on the other hand their garb is to European eyes a more modest one, ugly tho' the eternal blue ungirt shift petticoat be. In Bengal your fully-attired woman often recalls the lines of Publius Syrus in the transparency of her garment, however modest the fold of the drapery.

> "'Tis one the matron in weft wind to shroud,
> As blaze her naked in a linen cloud."

While on the subject of female usages, let me mention my having, during the first day of my stay here, been struck by the appearance of three women, all closely veiled proceeding along the centre of the Place in a line together, the one in the middle being a portly person in coloured clothes, bearing on her head a sort of square box or ark, covered with scarlet broad cloth richly embroidered: her companions on either side were completely covered with white wrappers:

they appeared anxious to adjust the covering of their friend's burthen so as to screen it effectually from observation. It was a midwife carrying the birth-stool to the house of a lady of some consequence expecting her confinement; her attendants therefore were occupied in adjusting the cover of this mysterious piece of furniture, so as to guard it from the evil eye! The Arab use of this obstetric accessary I know from the 1,001 nights: its English appellation I only know one instance; for it occurs in a poem called the Mooncalf I think, by either Derrick, or Drayton. The remembrance of the use of such an aid to parturition may exist in some nook in England; I have never heard it mentioned popularly, nor medically alluded to, even in old authors.

August 9.—We are about at the hottest of the Alexandrian summers, and have had experience of some days of the *khemseen* wind; I must say I do not feel the heat as more than my recollection of a hot European August, and as for the *khemseen* which is the Egyptian equivalent for sirocco, had they not told me I had not known of its existence. Such is not the case with others as new to this place as myself, but then they come from Europe, I from the lower extremity of the Gangetic valley, which is to Upper India, what the Delta of the Nile is to all of Egypt above, perhaps, Damietta. Here, as in Bengal, an alluvial soil impregnated with nitre, creates a damp heat, causing languor and requiring at the same time great care in the avoidance of exposure to the night air, and above all in guarding against sudden chills: the diet should be generous and the residence well ventilated at all times: the period at which the dates ripen is the worst season for fevers here, and living in immediate proximity to a date grove is looked upon as unwholesome. There is doubtless truth in the impression that much fever is caused in localities where the old town has been immediately over built, by ma-

laria arising from the ancient cisterns, which, according to the custom prevalent in northern Africa to a very late day, were constructed beneath the foundations of the houses to receive the rain water conducted by pipes from the flat roof to these repositories: the store of water thus laid up was pure and wholesome always, and in the summer deliciously cool. But as these old covered tanks are now necessarily encumbered with rubbish, half filled up, broken, and ruined, they admit by percolation the water of the rising Nile, which expels a quantity of noxious gases from the filthy hollows, to the creation of a most unwholesome atmosphere. The habits of the indigenies aid very greatly these predisposing causes, and autumnal fevers are doubtless common in all places not swept by the seabreeze; but with proper precaution this country at the worst is healthier than Bengal at its worst. One is at a loss to understand why all the authorities down to the period of the Arab capture of Alexandria should concur in such vehement and even extravagant praise of its climate: the ruin of the town alone cannot account for it, and on the whole I think my theory of the subsidence of the coast necessary to explain the alteration which has occurred. Upper Egypt, like Upper India, is remarkable for its vicissitude from extreme dry heat to degree of cold felt by contrast as severe, and the changes of temperature in the desert are too well known to need mention, nevertheless a Polish gentleman, (or refugee twice proscribed) fresh from his Arab wanderings spoke with a sigh of having to leave the country—

> "—happy once, now stony,
> Since ruined by the arch-apostate Bony—"

—which he termed "*un Paradis terrestre*:" whether it were exile or actuality that made it so, is a question.

I am somewhat surprised they should have nothing here of the nature of a large fan, or *punkah* as we

Indians call it, the which at meals especially would be agreeable to those who like the artificial agitation of the air, a thing to me abominable; I am surprised I say, because the invention is an Italian one, the first mention I ever saw of it being in a letter to Sir Thomas Browne from his eldest son writing from (I think) Verona, and describing exactly what Bishop Heber called, writing from India, "an elongated fire-board hanging from the ceiling." He who is never wrong in local usages, has fans in Egypt in the hands of——

> "—pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
> With divers-coloured fans whose wind did seem
> To glow the delicate cheek—&c.—"

—it must in Shakespeare's day have been a Levantine, or at most Venetian custom; why should it have died out?

August 11.—One of my dear companions asked me the other day to record something of political speculation anent Egypt, but truly, were, I in a position to do so, the wheel of time turns in these days too fast for men to reckon its spokes, which are events! and among the very latest of these in the vast gyration, one or two such have passed by us, as set speculation at rest. Briefly then, our friends, the French had long, and indeed up to a recent date, paramount influence in Egypt; they employed it in fortifying Alexandria, and in trying to dam the Nile by a work destructive to the navigation of the river: the English possess now a fair share of weight in the diplomatic counsels of the Viceroy, and the first important object which they have achieved is the establishment of a rail-road hence to Cairo,— forerunner of one thence to Suez, and the recompletion of the commercial union of the East and West—at least this *one* speculation is at any rate allowable. These acts are nationally characteristic.

The fortifications of Alexandria comprise so large an enceinte that those who planned them set down the requisite number of their defenders at fifty thousand; seventy thousand would I think barely do to man the walls and outworks. The engineer has, it seems to me, made the utmost he could do of his opportunities, but landwards the task must have been an ungrateful one; I do not think the town could be made tenable on that side as a place of arms—save indeed, at preposterous cost, and, on a scale far beyond the political importance of the undertaking. Napoleon left as one of his legacies to France, a dream of Egypt, which she has I think misinterpreted: that great mind saw in Egypt her proper rank among lands, a highway for the nations of the earth. The France of our latter day made as though she wished to divert Egypt from her natural destiny, and even counteract the necessary results of her geographical position; I read a no-thoroughfare notice,—*on ne passe pas ici*—marvellously ill written on these Alexandrian bastions:—it is akin to the scheme for damming the Nile, futile because against nature. Egypt who of old when decadent and dependent, was to Italy what India is now to England before the progress of science laid open the globe to European races, is now,—science having made still further progress,—but resuming her proper place in the practical business of the world, just as Bunsen is assigning to her the place that is rightly hers in the world's history. Her political stature is exactly calculated to enable her to perform this duty efficiently for the benefit of all nations, and the bastions of Alexandria, like the barrage of the Nile, will monumentally betoken the impossibility of checking, guiding, or arresting the stream of commerce and civilization:—as well try to stop the Ganges with a bulrush.

There has been of late some show on the part of the Porte of a desire to remind the Pasha of Egypt

that he is a viceroy, I saw the other day the Shereef of Mecca pass through this place under an escort of British soldiers to answer for certain misdeeds at Constantinople, and we had more recently an importation of wild Albanians kirtled to the knee, some eleven hundred of them, the forerunners of larger detachments,—on their way to the Hedjoz on service,—and these things some folk said, were significant. I confess that I see nothing in them; that the Porte should coerce a misbehaving governor or garrison a turbulent district seem to me mighty simple things, and as to the viceroyalty of our Pasha here, the matter is so plain that not only is he a viceroy, but a viceroy under treaty,—the allusion to which fact the other day in the speech in Parliament of a British cabinet Minister, will perhaps tend to settle any doubt that may erroneously have been entertained on the matter,—as to the wild Albanian, whom Byron, with that ignorance* which he sometimes shows of his own language, calls "*Kirtled*" instead of *Kilted*, he cut on this occasion a sufficiently sorry figure, having been deprived of his "ornamented gun" and of every other offensive weapon, and sent into camp six miles off in the desert without being allowed to enter the town. I saw some stragglers saunter through, dirty scamps in curiously filthy loose linen kilts, with a look of woe—begone ferocity, like a wild cat with her claws pared.

But a tenth or so of these irregulars ever return from service in Arabia; the rest are disposed of by climate, assassination in brawls public and private, or actual fighting. They are a kind of Militia, very lawless, imperfectly officered, often showing a desperado courage in consonance with the ancient reputation of the race.

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* See in Childe Harold "full of *ruth*" used for *rage*, and meaning *pity* in English !

August 13.—I do not know what sort of sequel to my pacific observations of the other day—unless it be a *non sequitur* and prove them wrong—is the fact bellicose, of additional guns appearing on the landward batteries of Alexandria, while its out-works have been garrisoned: I have observed troops marching into the town, as off a march in a quiet unostentatious way of late, and good authority tells me of five regiments having been thus added to the garrison. This note of preparation is intended doubtless to be echoed, according to the fashion of all echoes, in Stamboul; and the many-voiced nymph will perhaps line our miles of rampart with syllables of airy tongues instead of actual soldiers, at the rate of ten for one, which in fact would about make us efficient. All this is cheap and not impolitic bravado. It popularises the Viceroy, for the people hate a Turk, and really have a national feeling in a quarrel with one. Hippocrates seems not to have taken account of the possibility of such an influence, or that of fanaticism, making soldiers of even oriental serfs. How under the circumstances actual collision *could* be permitted to occur after all that has been said in high places, I see not. However people here are full of warlike rumours again, and I write this to the drums of troops passing through the place on their return from the exercise ground,—some eighteen hundred men as my hasty calculation makes them:—so they have begun working at their recruits again, despite the heat, and truly a long march under arms at 10 a. m. after a field day, this weather, must be trying.

I saw the day before yesterday Suyud Pasha, son of old Mehemet Ali, and next heir to the Pashalic of Egypt: he commands the Egyptian fleet. I called upon him with G. at a pavilion he has in a pleasant garden by the canal: the house which I had seen before is small, but very elegantly and completely furnished in a demi-Oriental style. The Pasha re-

ceived us seated under a mulberry tree in the garden, in an immense settee chair; though still young, he is a man of enormous bulk, is of middle stature, and despite his size, alert and active. His manner is frank and open,—his air and expression intelligent; he rather affects an European style of hilarity, his countenance is pleasing but not of the description which one can speak of on a single interview. He impressed me as being a man of acuteness and ability, expressing himself with decision and talking capably whatever were the subjects at issue. He spoke in French with much fluency and correctness, and received a letter while I was there in that language, part of which he read aloud, with the ease of a Frenchman. He speaks, also Italian, English, Persian, Toorkee, and Arabic, and is a good sailor and mechanician. *This* is the Pasha, say his friends and admirers who would indeed make Egypt what she should be, were he the Viceroy. He is able and remarkable; but for what he would be or might be in that position with his character, being an Eastern man, I would not take his friends' word, much as I might trust their judgment on other points. Of the Oriental you can predicate nothing as to the future; what says the constant Persian cautionary phrase on this head?—"it remains to see what may be made manifest from behind the curtain of what is hid,"—and again what saith Saadi—

Ten dervishes may sleep upon one blanket;
But a kingdom is not wide enough to hold two kings."

I took little or no part in the conversation during my visit, which lasted, there being several gentlemen present, for some time, until the Pasha, having to go to another of his palaces, Gabbaree, rose, and walked with us to the garden gate where he got into his carriage with an Italian gentleman, and drove off. His suite is modest;—a few Circassian and other Mamlouks not over well mounted; but in the absence

of parade about Suyud Pasha there is much good taste and some good policy: he does not require it for he looks what he is, a man of family and of talent: he was plainly dressed in a Turkish jacket and breeches of some dark stuff with the fez cap: his armlet pouch which he slung on before leaving the garden, and his sword on the hilt of which were some good diamonds, were all about him that avowed of ornament.

August 14.—We went out one day to Rameleh, *i. e.*, the sands, the sanatarium of Alexandria in these months: the place is half way to Aboukir, and consists of sandhills grown round in some spots with date trees near a well of water and an Arab village. The site of the few sorry shanties that aspire to permanency is so happily chosen, about a mile from the seabeach, as to have the sight of the ocean excluded by some intervening sandhills, but most people live there in tents, about which and the surrounding sands they wander gossiping: in the season a month or so hence, kill quails, large flights of which visit Egypt, and the desert; thus in a cockney way they live a sort of Israelitish existence during the heats, contented, and without crying for Manna. The advantage of living a few weeks in this place is however, to residents, solid and real as the air is excellent, the nights cool to chilliness, and the seabreeze fresh and healthy.

This living at Rameleh is among the pleasures of Alexandria, a place to which people become singularly attached it is hard to say why. There is only one of the residents who has at all betaken himself to the study of what is pedantically called, Egyptology: although modestly terming himself but a pioneer, his name is honorably known as a contributor to science in this branch of research, and he may pride himself, among other discoveries on having determined the site of Sais. The slab which bears the hieroglyph determining this question, he obtained with great difficulty from the cowherd, the site of whose

cattle shed it formed:—the writing on the stone he said served as a talisman to keep evil from his beasts! what a use for "*the beloved of Neith*" to come to!

> "Immortal Cæsar, dead and turn to clay;
> May stop a hole, to keep the wind away—" &c. &c.

From this kind and able informant, I got some intelligence as to local antiquities.—There is reason to believe the foundations near the head of the Place to have been really those of the Library as the late Austrian Consul procured there and *(leider!)* carried away, a stone box or case on which was inscribed "the three books of Dioscorides": what books these are appeared not further, but here was evidence that Orosius might indeed have seen the cases which had contained the ancient treasures of the Library. Another better ascertained site is that of the amphitheatre or theatre towards the present lazaretto: there, on excavating the ground for the fortifications, were found a quantity of interesting remains: of these my kind informant was able to procure no more than the enormous foot of a colossal statue, the one relic discovered of this immense figure, and which he sent to England, and the figure, spiritedly sculptured, of a Dacian captive in an attitude of imploration, which by the remaining drapery of some larger statue, which still forms part of the mutilated block, has been in its day the aggrandative adjunct to some imperial effigy, as that of Trajan (?) An equestrian statue with other remains were at the same time found, but these were carefully reinterred, and the Dacian was with one or two mutilated heads of statues, with difficulty, in my informant's words "smuggled from the spot." The ignorant jealousy which interferes with our search while it will not look itself, is peculiary Mahommedan; affecting greatly to love learning, the Mussulman of our day dreads showing how much he has been its real enemy;

he fears to let others exhibit and explain that which for years he has been stupidly neglecting if he did not actually destroy it. There is much of the Empire to be discovered in this city; much I think the sea has covered and may be but preserving from man's ravages for future races to investigate.

In this idea, that of a subsidence of the coast, I was confirmed the other day by visiting the beach beyond the Lazaretto. There I found the remains of a sea-wall of great size and massive construction, the line of facing in which shows, on the little promontory where it is still extant, how much either the sea has encroached, or the land subsided; but that the latter has been the case is, I think, proved by the character of the stones which the sea rolls and tosses on this beach,—fragments of *verde antico*, porphyry, coarse agates, and pieces of marble still bearing signs of having been worked for slabs, and pavements. These show,—if aught like signs can show,—that the flowing of submerged palaces has yielded this pebbling to the sands. Here too a cemetery, partly Christian partly Pagan,—was discovered on the sea's edge, some six years ago. This proximity to the present sea, added to the evidence of a submerged necropolis on the shoals of the harbour, adds to the plausibility of my hypothesis. What they call *the baths of Cleopatra* in a cove a little beyond my necropolis, are, I doubt not, sepulchral cells; but these as yet I have not seen. Well known instances of subsidences and upheavements of the shores of the Mediterranean are the basis of my belief as to the phenomenon having occurred on these coasts.

Without this, I cannot see the site of the great Alexandria as extant on this melancholy shore and in this questionable climate. I have imagination enough to make me see the veritable presentment of the women painted in the ancient tombs as helping the workmen in bonds, with their leaders clapping

their hands, singing in chorus,—exactly given to the life in the troop of Arab girls, that carry stone and lime with song and rythmic measured hand-clapping, to the labourers at the adjacent building: these have their *choryphea,* and are indeed antiquity re-vivified: —nay, I provoked many smiles by detecting down at the harbour the other day, the two distinct "choruses of youths and maidens" in the like bands of little Arabs male and female, who worked each with separate song and choryphœus, carrying stones to the breakwater:—they had substituted in their chaunt Mohommud, or perhaps something still more natural, for Apollo, but there they were,—the Greek chorus! —I can think of this, or a thousand of the like dreams on classic ground, but nothing under a geologic revolution can reconcile me to the idea that on these shores, *as they are,* the ancient Alexandria stood,— and here enough of notes unworth the noting.

THE END.

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